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July 8, 1950

John L. Lewis Won't Let Me Work

July 8, 1950 By COAL MINER JOE DICKMON

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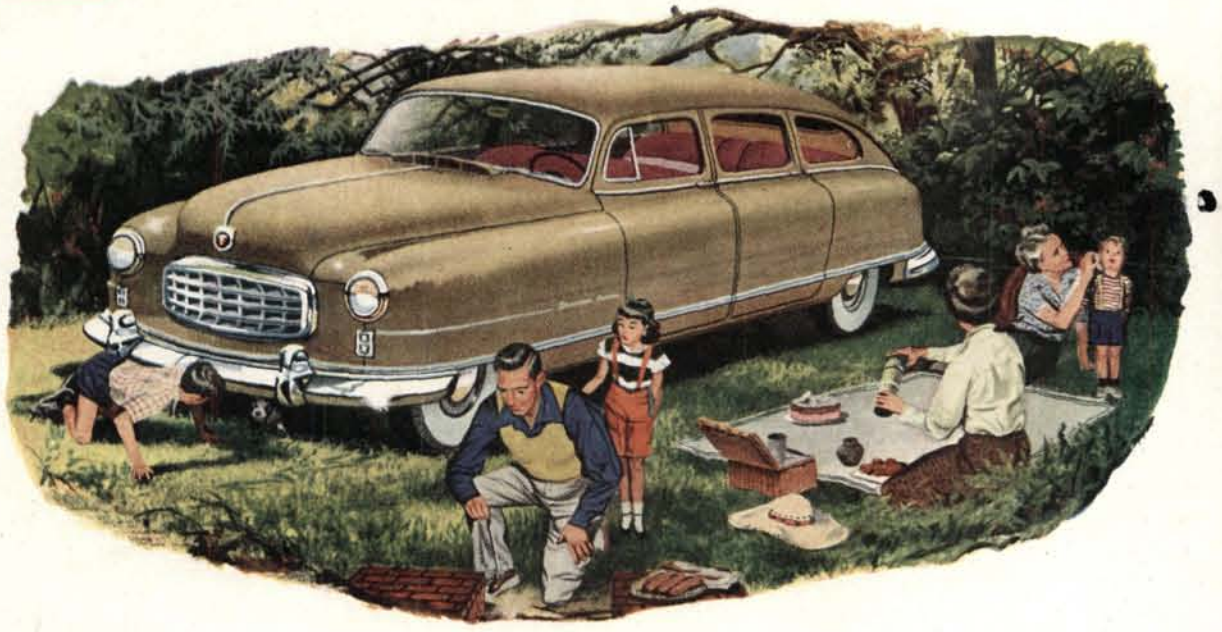
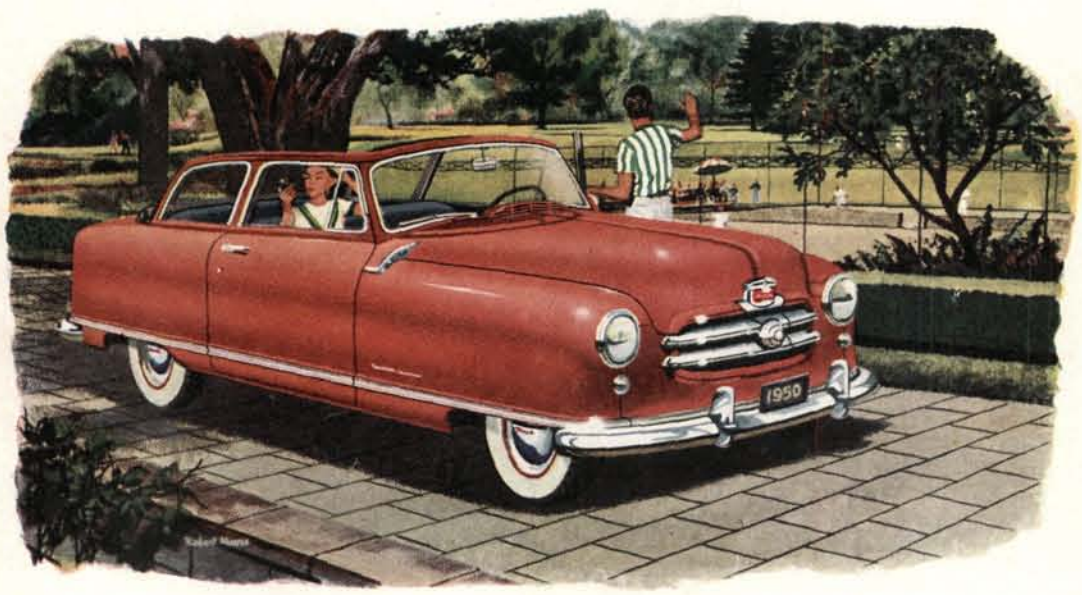
Are YOU In This Picture?

In this big *Nash Statesman Airflyte*, there's room for grownups and kids, with plenty left over for Rover—and the largest luggage compartment you ever saw! So much room inside the car, the seats turn into Twin Beds in twenty seconds! All-welded Airflyte Construction makes the Nash safer and smoother-riding by far—and savings on gas (more than 25 miles a gallon at average highway speeds) make a big difference in the family budget!



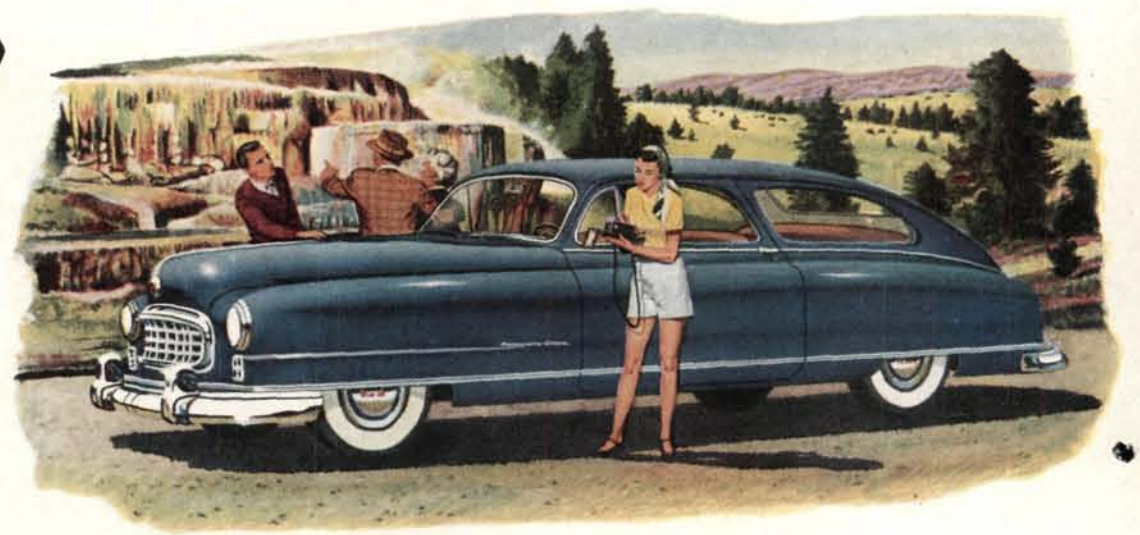


or This?

Here's America's smartest (and first really sensible) convertible! A steel-ribbed, rattle-proof top glides on overhead rails for safety—and the touch of a button transforms this *Nash Rambler Airflyte Convertible* into a sleek closed car! A high-compression honey for performance, the Rambler gets up to 30 thrill-packed miles a gallon at average highway speed—seats five people in roomy comfort—and the low price includes the Weather Eye, radio and altogether nearly $300 worth of extras, at no extra charge!

or This?

Picture yourself at Yellowstone—or wherever your vacation whims may lead you—in a luxurious Nash Ambassador! Here's everything you could ask for in a fine automobile . . . Super-compression (7.3 to 1) power in the great Turbo-Head Engine . . . Hydra-Matic Drive with exclusive Selecto-Lift Starting . . . an amazing smoothness of coil spring ride with rich, spacious interior styling . . . the distinctly different Airliner Reclining Seat . . . Twin Beds . . . and the famous Weather Eye Conditioned Air System. See the beautiful Nash Ambassador and discover a great new experience in motoring comforts, luxury and pride of ownership!



Nash Airflyte

There's Much of Tomorrow In All Nash Does Today

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

THE AMBASSADOR • THE STATESMAN • THE RAMBLER CONVERTIBLE LANDAU

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You can have a more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner mouth and breath—*if* you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't take chances with halfway dental care. Use *doubly-effective* Ipana care for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

"I use Ipana with confidence . . . Bristol-Myers makes it,"

says Miss Jean Fritz of Long Island City, N. Y.

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of the teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums *both*. It's another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

Are you doing all you should to keep your whole mouth wholesome? Not unless you do what dentists advise: fight *gum troubles* as well as tooth decay.

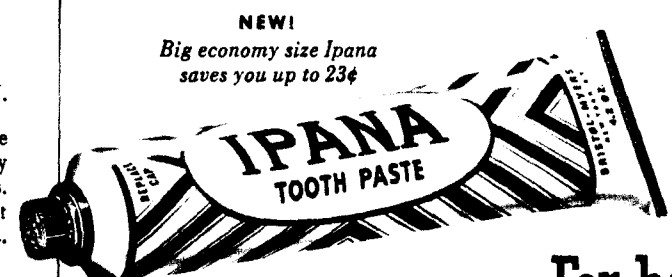
With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or any other—has been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay*. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums*.

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

Now, today, start this *double* protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana wholesome." You'll like Ipana's wholesome, refreshing flavor, too. Get Ipana!

NEW!
Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢



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For healthier teeth, healthier gums

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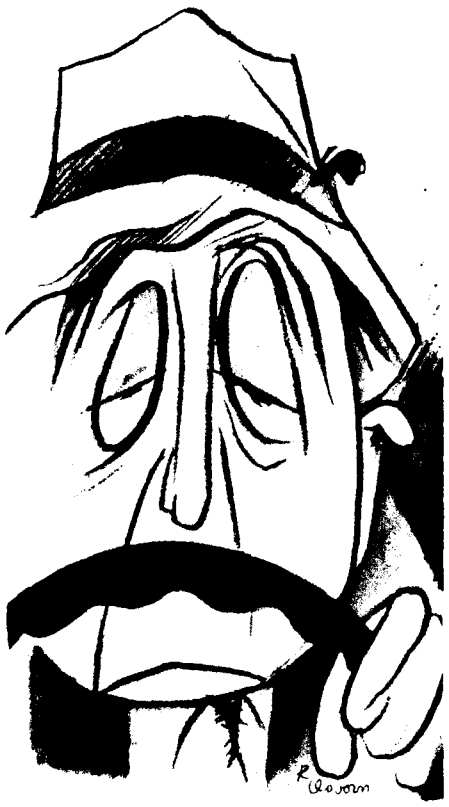
DRIVING MAKE YOU

TIRED?



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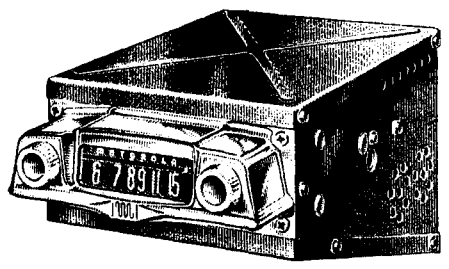
A Motorola Auto Radio is a swell companion when you're driving alone! Your favorite newscaster and comedian are right in the front seat with you. Helps reduce fatigue and keeps you alert too! Of course, Motorola Auto Radios are the finest you can buy. Truly fine performance everywhere. Have one in your car now!



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The "400" gives you famous Motorola quality at a sensationally low price! A very compact unit with full, rich tone quality. Self-contained speaker. AND, IT FITS MOST ALL CARS AND TRUCKS! Hear it today! Have it in your car!

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Prices subject to change without notice.

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The Cover

The modern bathing beauty is Chicago-born Barbara ("Freak") Freking, aged twenty-four, a Sweet Briar alumna and now a three-career (movies, modeling and television) girl in Hollywood. All customers past forty will remember the beauty on the backdrop as Phyllis Haver, who slapsticked in Mack Sennett comedies before graduating to feature pictures and eventually retiring (1929) from the screen. This bit of Then and Now was artistically contrived by Collier's own photographer, John Florea.

Week's Mail

Baseball's Early Times

EDITOR: I enjoyed the first article by Edward G. Barrow (My Baseball Story, with James M. Kahn, May 20th) and was especially interested in his reference to the Iron & Oil League. Our family at the time lived in Titusville, Pennsylvania, which was represented in the league, and my father was president of the local club.

I have a newspaper clipping of a game played July 25, 1895, between Titusville and Warren. Both J. Wagner and his brother Al were on the Warren team, Al playing at second base and his brother, called Hans, at third. Claude Ritchey, later a major-leaguer, was at shortstop.

On the Titusville team was George Smith, the manager, who was later with New York. He alternated at shortstop, second base and as a pitcher. In one game he hit four home runs and a single—two homers over center-field fence and one each over the right- and left-field fences, something of a record for one game.

Other players who later played big-league ball were Shorty Slagle, Socks Seybold, Roddy Wallace and Rube Waddell.

Salaries were low, about $60 per month, and the visiting team was guaranteed $35 per game. F. W. ABEL, Montclair, N. J.

. . . AS A FORMER RESIDENT AND COUNCILMAN OF CARNEGIE, PENNSYLVANIA, HOW DID JAMES M. KAHN MEASURE FROM CARNEGIE TO PITTSBURGH? IN APRIL OF THIS YEAR THE DISTANCE WAS 6½ MILES, NOT 20. HOWEVER, WE ARE ALL PROUD OF HONUS WAGNER (CARNEGIE IS ALSO THE HOME OF GOVERNOR JAMES DUFF).

CLARK GLENN, New York, N. Y.

A Lift for the Aiders

EDITOR: You must be quite used to applause from your Collier's readers for the fine content of your magazine. But I'm not a bit afraid of contradiction when I say that you will never receive more wholehearted thanks for anything you may publish than I'm sending you now from the whole Travelers Aid field from coast to coast.

Somebody Always Going Away, by Marion Hargrove (May 13th), has given a lift, a laugh and a lot of encouragement to our board and staff members everywhere.

Our greatest pleasure in the article is because we know that hundreds of "somebodies always going away" will go more happily, safely and profitably to themselves and others because through your magazine they will have learned what we have to offer the traveler in trouble.

MRS. GEORGE HAMLIN SHAW, President,
National Travelers Aid Association,
New York, N. Y.

About Mr. Lewis

EDITOR: Just a note to thank you for the fine editorial entitled What's to Keep John L. from Doing It Again? (May 20th).

I inserted this editorial in the Congres-

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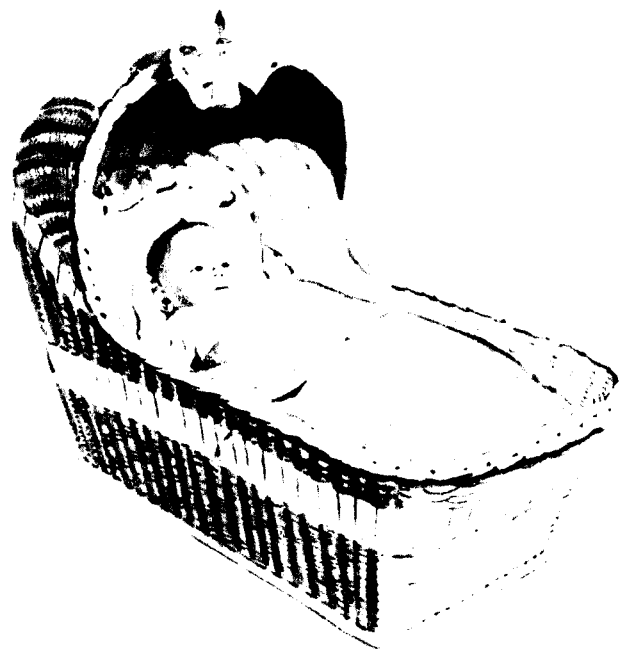
Do you know...

a bride...

or a graduate...



or a new baby...

or a birthday girl?

Chances are you're trying to dream up the perfect gift for one of these lucky people!

And what gift could be more wonderful for any or all of them—than a crisp U.S. Savings Bond!

Remember U.S. Savings Bonds pay $4 for every $3 at the end of 10 years.

U.S. Savings Bonds do not lose their value if they're lost, stolen or destroyed.

They can be turned into cash in case of emergency.

So, settle your gift problems at your bank or post office—with U.S. Savings Bonds!

And while you're at it—how about some for yourself!

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds

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It's Wise TO SMOKE
EXTRA-MILD FATIMA
is the long cigarette which contains the finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, superbly blended to make it EXTRA-MILD.
KING-SIZE FATIMA has a MUCH DIFFERENT, MUCH BETTER FLAVOR AND AROMA.
COAST-TO-COAST
FATIMA
HAS DOUBLED
ITS SMOKERS
ENJOY FATIMA YOURSELF
... BEST OF ALL LONG CIGARETTES

sional Record with the comment that if the Senate, the House and the White House had acted promptly on the bill I introduced last January to prevent unreasonable restraint of trade by labor monopolies, it is reasonable to assume we would not have had the recent railroad strike.

Every reasonable and fair-minded man rejoices in the fact that the status of American labor is the highest in the world. The purchasing power of labor is an integral part of a prosperous domestic economy but, as your editorial pointed out, unless there is some such legislation as my bill, there is nothing to keep John L. Lewis or the leader of some other monopolistic labor union from unreasonably withholding from the consuming public the necessities of life.

A. WILLIS ROBERTSON,
U.S. Senate, Washington, D. C.

. . . Your editorial on Lewis was, to say the least, tremendous. As is your wont, you have cut to the heart of the matter and laid bare, in words which no one can misconstrue, the evil, narrow-minded egotism of this menace to freedom.

I feel that this editorial should be brought to the attention of the American public at frequent intervals, so they will not fall into an apathy of forgetfulness and allow this man free power the next time he wishes to paralyze the industrial activity of his own country. TOM STEARNS, Cambridge, Mass.

. . . Your magazine is a very great influence for good. The recent editorial on John L. Lewis should be read and acted upon. The Robertson bill, if enacted into law, should go far to bring about economic order.

CHARLOTTE E. AUSTIN, Buffalo, N. Y.

Delivering the Vote

EDITOR: Congratulations on the splendid article about Congressman Boykin of Alabama ('Everything's Made for Love,' May 20th). He is a worthy Representative. Pity there are not more like him. He can have 62,000 votes from our members. It is needless to say that the 23,000,000 licensed dog owners will cast their votes for him.

Why not use your efforts to have him elected President? He would make the best we ever had.

H. P. GARDEN, Voters League,
San Francisco, Cal.

Boston's Finest

EDITOR: Congratulations on your article, Here Comes a Cop (May 20th); it's typical of your fine magazine. I have been a resident of Los Angeles for four years, but hail from London, England. May I suggest, as a follow-up on your Terror in Our Cities series, that you boost the American policeman?

So far I have spoken with about six of them since I came to this grand country and each one was kind, courteous and most helpful. I listen with regret to these radio programs, films, mystery novels, etc., which make out all police as bullies, crooks and morons.

Why not use propaganda—in the manner of a press agent—to encourage respect, confidence and wholehearted co-operation with the hard-working guardians of law and order?

JANET FINFROCK, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . Your article about the Boston police makes me feel good.

I have seen those police officers in action. Believe me, there is no exaggeration about these men.

We're proud that Howard Whitman chose Boston to write about.

MRS. CATHERINE HINDS,
Cambridge, Mass.

. . . I am a police officer of 11 years' experience in Buffalo. Buffalo is about one fifth less in population and only slightly less in area than Boston, and its record in the same F.B.I. Uniform Crime Reports for 1949 compares very favorably. However, Boston has 2,496 policemen, according to Mr. Whitman, while Buffalo has something less than 1,200, including all employees of the police department.

It is divided into 17 precincts, each of which operates two radio patrol cars, which along with 15 to 20 cars of the much maligned "special squads" put about 50 patrol cars on the street at any one time.

I "pounded a beat" for five years in a precinct which covered more than three square miles and housed more than 35,000 people, and many a night I was the only patrolman walking. Still Buffalo's crime record remains amazingly low—due to the efficient use of patrol cars and special squads.

Mr. Whitman makes much out of his repeated statements that a policeman in a car cannot recognize a stranger on foot—completely overlooking the other fact that a policeman on foot cannot catch a criminal in a car.

I think the answer is in a balanced police force—foot, motor and special squads; in an aroused citizenry who are aware of their own role in law enforcement and interested enough to see that political interference in their police department is kept to a minimum; in educational programs designed to show that it is not "smart" to beat the law, even in the lowly traffic ticket "fix."

LOUIS HESS, Buffalo, N. Y.

. . . My interest in the Boston Police Department is personal too. My father has been with the force 30 years, my brother since 1948.

Howard Whitman's by-line is new to me, but I certainly will look forward to more articles by him.

ELLEN D. MCKENNEY, Boston, Mass.

. . . It seems to me that Howard Whitman's comparative statistics on page 19 would have more point if Cities A, B and C were identified by name.

G. J. BURKE, Minneapolis, Minn.

Cities A, B and C were St. Louis, Pittsburgh and Washington. Their names were purposely omitted because direct comparison is not always fair or valid. As the article pointed out, some juggling of police figures is frequently done. The F.B.I. itself emphasizes that its Uniform Crime Reports' figures are only as good as the accuracy of the police department statistics on which they depend.

Windjammer

EDITOR: It looks as though the skipper of Jack Hearne's brigantine (May 13th cover) is more of an artist than a sailor. Besides attempting to set that impossible stunsail—"to give a greater feeling of motion"—he seems quite uncertain of the wind's direction. Up on the foreyard one of the more foolhardy members of the crew—also an artist, no doubt—is facing the wind which, as is indicated by the position of the square sails, is definitely blowing from well astern. But our seagoing aesthete has ordered jibs, staysails and mainsail all trimmed much too flat for efficiency.

Slack off on that mainsheet, cap'n, or we'll be till next year gettin' this hooker into port! S. TIEBOUT, New York, N. Y.

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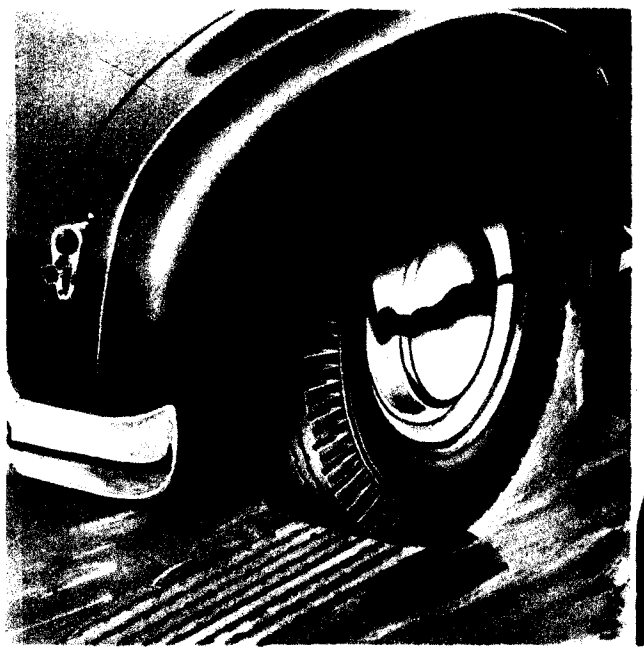
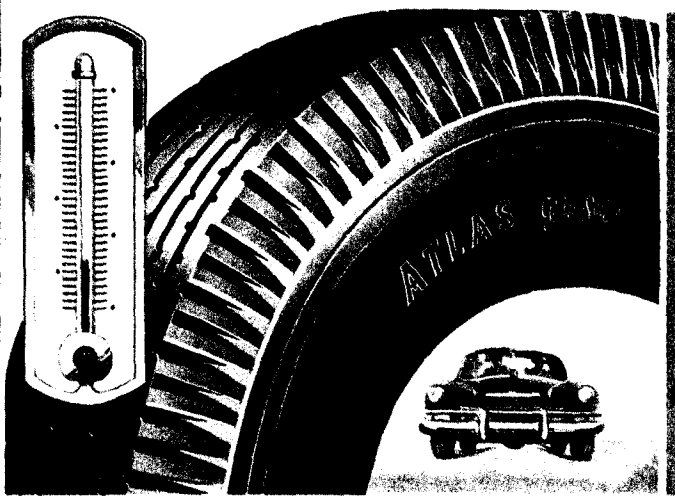
Why ATLAS Tires are Safe for your Family

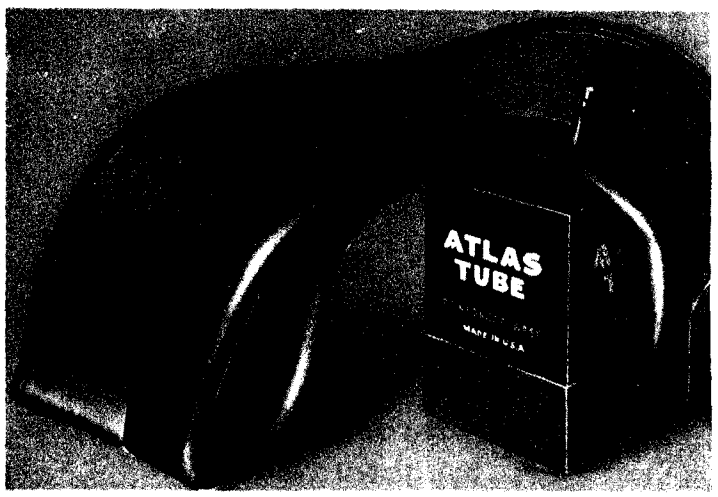


Shown above are two good reasons for equipping your car all around with *safe* tires. Atlas Grip-Safe* or low-pressure Cushionaire* Tires are safe because—

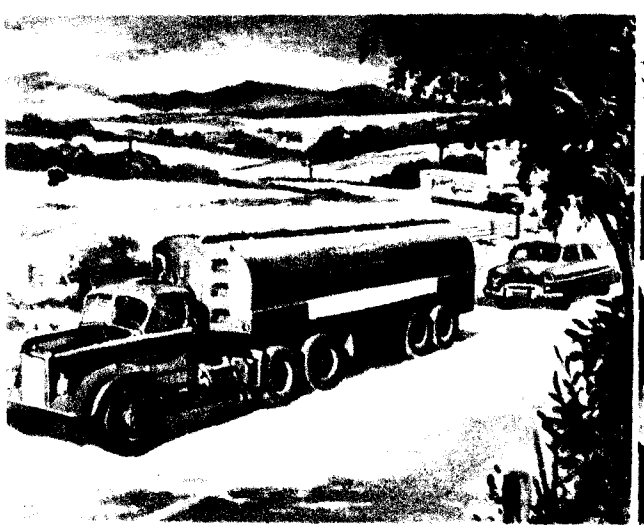
The wide, flat, 7-rib Atlas tread provides hundreds of anti-skid edges for safe traction.



The strong, flexible sidewalls assure cool running, great strength, blow-out protection.



Atlas "Red" Butyl Tubes have greater resistance to tear and heat . . . hold air up to 10 times longer than natural rubber.



Atlas Tires are continually being checked for safety and mileage on hundreds of "actual-use" tests.

The broad Warranty on Atlas Tires is honored by 38,000 dealers throughout the U. S. and Canada.

Get a set or pair of Atlas Tires from your local Atlas Dealer—today!

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SERVING MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE

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FOR BEST RESULTS:

shave with Barbasol

Barbasol means smooth, easy sailing through the toughest beard!

No brush
No lather
No rub-in

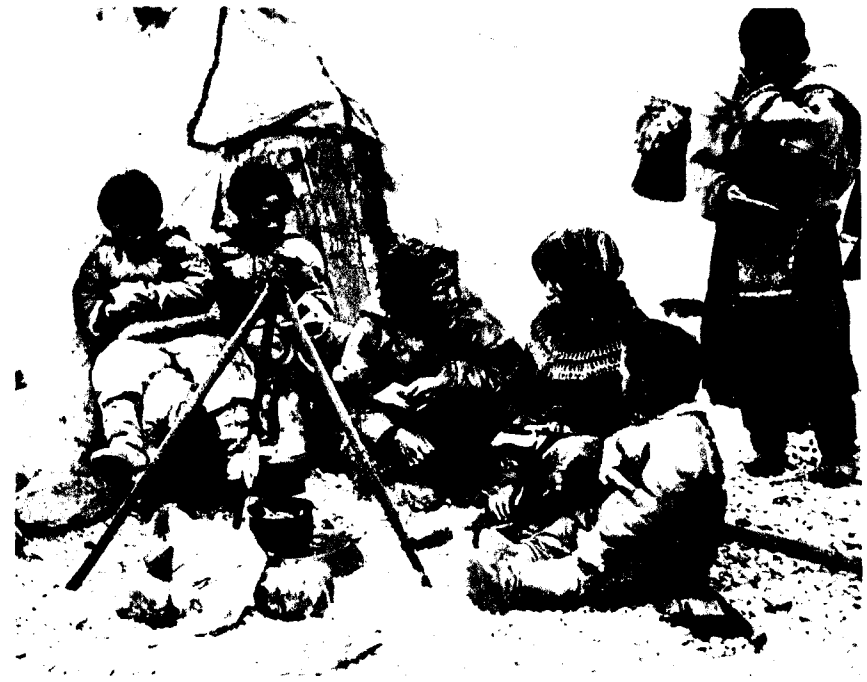
It's no sea story! Barbasol's special ingredients really wilt whiskers fast. They take the wind out of the wiriest beards for close, clean, *comfortable* shaves that last all day. And Barbasol does the job without drying the skin, as soapy lathers do. (In fact, it helps *protect* your face against sunburn, windburn and chafing.) So here's the welcome word, mates: Barbasol shaves *look* good, they *feel* good—and Barbasol *is* good for your skin. *Try* it next time you shave!

Use it also for soothing relief of sunburn, windburn, insect bites and itching.

Avoid Athletic Aroma use BARZ Lotion Deodorant

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



With no prisons, police or ruling chiefs, Eskimos govern themselves

The Eskimos are one of the smallest, least-governed and most thinly scattered races in the world. There are fewer than 35,000 of them, a number that would fill only three quarters of the seats in the Atlantic City Auditorium. The territory occupied by the Eskimos includes parts of five countries and, therefore, is so large that the density of population in a certain section is one individual for every 200 square miles. As they live in small isolated villages and each household governs itself, these people have no prisons, police or ruling chiefs. Should a man commit a serious crime and the villagers decide he must die, a male relative is obliged to kill him because an execution by a member of another family is considered murder and is likely to start a blood feud.

Without doubt, the most useless and depressing clock on record was known as the "Clock of the King's Death" and stood in a prominent place in the royal palace in Versailles, France, between 1610 and 1838, or over a period of 228 years. This clock had no mechanism and only one hand, which pointed to the minute when the preceding monarch had died. What purpose it was supposed to have served is still a mystery.

Many odd family names are still in use, or were until a few years ago, in the United States, Canada and the British Isles. Among them are Cashdollar, Evilchild, Foulfish, Handsomebody, Killbride, Louis XVI, Poorgrass, Shakelady, Shortsleeve and Walkingstick.

Several years ago in England, 16 miles of coaxial cable were laid, three feet underground, to connect two radio stations. A week after the work was finished, the outer tube began leaking and losing the nitrogen that was pumped between it and the inner tube as insulation. The thought of having to dig up the cable and examine it minutely distressed the engineers until they realized that the job of locating the cracks could be done by a dog. So the men walked one over the route and the animal dug in 14 spots and "pointed out" the 14 leaks. Bystanders marveled at the dog's ability, unaware that the tube had been filled with a gas that smelled like the odor of cats.

The largest breeder of thoroughbred horses in world history, so far as known, was America's James Ben Ali Haggin who, for years before and after 1900, operated a breeding farm in Lexington, Kentucky, and another near Sacramento, California. At one time, the animals kept at these two establishments and listed in the Haggin Catalogue consisted of 40 stallions, more than 600 brood mares and about 2,000 other horses.

During the past 20 years in New York City, the steady decrease in the number of stage plays produced each season has caused many changes among the theaters that were originally devoted to these shows. A survey, therefore, was made recently to determine the present state of the 73 such playhouses that were operating in 1929 in the Broadway area between Thirty-eighth Street and Columbus Circle. The summary reveals that 28 of them are still legitimate theaters, 12 have been closed or torn down, 20 have become movie houses and the other 13 have been turned into radio or television studios.

Fresnès-les-Rungis Prison, France's modern penitentiary a few miles from Paris, keeps its inmates away from one another so they cannot engage in any concerted action such as a riot or an attempt to escape. They are required to eat and work in their cells, exercise alone in individual enclosures and, while attending services in the prison church, to be locked in small separate compartments which prevent them from seeing anyone except the chaplain.

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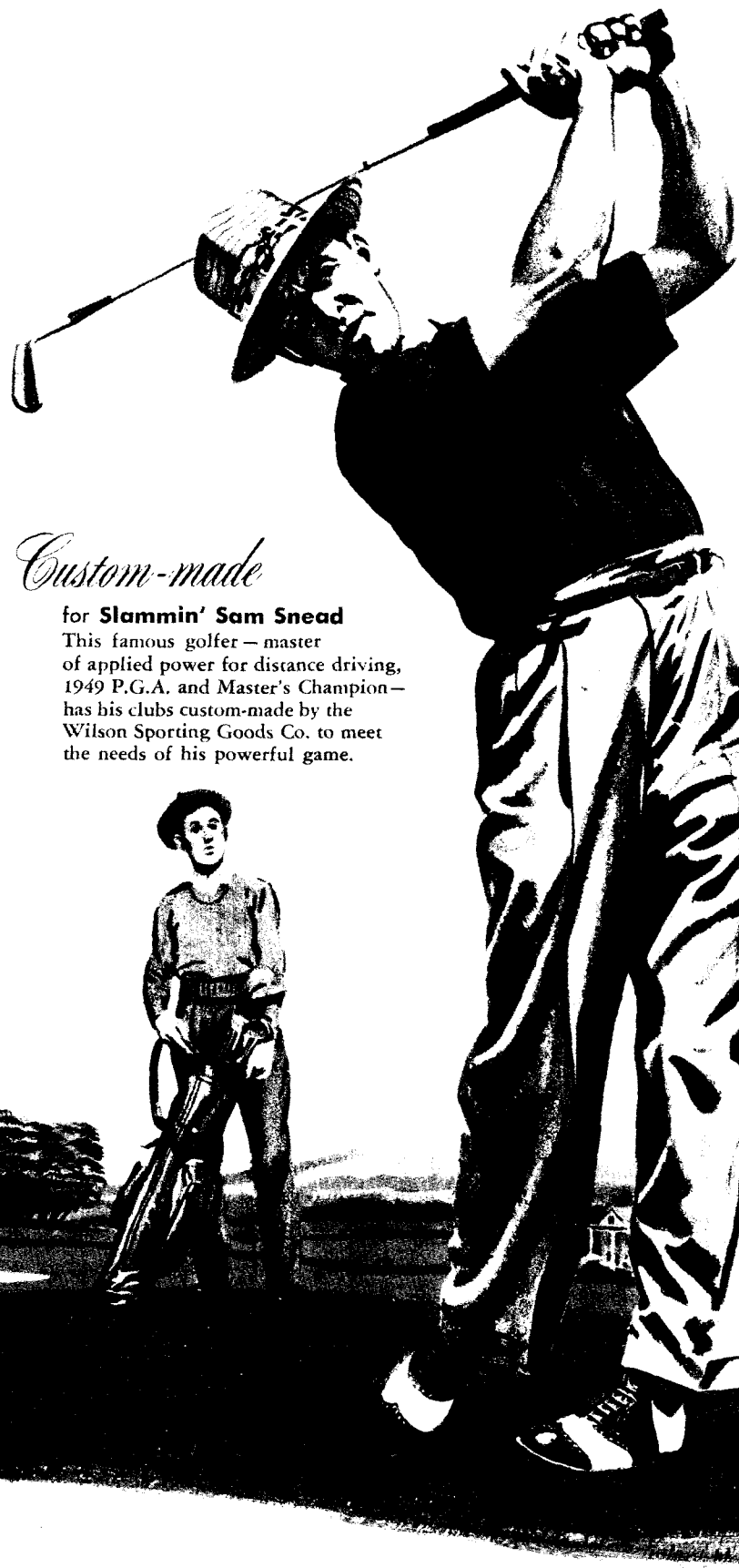

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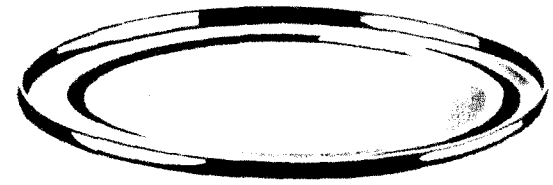

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GLAFFER NAZONK!

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

You, too, must have relatives whose handwriting you can't possibly read

ALTHOUGH my own penmanship is nothing to be smug about, that of most of my relatives is so deplorable that my correspondence with them is virtually a one-way affair. They presumably can read my letters, but I can't decode theirs.

In case you think I'm making this up, here transcribed into type (as nearly as I can manage it) is a communication I recently received from my brother Fred: "Djs Gidsnt—Heert Bufkl. Jn pmb mckosi m skcl fr $10. Frd."

The only part I could make out was the $10; so, figuring he needed it, I sent him the money. Next day I received another envelope from him enclosing a check for $10. No note, just the check. A $1.45 long-distance call revealed that he had tried to wish me birthday greetings complete with check but had forgotten to enclose it with his first letter and so had sent it later. I'm still trying, however, to get back the ten dollars I sent *him*.

Just yesterday I got a letter from dear old Aunt Jo in which I guess she said: "I hpt n kss muugr yue munnnj kuwj umderweep." Out of this I can make nothing except that perhaps the last word is underwear. The decision I have to make is whether to reply, yes, I am well stocked with underwear, or that I'm sorry but I've lost track of the man downtown who used to sell me lingerie wholesale. Maybe Aunt Jo needs a new

supply. Anyway, I'll just have to wait until I hear from her again, and if anything that looks like underwear appears on her stationery I'll have to call her up and try to straighten things out.

Speaking of aunts, the last time my Aunt Martha wrote me it seems she said something about meeting me for lunch at Pietro's at two on March 15th, but I thought she was reminding me to pay my federal tax on March 15th, and the lovable old gal sat around Pietro's until nearly 3 P.M. waiting for me to show up. I was out of town at the time, unfortunately; otherwise Aunt Martha wouldn't have got so plastered.

My cousin Bob's writing is no better. One time I got a telegram from him saying he wanted to see me in my office on the following Thursday and that an explanatory letter was in the mail. I confirmed the appointment, but his letter was no more readable than the dillies I've mentioned so far.

Anyhow, on Thursday, Bob burst eagerly into my office. "Where's the watch?" he asked breathlessly.

"Watch?" I repeated dully.

"Yeah—didn't you read my letter? Grandfather's gold watch. You told me I

could have it to sell any time I went broke. Well, I'm busted. Flat. I want the watch."

"I thought," I said, swallowing, "you were trying to tell me you'd broken your wrist. The watch is 35 miles out in the country, in a bank vault."

"So now what?" Bob cried. "How am I going to get back to Wilmington? What about the milk bills I've got to pay?"

It was a lucky thing I had cashed a check that morning for $100.

What do you make of "Tgss zxllks tmmg-lsmmm qpialz!"? It's a line from my brother-in-law, who said he would write if he had any trouble with the new timing gears I installed in his car last month. Looks as though I'm in for another toll call to find out whether the timing gears or my Uncle Timothy Blears gave up. For my dough it could be either, and I don't know whether to send a mechanic or flowers.

There are exceptions, of course. I can read my wife's writing pretty well, particularly when she chalks a message on the kitchen blackboard to the effect that if I don't start hanging up my clothes at night she's going to pack up and leave, or that she left my allowance in the second desk drawer, under the bills for her new outfit.

But the one scrawl I can read for sure is that of my young son, who left the following note (printed in large letters) on my pillow last night:

"Dear Dady Thank you for the set of horsers shoes for piching in the back yard My athlec derecter in scool says I need a piar of boxing gloves will you by them for me I am well Your son."

Well, that's *one* relative, at least, who has, by comparison, mastered the art of handwriting. THE END

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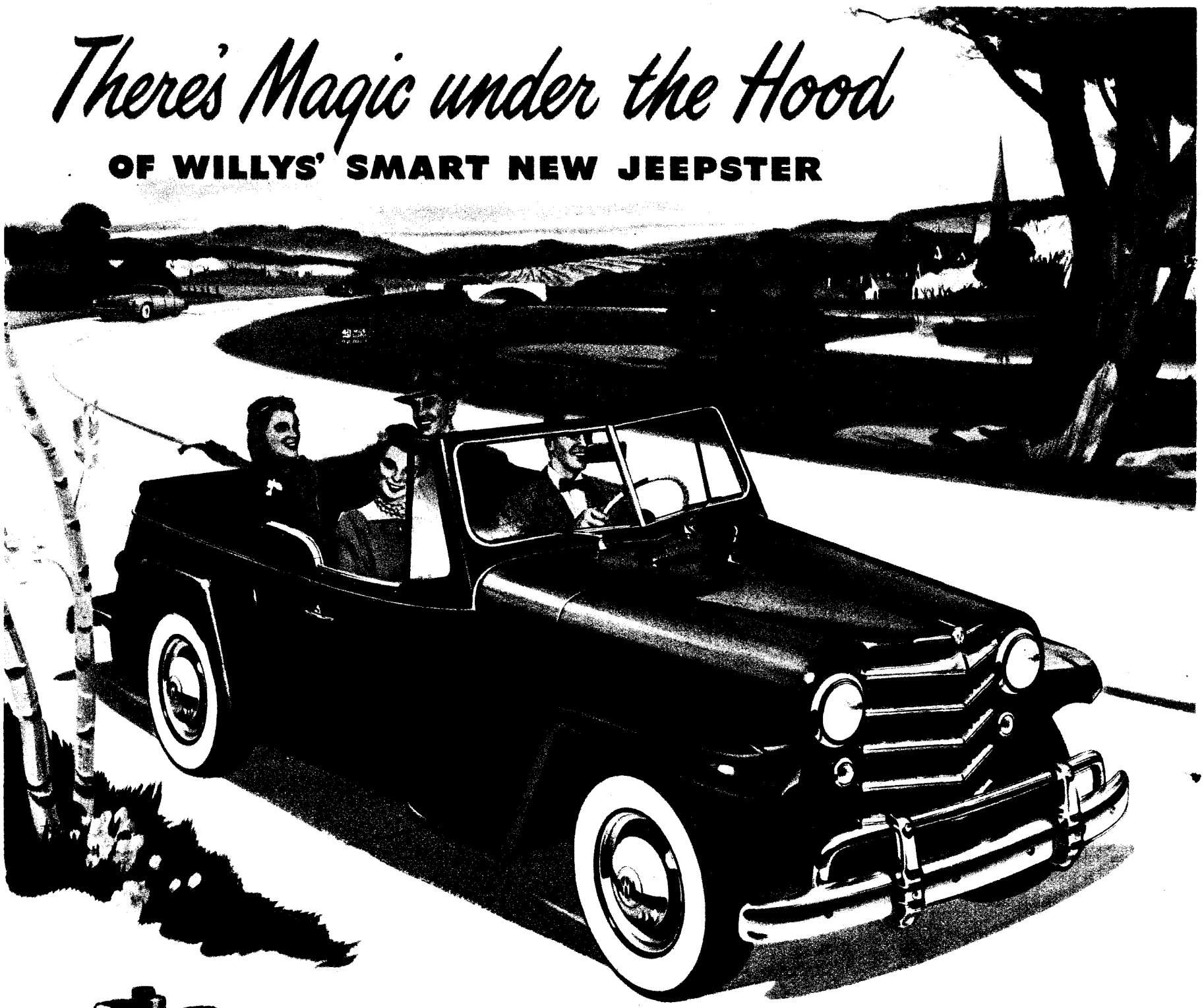

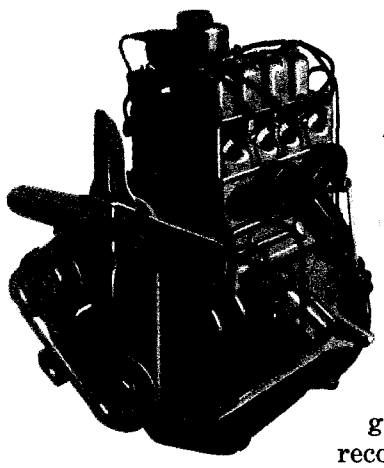

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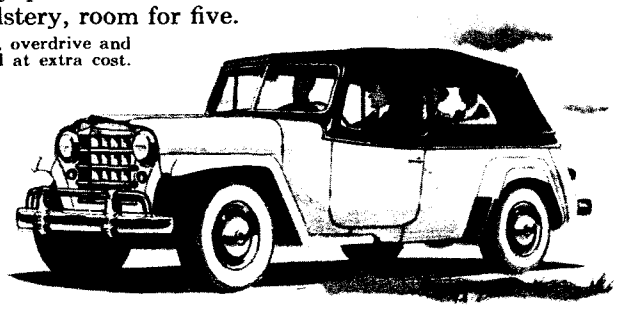

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Collier's, July 8, 1950

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JOHN L. LEWIS
Won't Let Me Work

By JOE DICKMON
with WALTER DAVENPORT

Broke and in debt—cut to a three-day week by command of the UMW chief—a coal miner denounced him as a dictator. The punishment—loss of his $14.05-a-day job

JOHN L. LEWIS is an arrogant dictator. For saying this last January, I was banished from his union—the United Mine Workers. In his hands he holds the fate of more than 400,000 coal workers. I am one of them. That his ego might be served, it has been decreed by a group of his trembling yes men that I may not work at the only trade I know—coal mining.

It is nothing to John Lewis that I, an unknown miner whose dues helped pay his $50,000 salary, should starve. It is nothing to him that my wife and child should lack food, medical care, clothing and shelter so long as his vanity is not wounded. He is not concerned that my small GI home can be taken from me because I cannot meet the mortgage payments.

Why should he care? I am nobody. He is the autocrat at whose nod nearly half a million men are supposed to kneel, lie down, roll over or even die. My answer, as simply as I can put it, is NUTS. I did not wear the American Navy uniform for 13 months that I might bow before a dictator. I enlisted to fight dictators. I'd do it again, any day. Now, back in civvies, I'm still fighting a dictator—John L. Lewis.

Listen.

Last January, fed up, I wrote a letter to the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette. In it I denounced Lewis as a dictator. I was then working in the mines of the Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company, earning $14.05 a day. I worked three days a week, not because there was a work shortage, not because coal was not needed, but because Lewis arbitrarily decreed that we miners might work no more than that.

It made no difference to him what our personal financial obligations might be. *He* hadn't any that he couldn't meet. Two thirds of the miners in my tiny town of Library, Pennsylvania, were in hock, busted—scared *for* themselves and *of* him. He should lose sleep because Joe and Betty Dickmon and their nine-year-old kid Joan were in debt to mortgage holders, loan sharks, doctors, the stores—like thousands of miners. Because it suited his ends, because it fed his already-swollen ego, he had decreed that I and my fellows should work but three days a week. Sure, the three-day week reduced coal supplies. Of course, the strike got us miners a raise. But what else did that get us? That raise was immediately killed by the increase in prices at the stores.

A cat may look at a king and I'm looking at John Lewis—with my tongue sticking out.

Every morning I took to the mine with me worries born of the fear that calamity might strike my family and that financially I wouldn't be prepared to fight it. Three days' work a week provided us with just about enough to live on, but no more. All I wanted to do was work—not for John L. Lewis but for the Joe Dickmons. Get me straight on this: I'm not antiunion, I'm merely anti-Lewis. Every day I thought of what a sailor on the submarine Pompon said to me: "Sure it's dangerous, but we got to lick dictators. If we don't, chum, we might as well be dead."

So I wrote that letter. And Lewis lowered the boom. I don't know how many times groups of us miners had talked it over. And I don't know how many times we decided that we'd say what we thought at some meeting of our local. But we didn't. At the last minute we would lose our nerve. Nobody would dare do it all alone. To say things like that in a union meeting, you had to have the tough backing of a lot of your fellow miners. I volunteered to speak up but always at the last minute it was like I say—most of them lost their nerve and backed out.

Several times I wrote this letter and was going to mail it to the newspaper. But each time Betty would read it and tear it up. She wasn't yellow. She was just afraid we'd get in too much trouble. We had a house to pay for, a kid to send to school. You know how a woman is, worrying about the family and all. But she wasn't yellow. I'll tell you about that in a couple of minutes.

Finally I couldn't stand it any more and wrote again. This time I didn't show it to my wife—just mailed it. Here's what I wrote:

"Look, you fellow members of all the unions in the coal fields. Lewis has done a lot for us. Sure. I admit that. But think. Who did the most for us, Lewis or Roosevelt? That's right. President Roosevelt put Lewis on his feet and the miners as well. What is Lewis trying to hide? We pay him $50,000 a year and $25,000 expenses. What does he do with it? You can't see where the money is going and why. Can any man get away with that? Does he put out a report to the miners that he spends so-

Collier's is proud to present this stirring story of one man's fight for a simple democratic principle: the right of every labor-union member, however humble, to speak his mind freely about his officers, however powerful. Coal miner Joe Dickmon's fearless questioning of the supremacy of John L. Lewis over the United Mine Workers cost him his job and brought him the ostracism of his fellows. But such personal calamity has not weakened his determination to fight dictatorship. Joe Dickmon's story is important to all Americans, but in particular to workingmen genuinely concerned with the need for democracy in their unions. The Editor

Joe Dickmon: "I'm fighting my own fight"

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and-so here and so-and-so there? You're damn' right he doesn't.

"Are you so stupid as to work for a dictator when we fought against dictatorship?

"But what did the miners come back to? A dictator. If anyone dares to run against him they throw him out of the union. A dictator who tells us men when to work, etc. Hell's fire, men, if you have any red blood in your veins you'll write me and help us even if you aren't coal miners. I am a veteran and know there were 12,000,000 of us in there fighting against dictators. So how about spending a three-cent stamp and helping me against a dictator—John L. Lewis? Since June we've been on a three-day week. Have you ever tried to live on a three-day week? All you can pay is your store bill. How about gas, electricity, insurance, rent, etc.? Does John Lewis have to worry about that?

"Oh, don't worry, they'll look me up and beat hell out of me for writing this letter, but I might fool them. I'm getting a permit for a gun and I swear to God if anyone jumps me, I'm shooting—and I mean shooting. The company offered Lewis a two-year contract at the same wages if they could put a man on the welfare board. He turned it down. Did he ask us to take a vote? Hell no! Are we men or rats? Not mice but rats. We are rats if we let him run everything—win elections, votes, etc. Men, let's wake up."

Well, men woke up. I have often wondered since that letter was published what would have happened if I had as bluntly and frankly criticized the head of the Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company and been fired for it. It gives me the only laugh I can get out of my plight. I can hear them now. My fellow miners would be slapping me on the back, calling me a hero. From the officers of my local, from division headquarters, from John L. Lewis in Washington, there would have been angry protests that my constitutional right of free speech had been violated.

Sure, I can hear them yelling. What about my civil rights? The White House would have heard Lewis' Biblical and Shakespearean roaring. Here in Library my fellow miners might have refused to dig unless I were reinstated. Here would have been a reason for Mr. Lewis to wave the whole United Mine Workers out of the pits again—woosh, like that. Oh, yes, my constitutional rights of free speech, my freeborn privilege to say what I thought, would have been respected by John L. Lewis. I would have been the old dictator's white-haired boy, not the victim of his wounded vanity.

Encouragement from Home-Town Folks

But what happened? What about my civil rights? What became of all that fight for free speech? At first my closest friends here in the mining town of Library congratulated me: Atta boy, Joe. You've got the guts, Joe. We're with you, Joe. Wish I'd said that, Joe. How about you and the wife coming over to the house tonight, Joe? . . . Yeah, at first.

Then overnight came the quick freeze. Even the guy who had been my closest friend ever since we played football and baseball together in high school crossed the street when he saw me coming. No two guys could have been better pals. I yelled at him—hello. He turned his head, didn't answer. I was ignored by men and women who had known me since I was a baby and came to Library with my parents from Elizabeth, New Jersey, where I was born.

The word had gone out. I had insulted the lord and master of all the coal miners. I was an outcast, a man to be avoided—or else. My telephone brought me insults and threats, but the callers would never give their names. The stores cut off our credit. Betty, bless her heart, was snubbed by other miners' wives. Betty had guts. She snubbed them back.

We were no longer welcome in the homes of neighbors. My mother's little candy store was avoided. About once a week, Betty and I used to go to a small tavern to dance and have a few beers. Now we found we weren't wanted there. They refused to serve us. On the dance floor others avoided us, turned their faces away.

To make it worse, the smear started. Joe Dickmon? Ah, that guy with the dishonorable discharge from the Navy. That guy? Listen, the minute he got anywhere near a submarine he went A.W.O.L. I hear the Navy's still looking for him. Dickmon? Sure he can afford to shoot off his mouth. He got a lot of dough from the coal company to write that letter. Dickmon? Listen, I hear he's a Commie. You know how the Commies do; always starting trouble. That bum? Listen, I hear they threw him out of the Navy because he's nuts.

Just for the record, I have an honorable discharge from the Navy. I was never A.W.O.L. My behavior and health record in the service is clean. If you're interested, the Navy records are there to be seen. Nobody paid me to write that letter. It came straight from my heart because I could keep still no longer. Paid? Hell, I'm as busted as a burnt balloon. Politically I'm a Democrat. Who cares?

The smear was the immediate reaction to my letter. Then came the notification from Tom Evans, president of my local—No. 73—to appear before a meeting and defend myself. What did they mean, defend myself? If it were a laughing matter for me, I'd laugh. But it isn't. That meeting of my local was well attended as meetings go. There are 600 members of Local 73. Seldom do more than 50—usually about 25—miners attend. The meetings are colorless, without debate. It's called to order. The secretary reads the minutes of the preceding meeting. Now and then a miner will rise to stammer something about welfare or about his troubles.

Cut-and-Dried Routine of Meetings

But what he says is merely jotted down by the secretary, and before any discussions can be held, some stooge moves we adjourn. And then and there we adjourn. All this had rankled in me for a long time—this cold meeting and dismissal with nobody daring to say much of anything. During strikes the meetings were even smaller. What was there to hear? The only thing we wanted to hear was an order to go back to the pits. We'd hear that without sitting in a cold, barren hall.

But at this meeting where I was to defend myself, 151 miners were present. Again the word had gone out. Evans and John P. Busarello, president of District No. 5, UMW, probably wanted a full attendance of all 600 of us. Anyway 449 miners didn't show up. I like to think that some of them were a little ashamed to face me. I don't know. Although they didn't dare speak to me on the street or be seen in my company, a large number of my fellow miners in Local 73 had apparently decided they couldn't face the farce that meeting was. Or maybe this was strictly a hand-picked attendance. I don't know.

They didn't want me to defend myself. They never gave me the chance. I was asked to stand down before the desk. Around the walls sat men I'd worked with day after day, miners I knew like you know the guys you work with. There were men there who had, at first, applauded me for speaking out, who had criticized Lewis bitterly in my presence. There was one guy there who had shouted at me one day during the latest strike that his family was hungry, that John Lewis ought to be shot, that he'd carry a gun behind anyone who would lead a revolt. There he sat, turning his head away when I looked at him. No one would return my stare. They'd scowl at me for a second or two and then lower their heads. They were my enemies now—because they were *afraid not to be enemies*.

In a dead, sullen silence, Evans began to talk.

"You are charged," he said, "with violating Section 3 of Article 18 of the District Constitution and Section 3 of Article 21 of the International Constitution. How do you plead?"

That's all. The sections in question involved "slandering" another UMW member or circulating "false statements" about him. I was charged with lying about John L. Lewis in saying that he was a dictator. Plead? How else could I plead?

"Not guilty," I replied.

Evans looked at me hard. There was another pause. Then he picked up a couple of papers. He told me he had wired Lewis asking him whether "some consideration" shouldn't be shown me because I had a wife and child. I hadn't asked Evans to send the telegram. I didn't know he was sending it.

Lewis had replied to the telegram. Evans read the reply solemnly, like it was gospel. It didn't take long. The reply was: "No comment."

From here and there in the meeting came growls. Several husky guys shifted around in their seats. Half of them were glaring at me. For what seemed five minutes, but probably no more than 30 seconds, dead silence returned to the hall. I was frightened. Ugly things that have never been explained have happened to unpopular miners.

Evans finally nodded to two huskies. They came to me, turned me around and escorted me in silence, deadpan, out of the hall. Yeah, I *(Continued on page 62)*

Dickmon with his wife Betty and daughter Joan, 9, outside their home in Library, Pa. Betty stoutly supported Joe when he refused to withdraw charges

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES NELSON

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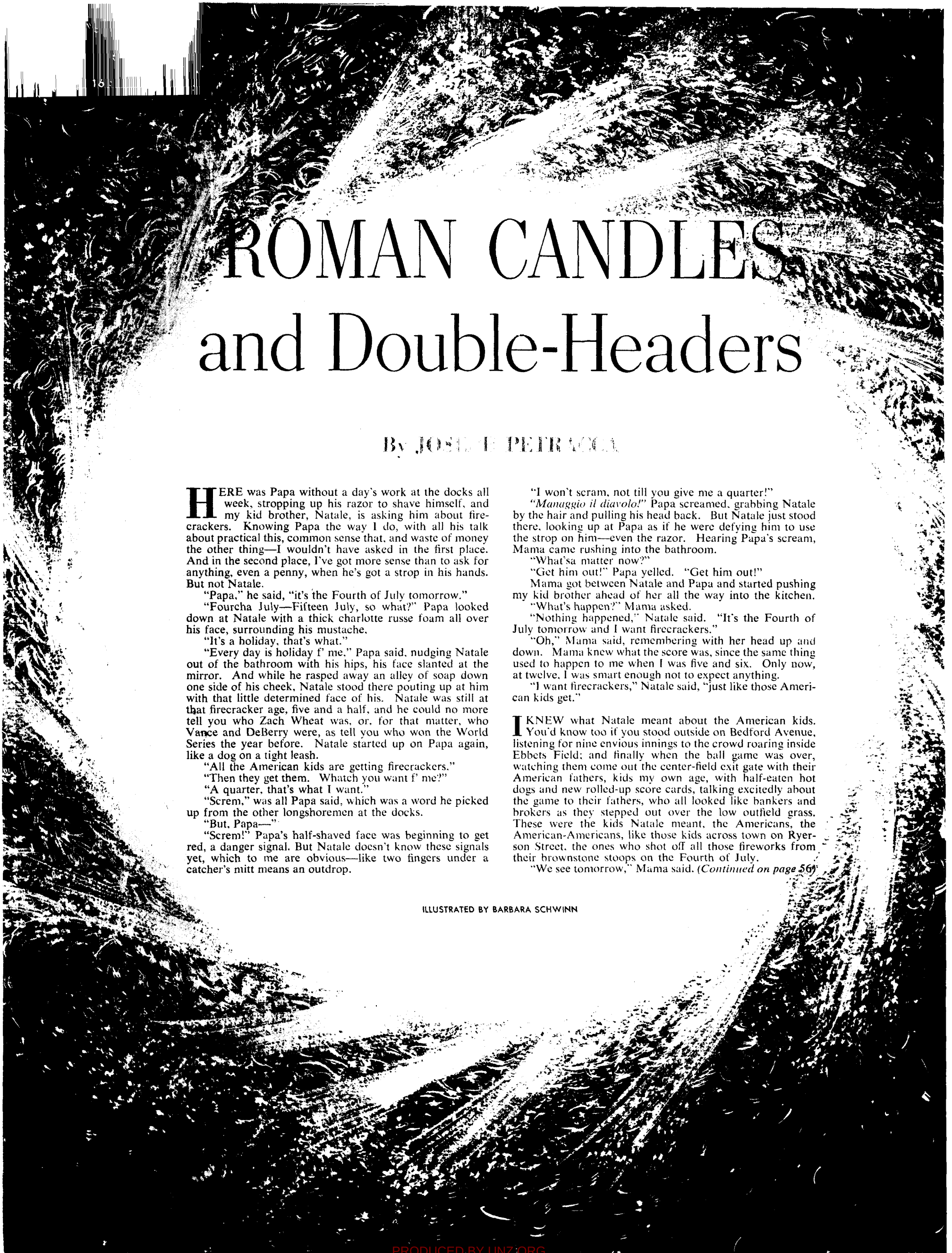

ROMAN CANDLES and Double-Headers

By JOSEPH PETRACCA

HERE was Papa without a day's work at the docks all week, stropping up his razor to shave himself, and my kid brother, Natale, is asking him about firecrackers. Knowing Papa the way I do, with all his talk about practical this, common sense that, and waste of money the other thing—I wouldn't have asked in the first place. And in the second place, I've got more sense than to ask for anything, even a penny, when he's got a strop in his hands. But not Natale.

"Papa," he said, "it's the Fourth of July tomorrow."

"Fourcha July—Fifteen July, so what?" Papa looked down at Natale with a thick charlotte russe foam all over his face, surrounding his mustache.

"It's a holiday, that's what."

"Every day is holiday f' me," Papa said, nudging Natale out of the bathroom with his hips, his face slanted at the mirror. And while he rasped away an alley of soap down one side of his cheek, Natale stood there pouting up at him with that little determined face of his. Natale was still at that firecracker age, five and a half, and he could no more tell you who Zach Wheat was, or, for that matter, who Vance and DeBerry were, as tell you who won the World Series the year before. Natale started up on Papa again, like a dog on a tight leash.

"All the American kids are getting firecrackers."

"Then they get them. Whatch you want f' me?"

"A quarter, that's what I want."

"Screm," was all Papa said, which was a word he picked up from the other longshoremen at the docks.

"But, Papa—"

"Screm!" Papa's half-shaved face was beginning to get red, a danger signal. But Natale doesn't know these signals yet, which to me are obvious—like two fingers under a catcher's mitt means an outdrop.

"I won't scram, not till you give me a quarter!"

"Managgio il diavolo!" Papa screamed, grabbing Natale by the hair and pulling his head back. But Natale just stood there, looking up at Papa as if he were defying him to use the strop on him—even the razor. Hearing Papa's scream, Mama came rushing into the bathroom.

"What'sa matter now?"

"Get him out!" Papa yelled. "Get him out!"

Mama got between Natale and Papa and started pushing my kid brother ahead of her all the way into the kitchen.

"What's happen?" Mama asked.

"Nothing happened," Natale said. "It's the Fourth of July tomorrow and I want firecrackers."

"Oh," Mama said, remembering with her head up and down. Mama knew what the score was, since the same thing used to happen to me when I was five and six. Only now, at twelve, I was smart enough not to expect anything.

"I want firecrackers," Natale said, "just like those American kids get."

I KNEW what Natale meant about the American kids. You'd know too if you stood outside on Bedford Avenue, listening for nine envious innings to the crowd roaring inside Ebbets Field; and finally when the ball game was over, watching them come out the center-field exit gate with their American fathers, kids my own age, with half-eaten hot dogs and new rolled-up score cards, talking excitedly about the game to their fathers, who all looked like bankers and brokers as they stepped out over the low outfield grass. These were the kids Natale meant, the Americans, the American-Americans, like those kids across town on Ryerson Street, the ones who shot off all those fireworks from their brownstone stoops on the Fourth of July.

"We see tomorrow," Mama said. *(Continued on page 56)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

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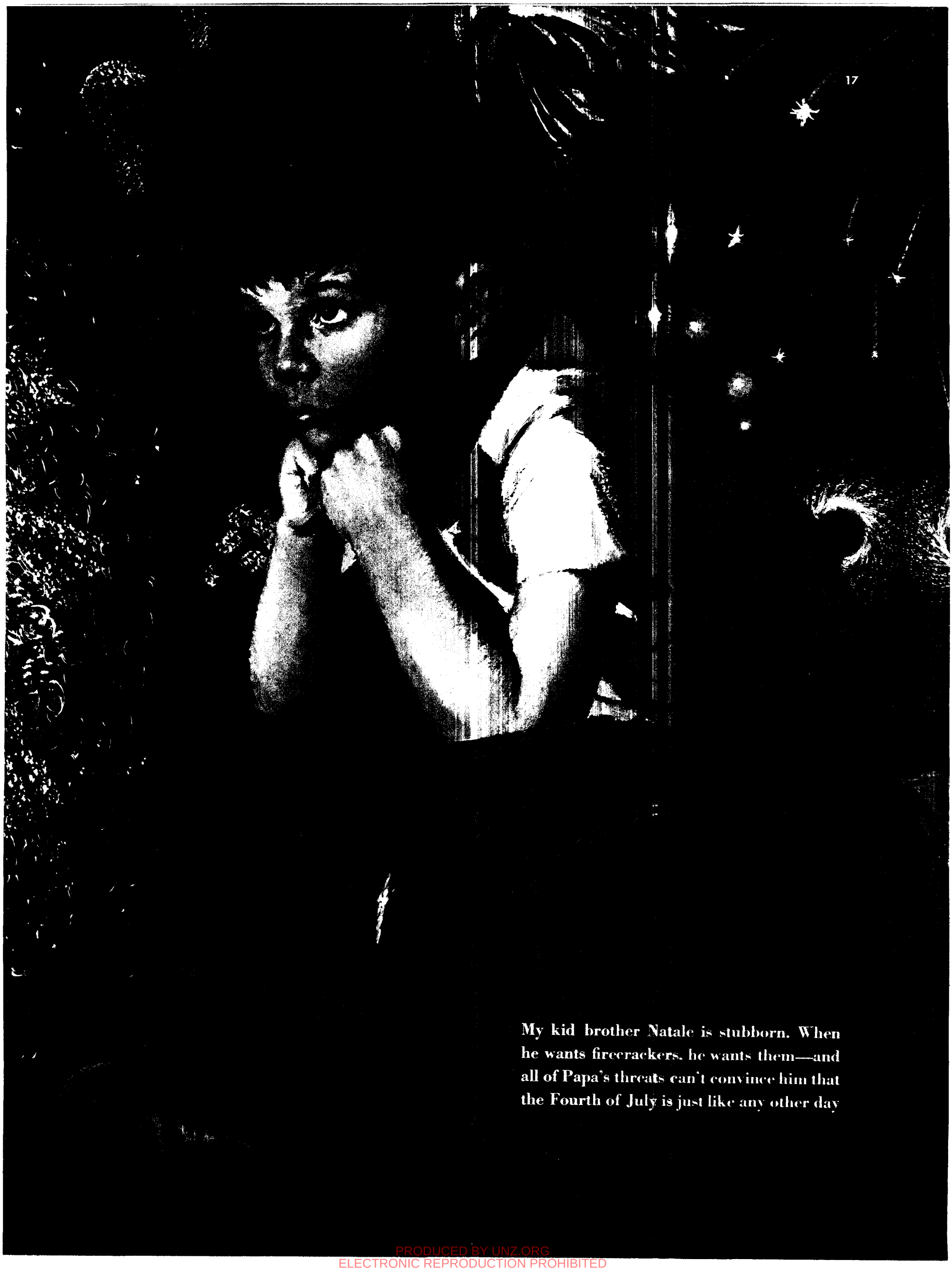

My kid brother Natale is stubborn. When he wants firecrackers, he wants them—and all of Papa's threats can't convince him that the Fourth of July is just like any other day

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28,000 Children Missing

DAVID SEYMOUR

Greek children carry homemade stools to the rebuilt schoolhouse in village of Oinoi. Many of them lost brothers and sisters, carried away by the Reds

By ***Collier's***
EUROPEAN TEAM

The children of Greece have become pawns in the Communist game of conquest. Three men have collaborated to bring you this report on a great tragedy of our time, David Perlman, Seymour Freidin and William Attwood. On special assignment from Collier's, the team has been covering developments behind the Iron Curtain and in west Europe

Athens

MARIA KIRDIDES' children may never come home again. On the doorstep of her crumbling farmhouse in the Greek border village of Chionades, a few miles from Albania, Maria and her husband sit alone in numb anguish, gazing across the mountain barrier that divides Greece from the Communist world.

Somewhere across that frontier Maria's children are living in Cominform camps, taken from their family by Greek Communist rebels two years ago in what has been perhaps the cruelest episode of the cold war.

Not long ago Maria wept dry-eyed as she spoke of her two sons who disappeared in 1948. It happened during the bitter fighting, at the height of the civil war that has since seen the Greek guerrillas defeated on every front.

"The Communist *capitanos* came down from the mountains and marched them away," Maria mourned. "It was so swift. Last fall, before the rebels were driven out, I had a letter from my eldest boy, Leonidas. 'Don't worry,' he wrote, 'we are well but miss you.' Since then I have heard nothing.

"I have written out a petition and given it to the Red Cross. Do you think it will do any good?"

It is hard to give Maria, and all the Greek mothers like her, a straight answer. For her young sons are just two of some 28,000 Greek children who have been uprooted from their homes and sent to the Soviet satellites, and who have never returned.

Today they are being transformed into Communist shock troops and potential fifth columnists as the Kremlin lays its long-term plans to wrest Greece from the free world.

The fate of these youngsters has become the concern of the Greek Red Cross, the International Red Cross and the United Nations. But so far these organizations have scarcely been able even to find out exactly how many children have been abducted and where they are being held. Letters to the Soviet satellite states are answered with polite double-talk, if at all. Red Cross investigators are told to mind their own business. The children, say the Communists, are well and safe—behind the Iron Curtain.

Meanwhile, Maria Kirdides weeps in her ruined farmhouse and wonders why this inexplicable cruelty was inflicted on her and whether she will even recognize her sons if they ever come home. Multiply her grief by many thousands and you get an idea of the pall of tragedy that hangs over northern Greece.

To dig behind the story of the children who have

Collier's for July 8, 1950

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Behind the Iron Curtain

been taken from Greece and to study the techniques of this new kind of political warfare, we not only toured Greece's northern provinces but went to Czechoslovakia, where many of the abducted children are known to be held. We talked with Queen Frederika in Athens, with officials of the International Red Cross in Geneva and with Greek Communist leaders in Prague.

We found propaganda on both sides. It is not true, as the Greek government charges, that *all* of the 28,000 children were kidnaped. Official United Nations reports show that many left Greece along with their guerrilla parents, or were orphans "adopted" by the rebels during the fighting in the Grammos Mountains. Many, it is known, were brutally seized by force. It is also known that some of the children behind the Iron Curtain are living safely and in comparative comfort.

Yet, the horrifying fact remains that the Cominform, its objective Indoctrination, is plainly guilty of one of history's most brutal and cynical violations of a fundamental human right—the right of parents to bring up their own children.

Greece's most articulate champion of this right is pert, energetic young Queen Frederika, herself the mother of two daughters and a son. In a small living room of the royal palace in Athens, the queen talked to us about the missing and uprooted children. Dressed in a beige and blue checked suit, pink cashmere sweater and a yoke of pearls, she could easily have been taken for a young American matron.

"Taking our children was one of the most abominable acts in all history," she said.

"What can we do? I would wish that all nations act together—make no agreements with the Communist countries that don't pose as a first condition the return to us of our children."

Queen's Fund Supports Many Children

Two years ago when children began to disappear in large numbers, Queen Frederika took the initiative to rescue youngsters imperiled by shifting battlefields. Today, 52 villages housing 20,000 children are supported by the "Queen's Fund," to which every Greek contributes. The villages house orphans, or boys and girls whose parents have disappeared, are still in refugee camps or in government prisons as rebel partisans.

We visited five of these immaculate, spacious children's villages to talk to the boys and girls whose lives have been blighted by separation from their families and who are trying to readjust to normal living. Most of them, we found, had brothers and sisters in the Cominform camps far to the north.

Her eyes clouded with tears, fourteen-year-old Chrysanthe Tati recalled how the guerrillas seized Pilikati, her village near Albania, a year ago. Her parents, three sisters, a brother and her maternal grandmother tried with other villagers to hide in the fields.

"The Communists came into the fields," she remembered. "They pointed their guns and said they would shoot unless we all came to them. Everybody did.

"They took all our animals, our food and made us walk through the mountains. We walked for two days and two nights. Then, we came into a place where there were men in other uniforms. The signs had strange writing. The Communists told us that we were in Albania and would stay there.

"For three weeks we worked, helping to load wounded rebels into trucks and wagons. We slept on the side of a mountain in the open. One day, the Communist soldiers came and took my brother, Vassili, who is eighteen. They said they would come back for me and my sisters.

"My father told us that we must try to escape. But my mother said we might be caught and she kept my two younger sisters with her. Anastasia, my thirteen-year-old sister, came with my father and me. At night, we escaped.

"We walked over the mountains. We had no food, except a little flour that we mixed with water. We walked three days, maybe four. It was terrible. We were so tired. My father took turns carrying one of us.

"When we crossed the border back into Greece, it was night. There were noises in the air. My father told us to lie down. He said they were shooting at us. When daylight came, we continued to walk. We didn't go straight back to our village. We stayed in the mountains above the village first.

"You see, if there were guerrillas in the village, there would be no smoke from the chimneys because they cook outdoors. If there was smoke, it meant that they had left the village, and our friends had returned to their homes. We saw smoke and came down. Then, I was evacuated here with my sister.

"My father is back in the village now. Our house was burned. We have never heard from my mother, my other sisters or my brother. I keep telling Anastasia that we shall all be together again soon. I myself don't know. I'm beginning to lose hope."

Behind such tragic stories lies a long and frustrating series of international negotiations that began almost as soon as the first straggling columns of Greek children plodded *(Continued on page 43)*

Youngsters in the village of Proti in western Macedonia watch distribution of peanut butter made available by United Nations emergency fund to aid children

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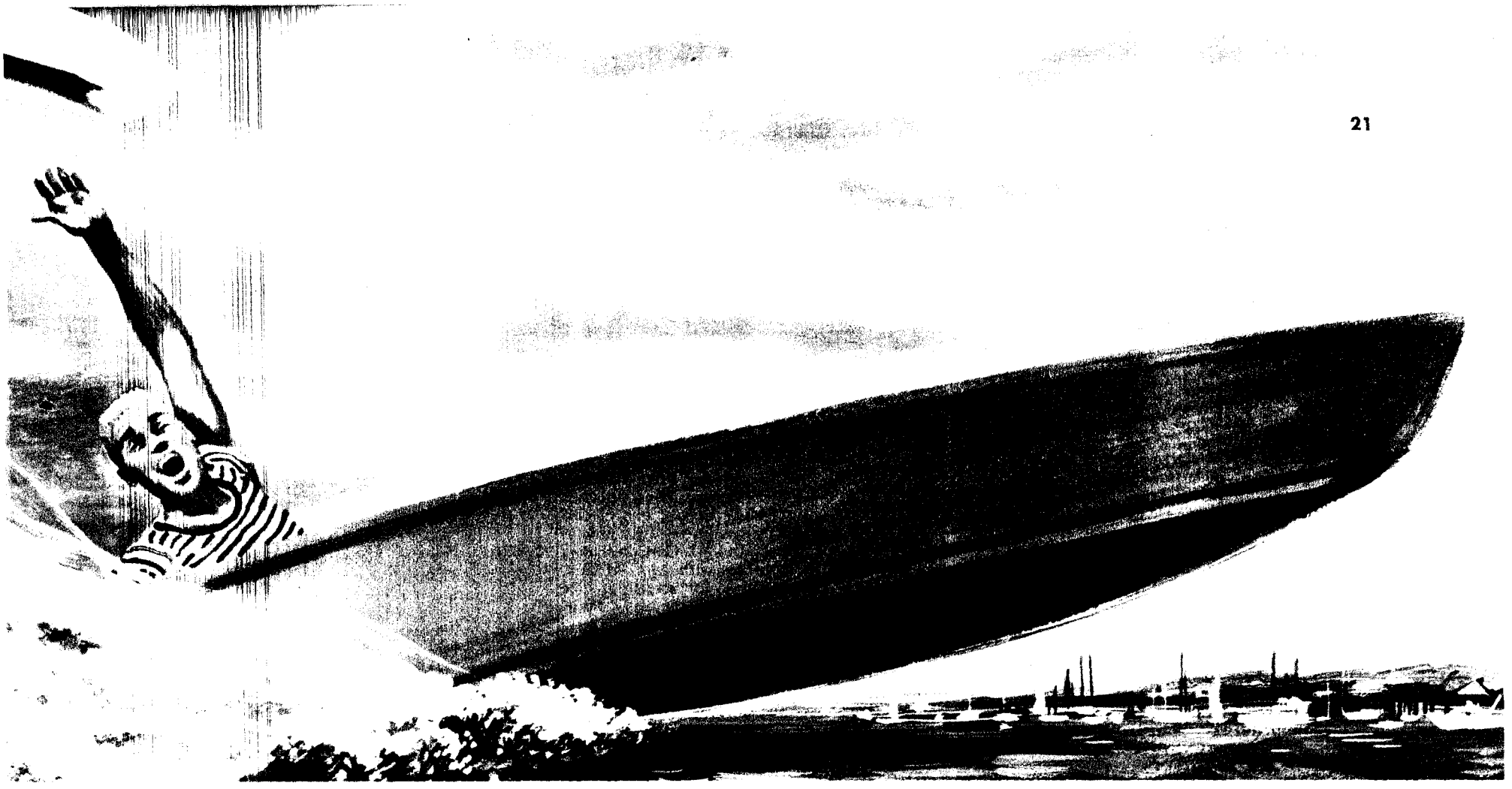

The Best Judge

Her wise old father knew she would have to make her own choice—and the choice itself would show whether she was a spoiled brat or a woman

MIBS got the smell of the Fishing Dock from the top of the rise—fish, tackle, rigging, paint. She loved it. She went down the slope, around the big barn of a boathouse and out onto the pier that jutted into the lake. Launches were moored there, and small sleek sailboats; dinghies and dories with inboard motors were tied to the piles. Men were washing down paint, bailing, stowing tackle in the open boats, men in dungarees and dirty khakis, friends of her father's. Half a dozen of them greeted her and turned to watch as she went out to her father's cruiser at the end of the pier. In her boy's shirt and navy shorts, her brown hair cut short and her cheeks faintly freckled, she looked sixteen instead of twenty-two.

She saw Jerry's black head and deep-tanned shoulders hunched over the motor. "Hi!" she called out to him, and he looked up and grinned. He steadied the boat while she climbed in.

"How's it coming?" she asked anxiously.

"I need another pair of hands," Jerry said. "Broken valve spring. I've got the old one out and a new one in, but there's no room for my valve lifter."

He concentrated on the motor again, wedged the spring up with a screw driver but couldn't make room for his broad fingers to slip the keeper into place on the valve stem.

The boat lunged, and Mibs sprawled on the deck. As the speedboat roared by, a blond head lifted from its cockpit

"Here, Mibs, you try it." He handed her the greasy keeper.

Mibs crouched down, thrust her slender fingers into the opening, tried twice, and slid the slotted washer into place.

"Good girl," Jerry said. "You'll make a mechanic yet." He gave her a rag to wipe the grease off her hands. "Well, have you told your mother you're going to marry me?" He said it dead-pan, but there was a grin back of his eyes.

"Have you found a way to support me in the style I'm accustomed to?" she countered, working at the grease around one fingernail.

"You'll live on what I make. And like it." He put the valve cover back on. "You'd better tell her."

"Why?"

"She wouldn't like it if you married me without telling her." He put gook on a new head gasket. "Would she?"

"She wouldn't like it, period. Besides, there are other candidates."

Jerry looked up. "Putt-Putt?"

"Yes," Mibs said stiffly. "Putnam Gardner."

Jerry began tightening the head bolts. "Who's your father's entry?"

"Father and I haven't discussed it."

"Oh." He snugged the head bolts and checked the ignition wires. "Then it's between Putt-Putt and me."

"I didn't say that."

He started the motor, listened to it, adjusted the carburetor. At his signal, Mibs cast off. Jerry eased the boat around and headed out into the lake. Mibs heard a roar, from up the lake at the Gardner place on the Point, and saw a red speedboat getting under way. Jerry was adjusting the throttle. Mibs squatted down amidship.

They were two hundred yards out from the dock and Jerry had started a big circle back when the slow roar of the speedboat rose to a high whine. Jerry looked over his shoulder, put the rudder over hard and jammed the throttle wide open. The heavy boat lunged, Mibs was caught off balance and sprawled on the deck. The red outboard roared past, not fifteen feet clear. As it passed them, a crew-cut blond head lifted from its cockpit and yelled, a shrill, derisive yell.

Jerry glowered. The speedboat's wake splashed aboard and soaked Mibs's shirt. Jerry helped her up, then brought the boat back on its course toward the dock. "Putt-Putt," he said, "is in good voice today."

They drew up to the dock. "I'm going across to Jackson's after dinner tonight," Jerry said. "Taking him that new outboard. Want to come along? Nice ride. Moonlight."

"I'd love to," Mibs said. "But Mother's giving a dinner party."

"Oh. The gang."

"Just us and—and the Gardners."

"So that's the way it stands." Jerry was tying up the boat.

"No, that isn't the way it stands at all! Don't put words in my mouth, Jerry," she begged. "Oh, I don't know what to say."

Jerry picked up his tool kit. "Make up your mind, gal," he said gruffly, *(Continued on page 63)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

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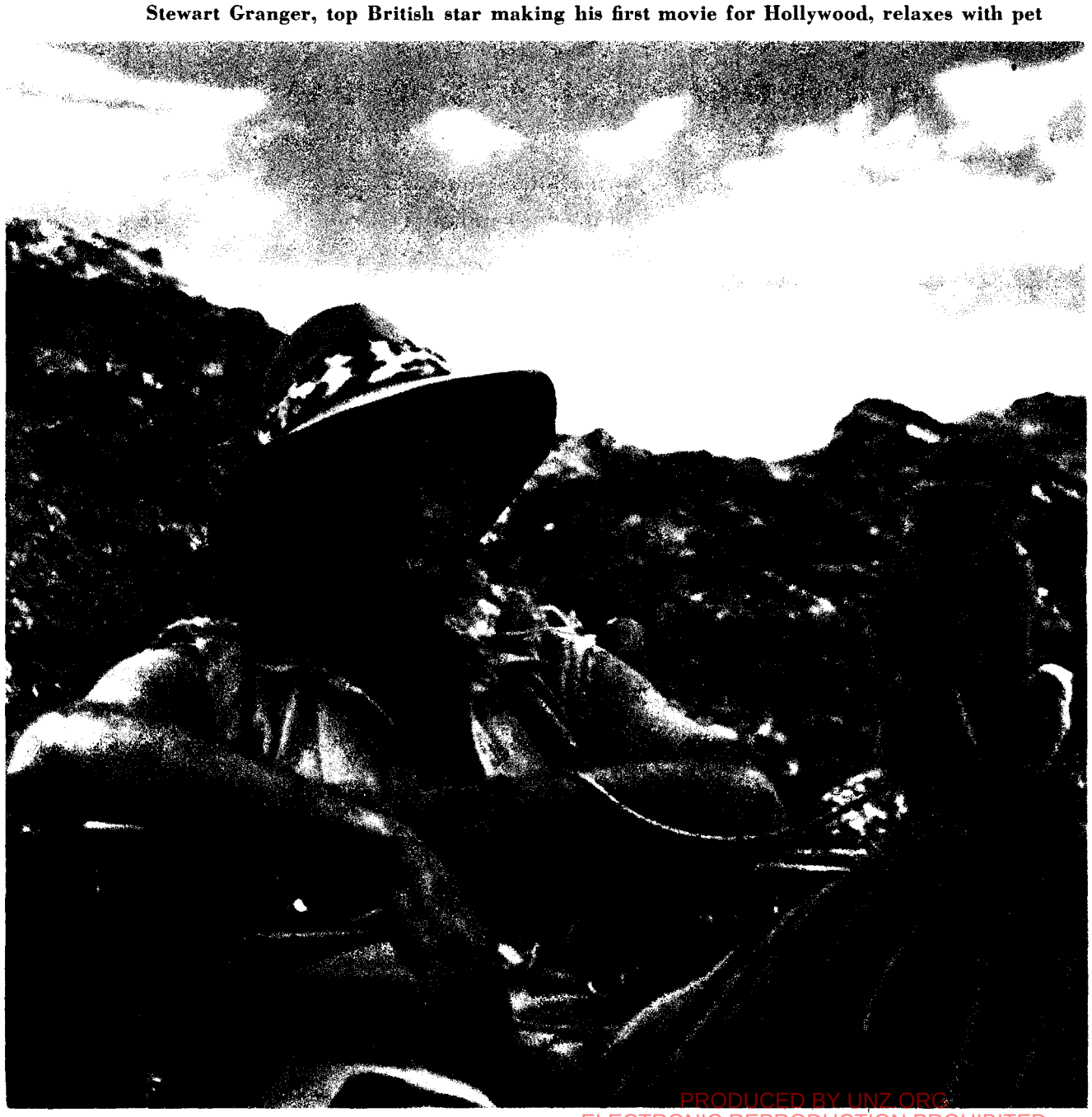
Diary of a Hollywood Safari

Richard Carlson is a skyrocketing Hollywood actor, author (his fiction has appeared in Collier's and The American Magazine), playwright and director. A native of Albert Lea, Minnesota, 36, Carlson began writing in high school—his first effort a three-act play produced by the school. He went on to the University of Minnesota where he was graduated *summa cum laude*, made Phi Beta Kappa and won $2,500 in scholarship cash. With the money he opened a theater in Minneapolis and wrote three plays, acting in and directing all three. He lost the $2,500. Then, in 1936, Carlson went to Hollywood and performed at the Pasadena Playhouse before heading for New York and parts in Three Men on a Horse, The Night of January 16, Now You've Done It, and opposite Ethel Barrymore in The Ghost of Yankee Doodle. By 1938, he had written the first of two plays, Western Waters, which hit Broadway with a depressing thud. Back he went to the Coast under three-way contract to David O. Selznick as writer, actor and director to make his screen debut in The Young in Heart. He returned to Broadway that same winter, opposite Ethel Merman in Stars in Your Eyes, directed by Joshua Logan, one of the theater's most versatile practitioners. In 1942, Carlson signed a contract with M-G-M and was piling up screen credits when he joined the Navy. Four years, six months later, Lieutenant Carlson settled in Hollywood again for more movies, until he was tapped by Logan to star in the national company of Mister Roberts. Today he makes his home in a ranch house in the San Fernando Valley with his wife, the former Mona Mayfield, and their two sons, aged nine and seven. King Solomon's Mines was his 27th picture and provided the material for these, his first magazine articles.

Stewart Granger, top British star making his first movie for Hollywood, relaxes with pet



I

THIS is the record of how a Hollywood motion-picture troupe, bewildering in its equipment and glamor, explosive with personalities and temperament, wandered 14,000 miles through eastern and central Africa, living in tents a good part of five months, crossing and recrossing the equator five times, traveling by sedan, safari wagon, lake steamer, river steamer, airplane, and often enough on its own weary, aching feet.

The company that organized the expedition, to film an extravaganza in color, is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The extravaganza is Sir H. Rider Haggard's King Solomon's Mines. The Leading Lady is Deborah Kerr. The Leading Man is Stewart Granger. The First Featured Player is Richard Carlson. (That's me.)

We had perhaps the smallest crew of technicians —11—ever sent out on a tough location. The idea was that we could make up for not having the usual 90 to 100 by filling in our ranks from among the local white population of Britain's Kenya Colony.

As a result we had a bemonocled assistant prop man. We had a carpenter who had been a Czech fighter pilot. We had an assistant-assistant director who had been aide-de-camp to the Viceroy of India. We had a "grip" who had gone to one of the best schools in England and was a classmate of our star's husband. And we had a native actor seven feet tall who scorned money, but took his salary in goats.

These heterogeneous Kenyans welded together with our Americans into what was, if not the most efficient, by all odds the most enthusiastic motion-picture-making team any of us had ever seen.

We worked, we played; we got sick, we got well; we fell in love, we quarreled; we reveled in the beauty and majesty of Africa, we sickened with longing for America; we made dear friends, we made deep enemies; we enjoyed the heady well-being of the Highlands, we felt the empty despair of the Victoria Nile. We faced all sorts of unique problems. And we solved them.

* * *

LANDED *in Kenya Colony this afternoon, October 17, 1949, after flying straight up the Nile from the delta at Cairo to the headwaters in Uganda, then across to Lake Naivashà. I write this down before I start doubting it myself: On the 60-mile drive from the lake to Nairobi we saw hippo, baboon, giraffe, zebra, and many varieties of antelope whose names I don't know. Compton Bennett (the director of the film) tells me he saw a lion kill*

Star Deborah Kerr takes advantage of a pause and bones up on the Swahili language with a Wakamba for a tutor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

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By RICHARD CARLSON

a gazelle last evening three miles from Nairobi. The natives along the road look exactly as they are supposed to. (Do they see Tarzan pictures even out here?)

Dark by the time we reached hotel, which is on the outskirts of the village. Manager wearing a dinner jacket met us, showed us to very decent rooms. Typically British, I suppose—black tie and hot-and-cold running water even in this remote Outpost in the Jungle.

The next morning I was awakened by a barefooted, Swahili-speaking native wearing a fez and a long cotton nightgown, which I later learned is universal servant's livery in British East Africa. He came bearing "early-morning tea" and a newspaper, the East Africa Standard. I was rather amazed that he actually called me *bwana*—I thought this "Tarzan stuff," too—and I was completely dumfounded when he proceeded to gather up all my travel-weary clothes and my one pair of shoes, and padded silently from the room.

Over my tea I read in the Standard a speech by Sir Philip Mitchell, governor of Kenya.

"Nairobi," he had said, "is a community of 12,000 Europeans, 50,000 Indians, and 60,000 Africans. It is a place surrounded, I believe, by something like nine golf courses and containing at least an equal number of general sports grounds; containing, too, numerous places of amusement and self-indulgence—and an unfinished cathedral."

Outpost in the Jungle indeed! I dressed in a hurry (the shoes having by now been silently returned, polished) and started toward the city.

It is difficult to capture in words the flavor of Nairobi, the equatorial capital of Kenya Colony. To begin with, the climate is not equatorial at all, but bracing and rarefied. It perches 5,000 feet above sea level in the center of lofty plains and grasslands that resemble parts of Arizona, New Mexico and California. Mountains rise unexpectedly out of this immense plateau—Kilimanjaro, Meru, Kenya—monuments of ice and snow on the equator itself, as startling today as they were to the explorers of a century ago.

Nairobi has no business being located where it is. When the British built the railway from the coast to Lake Victoria, they ran into a time-consuming swamp some 300 miles inland. The camp for the English engineers and Indian coolie laborers who were detained while they tried to fill it in became more and more permanent. When the job was done and the track was ready to move on toward the lake, they found they had built a town.

Architecturally, Nairobi is a mess. It is difficult to

Brown-skinned Masai warriors, proud Nilotic people, subsist on milk and blood they draw from cows' arteries

Monocled prop man shields Miss Kerr from hot sun as make-up man prepares her for camera

In role of the villainous witch doctor, a Watusi warrior turned out to be "a born actor"

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say whether it is dominated by the twin, tin muezzin towers of its mosque, or by the exotic façade of Woolworth's, Ltd. The sidewalks of Government Road are covered with quaint porches, as in India, and swarm with all kinds of humanity.

There are city natives wearing tattered castoffs; and King's African Rifle troops, their blue-black skins shining like the buttons on their impeccable uniforms. Here an Indian woman in exquisite sari; there a half-naked Kikuyu or Wakamba tribesman in from the bush, his scrawny wife following doglike and head-carrying a bundle containing all the family wealth. There are many Mohammedan Negresses with jewels set in their nostrils; and occasionally a doughty, red-necked Englishman in shorts and pith helmet; or a spear-bearing warrior from the Masai, the scourge of all other tribes in East Africa, his face set in the fixed grin which is his formalized way of showing his contempt for white, black and Indian alike, all of whom prudently give way before him.

One of the first things we learned in Nairobi was that all natives in East Africa are called Africans (never Negroes), all whites are called Europeans and all Indians are called almost anything derogatory that comes readily to mind.

Just around the corner from rickety Government Road rise the substantial façades of empire—Barclays Bank, the Shell Oil Building, East Africa Corporation, Ltd.; and the hotels—Torr's, Queen's, the Avenue, the New Stanley. This is Delamere Avenue, a handsome boulevard divided by islands of flowering bushes and occasional public monuments—and punctuated with night clubs where black tie is *de rigueur* and a movie star wouldn't be caught dead without her mink.

The real social life of the city takes place in the teahouses and bars. In its addiction to café life, Nairobi is like Paris.

Promptly at ten thirty every morning, the colonel's lady and the demimonde, the buyer from Ringling Brothers and the gentleman farmer in from the Highlands, the white hunter and the sportsman gather to gossip, to argue, to discuss the rains, and above all to damn the Colonial Office back home.

". . . Damned neat trophy—eighty pounds of ivory. I got in a brain shot—from a difficult angle, too . . ."

". . . Are you married, my dear, or do you live in Kenya? . . ."

". . . Have you seen the American movie people? Those neckties! . . ."

". . . They're fitting out the Aga Khan's safari with *porcelain* toilets! . . ."

". . . That damned amateur, Attlee! . . ."

". . . Never been 'home' in my life. I'm not an Englishman, old boy, I'm a Kenyan! . . ."

This was the headquarters of our Hollywood troupe. It became home to us, and after weeks "in the bush" our delight in getting back to Nairobi, raucous as it is, to rest and reoutfit was almost ludicrous. For "home" was a colonial boom town the like of which none of us could have imagined when we signed our contracts at the studio a few weeks before. A town peopled by peers of the realm fleeing Socialism; a town of little Indian boys enthusiastically trying to sell you their sisters. It had gossip and reaction and Communism, and an authentic native crime wave.

But it seemed to me at the time—perhaps it was the altitude—that I heard better talk, better records, better gossip, better dance bands, and even had better suits made (by a charming Indian named Jimmie Ahmed) than I had been accustomed to, living in Hollywood.

And all the time, three miles away, lions were killing gazelles!

* * *

"I THINK," said Deborah Kerr solemnly, after long contemplation of the beasts which stared curiously at our speeding car, "of all the animals in Africa, I should like to be a giraffe."

"Why on earth?"

"Because they are so very lovely."

The beautiful movie star who wanted to be a giraffe is one of the more astonishing people you're likely to meet, even in Hollywood. She is an enchantingly illogical mixture of sugar and spice, steel and silk, gusto and fragility.

Deborah is a star because her acting ability is a gift straight from heaven. Her good nature always astonished crew and cast alike. We were all convinced that no other girl in the picture business would have taken the beating she had to take on this African safari.

One excruciating day we were working on the banks of the Victoria Nile. Dysentery, malaria and heat exhaustion had kept more than half the crew flat on their cots back in camp. By midafternoon the explosive sunlight, boosted up into our faces by huge tin-foil reflectors, cracked even Deborah. She collapsed completely and our doctor ordered her back to camp. The next morning she was ready to work at eight o'clock.

Though she has the most exquisite English manners, her enthusiasm and integrity sometimes cause her to erupt like a volcano. Perhaps only Tallulah Bankhead is her peer when it comes to the verbal castigation of a sloppy or malingering technician.

Deborah Kerr is definitely a gal people enjoy knowing.

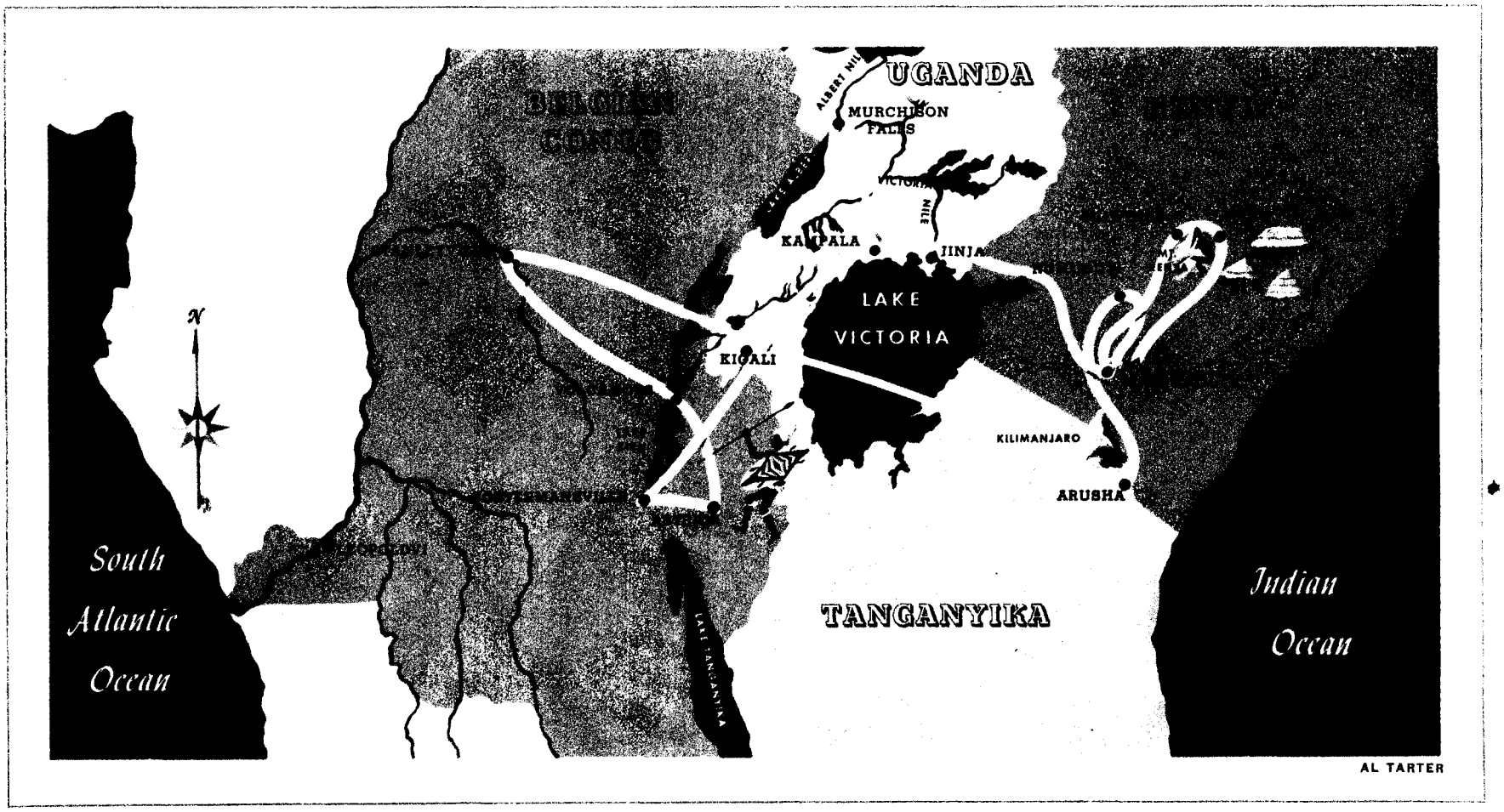
* * *

IN ONE way a new motion picture is like a new airplane; both are on the drawing boards years before the public sees them. In the case of King Solomon's Mines, the draftsman, designer, inventor, and even salesman was a Metro producer named Sam Zimbalist. Ever since 1947, Zimbalist had been begging, cajoling, persuading the powers that be that a great picture could be made not only about Africa but *in* Africa, and that Rider Haggard's adventure classic was it.

After he had determined on State Department levels that there would be no serious governmental objections to the project by the United States, Britain or Belgium, he finally persuaded Metro to send Walter Strohm, a production expert, to Africa. After six months of travel and inquiry Strohm finally reported—in 10,000 words—"I think it can be done."

Then a unit manager went to Africa to make contracts for local services and personnel. Directors, cameramen and staff arrived to retrace the proposed safari route. And finally, when all except the actual shooting was done, the "high-priced talent"—the actors—arrived. With all this advance preparation, there was still an enormous amount to do before shooting a mass scene like our first *ngoma* at Machakos.

The local D.O. (district officer) had to be alerted as to the exact date and make a safari around his district visiting various tribal leaders. With each chief a deal had to be worked out as to how many shillings (or francs or cows *(Continued on page 47)*



Map indicates 14,000-mile route covered during five-month safari by the 53 members of the motion-picture troupe

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The Cradle

By BARBARA DICKER

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

Dimly Jake saw mouths opening to shout bids. It had been their bed, his and Nellie's

LOOKING haggard and tired for a man of thirty-five, Jake Miller sat motionless at the far end of the porch. "Sput Hummert took care of everything just like he said he was going to," he said softly to Bill, the long-eared mongrel at his feet.

The front part of the porch and the uncut grass lawn before it hummed with activity. Sput Hummert, the auctioneer, took a springy step to the stove which his men had disconnected and dragged from the kitchen.

"This here stove's a good 'un," he singsonged.

Damn that Sput. There he was opening the oven door, fumbling with the catch, when all he had to do was give it a little lift. Nellie'd been the last to touch that stove. Jake hadn't cooked on it since she died last week when the baby was born.

Jake stood up unsteadily and walked out behind the house.

"Fifteen dollars," someone bid loudly.

Jake's feet crunched over the cinders in front of the barn. He went in and reached a large hand around the door of the toolroom for his bottle of whisky. The dog watched mournfully as he tilted the bottle and moved his Adam's apple out and back, out and back so that the liquor could pour down.

He forced the cork back with a damp twist and set the bottle carefully back in its corner; then he exhaled heavily and wiped his wet lips, his unshaven chin, with the hairy back of his hand.

Weaving back toward the house, Jake watched four men move the stove to one side of the porch. Sput had probably sold it. He leaned against the rough bark of a locust tree and waited to see what would happen next, the dog stretched out beside him.

Sput lined up the dining-room chairs. Their ancient black finish shone all the way to the locust tree. "Over a hundred years old, these Pennsylvania Dutch chairs," Sput whined. "The original lacquer and hearts-and-flowers design—"

Nellie's grandmother had given those chairs to her and Jake for a wedding present.

Mrs. Bailey, who lived on the next farm, bid loudly, "Ten dollars each."

A small woman in city clothes stood at one side of the porch. She had been admiring the chairs. "Fifteen each," she cried. Jake hoped the city woman got them. Neighbors could be vultures, and Nellie not in her grave a week.

"Seventeen." That was Cy Tatum, Jake's closest friend. No wonder Cy didn't look at him, ashamed more'n likely.

"Eighteen fifty," called the city woman. But Mrs. Bailey finally got them at twenty dollars each.

The cherry table brought out even more bidders. Mrs. Bailey was bidding again. Where'd she gotten all the money?

Back in the barn, trailed by Bill, Jake took another pull at the bottle. Cy Tatum met him when he came out of the barn door. "Come on over to our place until the sale's over, Jake," he suggested.

"Nope, I'll stay here." Jake swayed toward the house and sat down on the pump platform. He thrust his long legs out toward the people and leaned back on one elbow. Cy stood back watching.

They had taken the bed apart to bring it downstairs. Sput balanced the headboard with difficulty. "Solid walnut," he crooned, "hand-carved."

Jake couldn't take his eyes off the bed. Dimly, he saw faces moving, mouths opening to shout bids. It had been their bed, his and Nellie's. Warm and sweet and small she had lain beside him in the bed. A sigh stirred deep within him, rose and swelled, tore at his chest, and escaped exhausted from his mouth. His throat tightened and the bobbing heads blurred before his tear-filled eyes. He stumbled to his feet and went toward the toolroom. Cy and Paul Bailey looked at each other and shook their heads.

When Jake got back to the porch the Baileys were loading their purchases onto a truck. Jake watched Sput push the bed off to one side, probably sold. The sink stand went for twenty dollars; it was old too.

Then Sput reached down and picked up the cradle. As he lifted it to the marble-topped dresser, the little pillow with its freshly laundered cover fell to the dirty porch floor.

Jake had told Sput to sell everything except clothing. He never wanted to see the things again. But he had forgotten the cradle. Now he staggered toward Sput and lunged for the pillow. He picked it up, brushed it gently with his rough hand and tenderly set it back on the little sheets that Nellie had made for it.

It was a beautiful cradle of wide, polished planks. It had been Nellie's. It was to have been the baby's—the baby born after ten years of waiting.

"The cradle ain't for sale." Jake hung menacingly over Sput.

"Sure, Jake, I'm sorry."

The crowd of heads whispered softly, sighed sympathetically, and watched Jake pick up the cradle and carry it away. He held it gently, supporting it from beneath.

Cy followed him at a discreet distance, though Jake did not know that he was there. The dog loped along at his side, not even turning to chase a yellow butterfly that rose from a clump of yarrow.

At the end of his driveway, Jake turned into a rocky country road. The sun beat down upon his back, penetrating his dirty shirt. Liquor-odored sweat streamed down his body. A quarter of a mile toward the distant range of mountains, he turned into a lane and started up the hill. At the cemetery gate he put down the cradle and slipped open the iron bolt. His dog followed him through the gate.

Jake made his way among the graves to a fresh mound on which a few stray weeds were starting to grow. He knelt and placed the cradle on the smooth surface.

Then he sat down where the bare dirt met the clover-patched grass. One of his hands rested on his dog's head; the other reached out for the cradle, feeling the outline of a tapering rocker.

A breeze which had gathered the odor of pine from the slopes crossed the hilltop and cooled his dirt-streaked face, his weary body. It was good to be up here away from the noise of the sale. Here he could think. His big hand absently began to tilt the cradle back and forth, back and forth.

What was it old doc had said? "We couldn't save her, Jake. Sometimes it happens that way."

Old doc had tried to hand him the baby. All that Jake had seen were two tiny fists stabbing the air and a blanket that moved with a cry.

As he inhaled the good air, and felt the warmth of the dog's body under his hand, Jake began to wonder for the first time what the baby looked like. Cy Tatum's wife was taking care of her, but she was his child, his and Nellie's. Why hadn't he thought of that before? She was a part of Nellie—a part that still lived.

He slipped his arms under the cradle, lifted it off the grave and set it to one side. His open palm lightly, quickly smoothed out the ridges the rockers had made.

WAITING at the cemetery gate Cy saw Jake coming toward him with the cradle in his arms. It was hard to tell what Jake Miller was thinking, but he looked different. He wasn't drunk any more. Maybe now'd be the time to tell him about the furniture he and the Baileys had bought so Jake would have it when he came to his senses. Sometimes it helped if a man could be made to realize how much his friends thought of him.

Jake was in a hurry now to get to Cy's. Nellie wouldn't want him to leave the baby with someone else for so long.

Part way down the hill Cy reached over and took the heavy cradle from Jake's tired, unprotesting arms. "The wife'll be glad to get this pretty thing for little Nellie to sleep in," Cy told his friend. "Seems like babies know what's intended for 'em. Something makeshift ain't near so good." THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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BY-PRODUCTS

—For a Better Life

CONCLUDING EVERYMAN'S MEAT

THE meat industry is an operation that makes 5,000,000,000 hot dogs a year and a profit from gallstones in old dairy cows. Since it deals with life and since it exists because it produces food for human life, its researches are enormously important. Few other industries touch our lives so intimately. "Because of this," says John Holmes, president of Swift & Company, "we must have a continuing and growing research program and be ready to make the changes our findings indicate."

The industry spends more than $15,000,000 a year in research in its own laboratories and in grants and fellowships to universities, colleges and hospitals. There are two types of study: one which deals with product improvement, and one which is devoted to pure research that is not directly concerned with product value. The latter is exemplified by the present researches in ACTH, the wonder hormone from the anterior lobe of a hog's pituitary gland, and in cortisone, the equally miraculous hormone from the adrenal gland of cattle. The two researches overlap sometimes in that they both apply to by-products.

Product research, carried on by all the major companies and a great many of the minor ones, has to do with such things as why meat changes color and is harmed by the electric light in a showcase, and the shrinkage in the processing and selling of meat. Shrinkage is due to dehydration and causes a loss of about 4 per cent in weight, a serious loss when you consider that the industry processes and sells 22,000,000,000 pounds of meat a year.

Swift laboratories believe they are close to a solution. They propose to control the velocity of the infinitesimal air currents in the storage rooms and to effect more efficient control of room temperature and humidity. If they do, they believe they will cut shrinkage in half. If this could be done on an industry-wide basis, it would save 440,000,000 pounds of meat a year. And the customer would get better meat, because more of the natural juices would be preserved. Meat would be cheaper, too, because of the savings to the industry.

Research leads to many surprises. For instance, at the Hormel Institute in Austin, Minnesota, Dr. L. E. Carpenter, a young biochemist from the University of Wisconsin, is trying to breed a miniature hog that will weigh only 60 pounds at maturity. Dr. Carpenter is trying to do this because he wants to study the relationship between human influenza and that of a swine, the curious likeness between their alimentary ailments, and their general physiological similarities. You may like it or not, but Sus scrofa and Homo sapiens tick very much the same, and it's even believed now by some that a hog with a head cold or influenza can infect a human, and vice versa. "It's getting so you don't dare sneeze in a hogpen," says one Hormel official. "If you do, one of the research boys will give you what for."

Sixty-pound hogs will be better for such experiments than the ordinary animal. The efforts to breed them are an example of pure research. "But," says Dr. Carpenter, "I now think I'll run into something else. It'll take about five years, I figure, to alter the genes of these hogs to produce my little animal, but when I'm through I have a hunch I'll have something more than a fine experimental subject: I think I'll have a grade of pork and ham such as no gourmet ever hoped to taste."

Even the United States government brings research problems to the meat industry, which has set up a foundation to handle such studies. This is the American Meat Institute Foundation, which is housed in a new building recently built on the University of Chicago campus. Its research is under the direction of Dr. Henry R. Kraybill, internationally known chemist.

The American Meat Institute is an organization of more than 500 packing companies, large and small. It works on industry-wide problems, watches legislation in Washington that might affect the industry, and does general chores for the packers. In collaboration with the University of Chicago, the foundation, a nonprofit institution, has assigned a group of scientists to various problems. One problem was presented by the Department of Agriculture, which signed a contract with the foundation to work it out. The Department wants to know just what quality in beef is anyway, and how it is determined.

We have been going on the assumption that a butcher could look at a piece of beef and tell whether it was good or not. It comes as a surprise to learn that up to now nobody ever has been able to define quality in beef, except when it has been cooked and tasted, and it's a little late by then.

What is quality? Is it a matter of texture? Is it a matter of the color of fat and its incidence through the lean? Does it vary in identical pieces of meat? Things like these the foundation is attempting to find out for the Department of Agriculture.

Ever since people began to eat meat, apparently, there have been only rules of thumb for meat grading. In beef, the government inspector looks at the conformation of the carcass, the thickness and color of the sheath of fat, the amount of fat marbling in the lean and a few other things. On the basis of what he sees he pronounces the carcass to be prime—that is, choice—good or commercial.

But these are only visual tests. They have been handed down through generations, but there is not a shred of scientific worth in them. Moreover, neither the inspectors, the packers' people nor the retail butcher can be sure of the meat thus classi-

MEAT SHRINKAGE **may be cut in half by research being pushed in laboratory of Swift & Company, of which John Holmes is president**

MEAT SCIENTISTS **must look ahead 20 years in seeking for new uses of by-products, says Victor Conquest of Armour & Company**

WHEN THE AUTO **industry took curled hog hair from cushions, Wilson's, under C. V. Becker, pioneered its use in insulation**

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SOURCE OF CORTISONE. **the wonder-working hormone from the adrenal gland of cattle, is pointed to by Clarence Bates, beef kill foreman at George A. Hormel & Company. Cortisone, which helps correct action of adrenal glands, is important in process of treating arthritis**

WHAT IS QUALITY **in meat? Nobody knows, until he's eaten it. But if tests being run by the American Meat Institute Foundation turn out successfully, the industry will learn how to make good meat even better. Here's Dr. D. M. Doty, of the institute, with a "bite tester"**

By HENRY LA COSSITT

fied, because they don't know what quality is, nor have they any absolute method of determining it. You've doubtless found this out for yourself, when that magnificent steak you've been looking forward to turns out to have all the tenderness of a paratrooper's boot. You storm back to the butcher and he looks crestfallen and says he can't understand it because he "selected-that-piece-of-meat-for-you-himself-and-it-ought-to-have-been-good."

He's right. Nobody could understand it. The piece of meat *looked* good, by all known standards, but that's all—and that isn't enough. So the Department of Agriculture placed a contract with the Meat Institute Foundation, which is now trying to solve the problem.

If the foundation's scientists learn the answer to quality in meat, it won't be hard to get the housewife to accept it, because all doubt concerning meat quality will have been removed forever. Whatever the government inspector or packer grader has stamped on the meat will indicate exactly what quality it is, and she'll be able to depend on it.

This research is under the direction of Dr. D. M. Doty, head of the Analytical and Physical Chemistry Division of the foundation. Dr. Doty is a dark-haired man who looks as if he'd be as much at home coaching an athletic team as in the cloistered laboratory; and actually he is, in a sense, coaching a team, a scientific team. Dr. Doty can't release any findings as yet, because the Department of Agriculture's contract reserves that right for the government, but I was shown the experiments that are being conducted.

I saw them electrocute beef carcasses to see if conductivity varies with the carcass and if so, if conductivity has anything to do with quality in beef. I looked through a microscope in the laboratory of Dr. Hse Wang, the foundation's histologist, at a piece of beef 1/2500 of an inch thick. Dr. Wang is studying the structure of meat to see if this affects quality.

There are hundreds of such slices on glass slides, and under the powerful microscope one can see the lean tissue that looks like a brick wall, the fat cells surrounding the lean, and the collagen and elastin tissues. Collagen binds the muscle, or lean meat; elastin is the tissue that enables the muscle to bend.

Various Tests Applied to Beef

Dr. Wang is measuring the total content of muscle fiber—beef usually is about 95 per cent muscle—counting the fibers and even measuring the size of each fiber. He also is measuring how much collagen and elastin and pure fat there are in connective tissue and how it is distributed.

Beyond these, there are chemical tests, enzyme tests, and there is even "a biting machine," something like a miniature guillotine, that determines toughness when the knife is pressed slowly through the meat.

All tests are checked against one another each day, and each day, also, there is an organoleptic test. "Organoleptic" is a 24-carat word that simply means "sensory." All it means is that the meats are tested for quality by eating them. This is necessary because all the scientific tests in the world wouldn't be worth an old piece of gristle without this final and personal one. After all, the proof of the steak is in the eating; and flavor, aroma, tenderness, juiciness, etc., are checked with the laboratory findings. Everybody in the foundation takes part in organoleptics.

They have discovered at the foundation that well-done beef loses none of its food value, so if you're a well-done addict, pay no attention to the rare school's claim that you ruin meat by cooking it thoroughly. It also has proved there's no difference in the protein value of beef, lamb and pork.

Another of the foundation's scientists, Dr. B. S. Schweigert, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, is rummaging around in the mysteries of protein and vitamins. His work is part of another *(Continued on page 46)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EDWARD RINKER AND VER KELJIK

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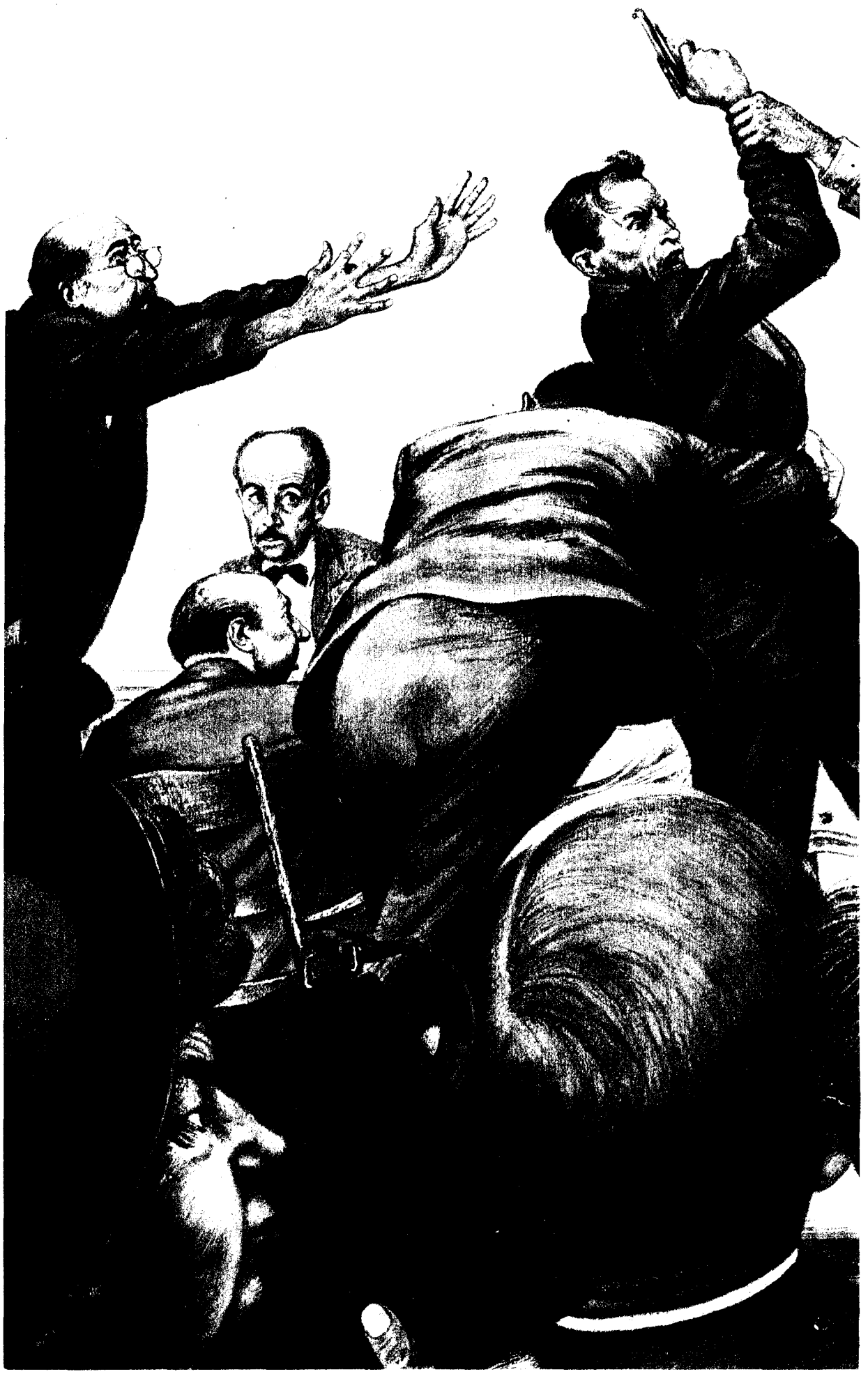
Grand Shoes

Only two people knew the secret of the crime: the murderer, and one surprise witness—who was either very stupid or very, very smart

By JOHN ANDREW RICE



TO THIS day I don't for the life of me know whether Jacob was really dumb or only acted dumb. I have gone over the whole thing again and again, from the first time he shined my shoes and, when he got through, looked up and asked, "Spit?"—and me not knowing what to say—until the last time, and then his "Spit?" was almost a laugh and I could have sworn he winked. But next minute I wasn't sure, and I'm not sure now. All I do know is that if he wasn't dumb I've never seen anybody smarter.

He hadn't asked me that first time whether I wanted a shine. As soon as I was seated in the barber chair and before old man Beeman had even started chewing at my hair with his dull scissors, Jacob hurried over with his homemade shine box and grabbed my foot and started in. I was just about to object when Jacob said, without looking up and to nobody in particular, "Jedge Bascombe's shoes," and a second later the door opened and an old man looking like a Confederate general came in, and said, while he was closing the door, "No shine today, thank you, Jacob."

A couple of days later the same thing happened, only this time Jacob was busy with somebody else when I came in to get a shave—men still got shaved in barbershops fifteen years ago—and he didn't get to me until old Beeman had my mouth full of lather. Beeman was a terrible barber. I didn't dare open my mouth to tell Jacob I didn't want a shine, nor my eyes either, and presently I heard him say, "Mr. Slemp's shoes." The door clicked then and I heard a young harsh voice say, "Shine 'em up, Jake." It happened once more, this announcing somebody's shoes, while old man Beeman was giving me what he called a shave. Jacob said, "Mr. Peguee's shoes," and a voice said, "Not today, Jacob, thank you all the same," and the way he pronounced the word—sort of like "seem"—told you he couldn't have come from anywhere but Charleston.

When at last I was allowed to sit up and old Beeman was dusting me with some awful-smelling talcum, I found myself facing the single looking glass, so old it was like trying to see through a fog, and fly-specked besides. All I could see was two dim figures sitting side by side, and old Beeman's nose almost touching my face, he was so near-sighted. Jacob was now shining my left shoe, his woolly head bowed over his work, and again he looked up, like he had the first time, and asked, "Spit?" and I, knowing now what he meant, nodded.

He took careful aim at the cap of my shoe and spat, and then went into action. He caught the ends of his polishing rag and jerked it back and forth so fast I could feel my foot getting hot; and then he would make the rag pop like a pistol shot, going faster and faster, polish and pop, until you'd have thought he was crazy. A voice behind me, the harsh one, said, "Jake's hot today," but Jacob took no notice of him. He spat on my right shoe, the one he had polished first, and went through his popping act again. Then he did a funny thing. He touched one shoe and then the other, the way a woman will pat a baby's face, and said, "Grand shoes." It made me feel good, because I'd always been particular about my shoes.

After a while I got used to Jacob and his queer ways, as I got used to the town. It was a small town in the foothills of the Carolina mountains. I had gone there for my health. I got a good rest, and I got to know a lot about the life of a town, and people, in a way you can't in a city. Jacob, for instance, and Judge Bascombe, and Mrs. McDowell, my landlady; and Randall Peguee, and Chet Slemp, and a dozen others; but especially Jacob.

Nobody knew how old he was or where he came from. He had shown up some years before and done odd jobs around town, taking care of yards

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It happened so fast you couldn't see it. He jumped up on the run, reached for his gun, and was halfway to Jacob before the sheriff grabbed him

and tending furnace, and then he had gotten this job with old man Beeman and from that time on the barbershop was practically his. I asked Judge Bascombe about him one day and the judge smiled behind his Civil War mustache and said, "Most people think he's a little crazy—'touched in the head,' they say—but I have my doubts. You may have been startled the first time you heard him announce somebody's feet." I nodded.

"Well," he said, "it may be stupidity, or it may be something else. I don't know. But he knows what he's talking about. There isn't a pair of shoes in town—men's shoes—that he doesn't know at sight. He seems to have a sort of passion for shoes. I suppose you are aware that he pays you a compliment?" I looked puzzled and he laughed. "He calls yours 'grand shoes.' He never calls mine anything." He looked down at his elastic-sided boots. "I think he's a little sorry for them. You will have discovered that he has established the right to polish the shoes of everybody who comes into the barbershop, unless expressly forbidden—hardly conclusive evidence of insanity."

The barbershop was a sight. The floor was usually inch-deep in hair because old Beeman wouldn't let Jacob sweep up until closing time—said it made him sneeze—and the flies had specked everything in sight. The only polish about the place was what Jacob put on shoes; no chromium like you see everywhere now, no *(Continued on page 68)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

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Jackie rides the bench these days, but he's learning all the time under the supervision of shrewd Manager Casey Stengel

Reluctant Yankee

By RED SMITH

Bonus player Jackie Jensen's dream of becoming a major-leaguer came true in a hurry, but he thinks he'd have been better off waiting a few years more

FOR a whole week, Jack Eugene Jensen had been a professional baseball player. To him, it seemed longer. To his manager, Charlie Dressen, it seemed an indeterminate sentence, say from 99 years to life.

Jackie Jensen couldn't remember a time when he hadn't been active in sports, hadn't dreamed of playing professional ball. As a high-school junior in Oakland, California, he had been chosen on the all-city teams in baseball, football and basketball. As a senior, he had repeated in all sports. As a junior in the University of California, he'd been All-America fullback, had run 67 yards for a touchdown in the Rose Bowl.

He was a home-town hero of monumental proportions and his name wasn't altogether unknown in Chicago and New York and Poplar Bluff, Missouri, when he joined the Oakland team of the Pacific Coast League in June of 1949, signing for a bonus which, the sports writers guessed, was about $40,000 cash with a three-year contract at $15,000. He was supposed to be a hitter.

He got into his first game as a substitute, went to bat twice and made no hits. The next night he started in left field and got three "handle hits." ("Maybe they looked like line drives from the stands," he said afterward, "but they were bloopers.") Then a week passed, hitless and desolate.

During Jack's twenty-two years the Jensens had moved around Oakland a good deal. There was hardly a section of town where he didn't have friends—friends he could now see in the stands, watching expectantly when he went up to the plate. He would strike out or pop up and walk back to the bench with his eyes on the ground, ashamed to look up toward the section where, he knew, his former playmates on the California football squad would be sitting in uncomfortable silence.

Twenty-two times he went to bat. Twenty-two times, with gruesome celerity, he returned to the dugout. Then, on a Saturday night, the Oakland team played in San Francisco before the biggest crowd Jensen had ever seen in a baseball park. Late in the game a San Francisco batter lifted a short fly to left.

"I got it!" Jensen yelled, and up in the stands his old grammar teacher turned pale. So did Jackie a moment later when he realized he couldn't make the play. He raced in, lunged forward, and the ball ticked his glove, squibbling away out of reach. The winning run scored.

"How did I feel?" Jensen has said. "I thought: Let me out of this—Take back the bonus money—Tear up my contract—Give me back my amateur standing—Let me go back to college—Let me hide—Just get me out of here."

But there was no place in Oakland where Jack Jensen could hide unrecognized. And anyway, he had an appointment for the next morning. A gathering had been arranged to announce his engage-

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HUGH BRODERICK

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ment to Zoe Ann Olsen, the delectable little blonde who helped America sweep the diving championships in the 1948 Olympics.

On his first time at bat that Sunday afternoon, Jensen hit a pitch out of sight beyond the wall in left-center field. Later in the game he hit another home run. The firm of Olsen & Jensen was in business.

Success story? Well, in a manner of speaking. Jensen is a member of the New York Yankees now. As far back as he can remember—and he can remember when he was a kid of seven watching Joe DiMaggio play for San Francisco—he wanted to be a Yankee. But if he had his druthers now, he'd be a busher learning to be a ballplayer.

Jack Jensen is a major-leaguer in spite of himself. He is a splendid athlete, a fine young prospect who, it may yet be, is in over his depth. If he drowns, baseball can blame its idiotic bonus rule.

Baseball Moguls Pull Boners Too

Possibly inspired by the example set in high places, the men who own baseball have developed a talent for occasional stupidity that reaches its fullest flower when they make rules to govern themselves. A few years ago, in an effort to curb the loathsome practice of giving away money to kids from schools and sand lots, they applied special regulations to free agents who are signed for more than $6,000.

Any such youth must be designated "a bonus player." He may be farmed out only once. Thereafter he cannot be sent to the minors unless all big-league teams waive the right to buy him for $10,000. (It is not difficult to estimate the chances of other clubs giving waivers on a boy whom some scout has deemed worth an investment of $40,000 or $50,000.)

Having adopted the rule in solemn conclave, the owners went right on distributing commencement gifts of $60,000, $75,000 and even $100,000 to high-school graduates. As a result, the big-league woods are filling with apple-cheeked capitalists whom the bonus rule has forced to the top before they could learn to play ball.

Proprietors of these priceless *objets d'art* have several alternatives, all of them unhappy. They can play the young man, and probably lose games because of him. They can ask for waivers and risk losing their investment, or let him stay in the minors where he becomes eligible, after the first season, to be drafted by another club.

They can let him rust away on the bench, wasting his own promise and spreading dissension through the team. Established big-leaguers making ordinary salaries will resent the young plutocrat, innocent victim though he may be, partly because he is richer than they and partly because he is crowding out some other player who might help win a pennant worth $5,000 apiece to every operative.

There is only one other choice for the owner: Pay the bonus under the table, hide the fact that the rookie is a bonus player, and let him come up through normal minor-league channels, learning his trade as he comes. With the possible exception of the man hired to enforce baseball rules, nobody doubts that this has been done. It isn't illegal; it is merely dishonest, a simple case of lying and implicating the boy in the lie.

A dozen years ago the Philadelphia Athletics hired on Ty Cobb's recommendation a youngster who, like Jack Jensen, had been a football star at California with a reputation as a hitter. There was no bonus rule then, but Sam Chapman's contract provided that he could not be sent to the minors. He started with a rush, then floundered for three seasons. Used to walk the streets at night, worrying. In the spring of his fourth season he was asked:

"If you had a kid brother coming into baseball, would you advise him to follow your example or to come up through the minors?"

"I think," Chapman said, "that I've made the grade at last." He was right. That year he became a major-league player. "But I've been doing it the hard way," he said. "If I had a kid brother, I wouldn't advise him to try to learn baseball in the big leagues."

"I know," Jensen said when Chapman's advice was quoted to him this spring. "If I had my choice, I'd like to come up through the minors. At least, I'd like another year in Oakland. Well, maybe not Oakland, because it's awful tough in your home town where they expect so much of you. But somewhere in the Coast League—in San Diego or San Francisco or Seattle, maybe.

"Because I'm sure I could play good ball in the Coast League. I don't think I played good ball there last summer."

Because of the bonus rule, though, Jensen has no choice. And because of his family's financial position, he had no choice about the bonus that Oakland offered, either. The Jensens never were in a position to turn down that kind of money. When Jackie was a baby his mother was left to support three sons.

"She worked in a warehouse," he said, "from seven thirty in the morning until six thirty at night. My two older brothers never had time for sports, they had to work. One is in the insurance business now, the other teaches art and paints on the side. They're both pretty successful."

Jack was a husky kid, although not especially big. He worked in restaurants, he loaded freight cars, he had jobs in various manufacturing plants, including a honey factory. (It is a surprise to discover that people, not bees, work in honey plants.)

"Still," he says, "I've always had things fairly easy, always had pretty much what I wanted. I went to Oakland Junior High and then to Oakland High. I was lucky enough to get on those all-city teams my last two years.

"Then I went into the Navy, but the war ended while I was in training so they sent me up to Farragut, in Idaho, as athletic instructor for general court-martial prisoners.

"When I got out, I entered Cal. Gee, that was everything to me. Cal was the only school I ever wanted. Then I got to play on my home-town team, and now I'm a Yankee. I guess every kid wants to be a Yankee. I always did."

As a physical education major in college, Jensen continued to get pretty much what he wanted out of sports. He was a winning pitcher. And when the professors barred him from spring sports because of academic flabbiness, he blandly enrolled in a course called Theory of Coaching, taught by Lynn Waldorf, the football coach, which required daily laboratory work on the football practice field.

One thing he wanted was to gain 1,000 yards in his last football season, 1948. Coming up to the final regular game—"the Big Game," it is called in the Bay Area, when California and Stanford meet —he needed about 80 yards. It looked like a fairly soft touch, for California was headed for the Rose Bowl and Stanford had terrified nobody but its coach, Marchy Schwartz.

Jensen, running boldly, was chiefly responsible for an advance that produced a touchdown and seven points. Then Stanford went native. Stanford scored but failed to convert, leaving California in front, 7 to 6.

California was harried, hammered, driven back, cornered in its own territory, where it was fourth down, 30 yards to go. Jensen dropped back to punt and the Stanfords hitched their britches, resolved to block the kick and push over the winning touchdown.

As the ball was snapped, a Californian up front bungled his assignment, pulled out of the line. Jensen saw a covey of Stanfords booming down on him. He cuddled the ball to his bosom and bolted up the middle for 31 yards and a first down. He had his season's total of 1,000 yards and California had the ball game by one point.

"I guess that was my luckiest game," Jack says now.

Meanwhile sports had brought him a collateral interest. Some years before, a friend had worked as a life guard in the swimming pool of the Athens Athletic Club. Dropping around occasionally to help his pal guard lives. *(Continued on page 59)*

INTERNATIONAL

Family of champions: Jackie and his wife, the former Zoe Ann Olsen, diving titlist

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PHIPPS *to the Rescue*

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Continuing the story of the butler who proved that nothing's impossible in Hollywood, except the people

The Story: Somewhere on the premises of ADELA SHANNON CORK'S luxurious Hollywood home was the diary of the late CARMEN FLORES, a Mexican movie actress of flamboyant temperament and interesting habits. At least, various persons in Adela's household were convinced that the diary must be there, since the house had belonged to Carmen up to the time of her death; and they were hunting for it with all the zeal of people who needed money and believed that a spicy diary would be a gold mine if properly presented to the Hollywood celebrities named in it.

Adela herself, as yet, knew nothing of the diary, though she would be certain to take a lively interest in its financial possibilities, being a woman with a single-minded devotion to money. Once a star of the silent screen—when she was known as the Empress of Stormy Emotions—Adela had long since retired, but she could still whip up a stormy emotion, especially when called upon to part with a nickel to a needy relative.

Of needy relatives she had three: SMEDLEY CORK, her gay dog of a brother-in-law; JANE SHANNON, her breezy sister, who was reduced to writing Adela's Memoirs for a pittance; and her niece, KAY SHANNON. Kay was not exactly needy, but JOE DAVENPORT, a sprightly young writer who was in love with her, was down almost to the last eight thousand cans of soup he had won in a radio jack pot.

Jane and Joe hoped to start a literary agency with any money that might come their way from the missing diary; once established in business, Joe was sure he could persuade Kay to marry him—a thing she had so far shown no intention of doing.

A rival hunter for the diary was PHIPPS, Adela's English butler, whose only flaw was that he had once served time in prison as a safecracker. In fact, the only person who didn't have some interest in the diary was LORD TOPHAM, a young English peer who was Adela's house guest. Topham, though an ass, was quite rich.

The arrival of Joe Davenport, on the invitation of Smedley, created a certain tension, especially in Adela. And at the height of the tension, Phipps entered the Garden Room to announce that Smedley was in prison.

III

IT WAS not immediately that any of those present found themselves able to comment on this front-page piece of news. Speech was wiped from their lips, and nothing left to them but the language of the eye, which is always unsatisfactory. Then Kay spoke.

"*Prison?*"

"Yes, miss. Mr. Smedley is in the hands of the constabulary. He spoke to me on the telephone from the jail this morning."

A shuddering cry broke from Adela's lips. Totting up the household expenses week by week and watching him at meals having twice of everything, she had sometimes thought how nice it would be if her brother-in-law were a disembodied spirit, his mortal remains safely tucked away in the family vault, but she had never hoped that he would someday go to prison. Prison leads to publicity of the wrong sort, not only for the captive himself but for his relatives by marriage. She could see the headlines: KIN OF ADELA SHANNON JAILED. INSERT —PHOTOGRAPH OF ADELA SHANNON. She had an unpleasant, fluttering sensation internally, as if she had been swallowing butterflies.

"He suggested that I should come and take the requisite steps through the proper channels," said Phipps. "But I was unable to leave my domestic duties."

"It didn't occur to you to mention this to anyone?" said Jane.

"No, madam. Mr. Smedley asked me to respect his confidence."

Adela was clenching and unclenching her hands, as if she were gripping a brother-in-law's throat. The thought may have been passing through her mind that in omitting to throttle Smedley earlier she had been remiss. One keeps putting these things off and is sorry later.

"Did you learn any details?" asked Jane.

"Yes, madam. Mr. Smedley supplied me with the facts. While visiting a night club on Ventura Boulevard last night, he stabbed the master of ceremonies with an oyster fork. The latter, visibly taken aback, summoned the management, who summoned the police, who removed Mr. Smedley to the station house. I hope it will not get into the papers, madam."

"I, too, Phipps. At the thought of what Louella Parsons would do with this the imagination boggles."

"Yes, madam. It boggles perceptibly."

"Phipps," said Adela in a strangled voice, "you may go."

"Very good, madam."

Relieved of the butler's presence, Adela was able to give full expression to the emotions surging within her. For some moments she proceeded to speak of her brother-in-law in terms which could scarcely have been more severe if he had been a fiend with a hatchet who had just slain six. It was almost a perfect character sketch of the absent man, and might have continued indefinitely had she not run out of breath. Jane was aware of an unwilling respect for a woman she had never liked. Adela, she felt, might have her faults, but you had to admire her vocabulary.

"Take it easy," she urged.

"Take it easy? Ha! So this is what happens when I stop watching Smedley for a single instant. He's incorrigible."

"A word I'll bet he couldn't have said last night."

Phipps appeared. "I thought you would wish to know, madam," he said in a discreet, hushed voice, "that Mr. Smedley has just returned. He was entering the front door as I passed through the hall."

"He's not in prison?" said Kay.

"Apparently not, miss."

"How was he looking?"

"Not very roguish, miss."

Adela's eyes flashed fire. "Where is he?"

"He has gone to his room, madam, to shave."

"And have a bath, no doubt," said Jane.

"He has had a bath, madam. He was washed by the authorities."

"Phipps," said Adela, "you may go."

"Very good, madam."

"You'd better run up and view the body, Kay," said Jane. "He'll be wanting someone to hold his hand."

Kay was looking apprehensively at Adela, who was staring before her with quivering nostrils.

"Jane, do do something. She's working herself up."

"So I noticed," said Jane. "In moments of emotion Adela always resembles those priests of Baal who gashed themselves with knives. But leave it to me. I'll attend to her."

"What a comfort you are, Jane."

"The Old Master."

"Bless you."

Kay hurried out, and Jane came back to Adela, who was now grinding her teeth.

"Now then, Adela," Jane said briskly, "simmer down. Come off the boil, will you please?"

"Don't talk to me!"

"That's just what I'm going to do. Adela, you make me sick."

"Well, really!"

Jane, veteran of a hundred sisterly battles stretching back into the misty past of a mutual nursery, allowed her voice to rise. "Sick," she repeated. "Sitting there licking your lips at the prospect of tearing the stuffing out of poor old Smedley. What an infernal tyrant you are. You love harrying and torturing people. You're like Simon Legree, though you lack Simon Legree's charm of manner. I always maintain that you killed old Al Cork."

ADELA, who had been about to take up the Simon Legree issue, decided to dispose of this charge first.

"My husband was run over by a sight-seeing omnibus."

Jane nodded. There was, of course, something in what she said. "That may have helped," Jane agreed, "but it was being married to you that really did it. But it's silly having these family fights," she went on, in milder vein. "I'm sorry if I was rude."

"You're always rude."

"Well, ruder than usual. But I'm fond of Smedley. I was fond of him when he was a boy of fifteen with pimples. I was fond of him in his middle period, when he was scattering his money on Broadway turkeys. And I'm fond of him now. Some sort of mental flaw in me, I guess. Maybe I ought to see a psychiatrist. Still, there it is. So won't you skip the red tape and treat him decently?"

Adela bridled. "I was under the impression that I had treated him decently. I have supported him for five years. And a great strain it has been."

"Strain be damned!"

"Must you curse and swear?"

"Of course I must. What do you expect me to do when you insult my intelligence by trying to put gobbledygook like that over on me? Strain, indeed! You could afford to support a dozen Smedleys. Al Cork left you enough money to sink a ship, not to mention specific instructions that you'd *got* to support Smedley. And whatever you spend on the poor devil, you get back in the gratification it affords your sadistic instincts to have him under your fat thumb. Am I being rude again?"

"You are."

"I thought I was. All right, let it go. But don't forget about the quality of mercy. It isn't strained, you know. No, sir! It droppeth as the gentle damn' rain upon the place beneath. So they tell me."

"Quality of mercy? Stuff and nonsense."

"You'd better not let Shakespeare hear you saying that."

"I—"

Adela broke off, and stiffened. Smedley was entering the room, followed by Kay. "Ah!" Adela said.

Smedley, normally so dapper, was looking soiled and crumpled, like a Roman (*Continued on page* 50)

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"A thing as valuable as this ought not to be left lying about," Adela said in answer to Smedley's anguished query

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

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They never told me this about BETSY ROSS

By EARL SELBY

WHEN I was in school (and maybe this goes for you, too) my teachers always gave me the idea Betsy Ross was a plaster saint. In telling how she made a flag on request from George Washington they pictured her only as a stiff-backed old woman who simply lived from one needle to another. I have now discovered that Betsy was quite a lady. Brown-haired and charming, blue-eyed and gay, she was one of our country's first career women—a lady who parlayed brains and beauty into a very nice living.

Also, she had the guts to do anything she wanted—and was quite properly known as the "little rebel."

And when it came to romance she was right in there pitching—with three husbands, in a box score that reads like this:

She threw over one childhood beau to elope with her first husband to a colonial "Gretna Green"—even though it meant being booted out of both church and family. When her husband died she went back to the beau—and married him. And when husband number two died she upped and married the man who had brought her the news of his death.

I would never have known all this about the vivacious Betsy if it hadn't been for a friend whose daughter was posing for the Marine Corps' Betsy Ross pictures on Flag Day. (One of Betsy's husbands was a Marine.) He told me he was glad his pretty daughter could use some of the colorful and picturesque full-skirted clothes of colonial days—and not have to wear the Quakers' somber gray homespuns, adorned only with a little white cap.

"How do the Quakers get into this?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, in the way Philadelphians have of relating facts they don't consider very important, "Betsy was kicked out of the Quakers."

It was news to me that the Quakers had given the heave-ho to Betsy—but my friend was 100 per cent right. And the reason for it was that the real thing had come along.

Betsy, who was born Elizabeth Griscom, in Philadelphia, was the eighth of 17 children. In keeping with the custom of the times, she finished grade school, and then was apprenticed out to learn something about life. Most girls went into domestic service to learn cooking and housework, but not Betsy. Rebelling against tradition, she went into an upholsterer's shop to learn a trade, and in later years friends realized it wasn't her cooking that won her husbands.

In going into this job, Betsy met again a young man named John Ross whom she'd known slightly as a child. The son of an assistant rector in Philadelphia's famous Old Christ Church (it's still standing, and you can see where George Washington, Ben Franklin, Robert Morris and other famous men worshiped), Ross was one of Betsy's fellow apprentices. Apparently, familiarity bred love, and they decided to get married.

There was this hitch: Betsy was born a Quaker while Ross was an Episcopalian. And Betsy knew her strict parents would never okay a marriage outside the Quaker faith. But because she was a lady of gumption, and knew how to get what she wanted, she waited until her twenty-first birthday and then ferried across the Delaware River into New Jersey with Ross. All you needed for a Jersey marriage was one bride, one bridegroom (both over twenty-one) and a marriage bond for 500 pounds sterling. The idea of the bond was that if you separated, the governor of the colony could collect from you for breaking the bond of matrimony—but if you lived happily ever after, you owed no money.

Ross didn't have the £500, but he had the next best thing, a friend who did. John Hogg, owner of a popular tavern in Gloucester, New Jersey, where the Rosses were married, put up the bond for them. Historians now say that Hogg's act of friendship indicates Ross was no stranger in his bar. Anyway, John and Betsy did their "I dos" before a justice of the peace, with the official license being signed *(Continued on page 55)*

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BARE-HAIRED BOY

By ANDY de VERN

If your hair is all gone, you have nothing to worry about

THERE are in this great hairy land, if you take time to pry under enough hats, many older adolescents of twenty-five or so who, like myself, wheel down the road of life equipped with a sealed-beam unit dimmed only by 28 or 29 revered remnants of college plumage.

I recently brushed the tears from my eyes and concluded that it's time someone lamented the situation regarding smooth characters like myself.

Item one. I soon found after the Fall of My Hair that to remove my youthful hat in public was to be eyed occasionally with blue eyes, brown eyes, distaste, and, worst of all, pity, by the neurotic members of the American public who are so shortly removed from the ape family that they have retained all their hair.

One solution to this minor annoyance would be, you say, not to take my hat off in public. I tried that the time I attended poor Aunt Tillie's lowering out at Forest Lawn. One old jar of vinegar gulched to her friend as she pointed me out with a bony—and hairy—forefinger, "Humph, such manners—he must have read her will!" For the curious, I might say that, no, Aunt Tillie did not leave me a fund to search for the Cure and Prevention of Baldness. After all, *she* had tried 'em all and none of 'em had worked, poor soul. She was probably tired of the whole idea.

Which brings up my adventures in the rackets. When I realized that I was to be, in fact, the victim of the old family curse I decided to make my hair go down fighting. Instead of investing in a new convertible, I decided to invest in a few well-advertised treatments to prevent my head from converting its top. After being scrubbed, scraped, rubbed, vibrated, heated, shocked and fleeced I can very definitely give you this testimonial: After only 93 faithful treatments (at $6 per) my hair stopped falling out. There was none left to fall out.

The sad state of my hair had another definite effect on my life. It accelerated the wedding plans of myself and the girl who must have really been madly in love, though possibly just blinded by the reflection. To avoid any possible confusion about which one was the young, handsome groom and which one was the old guy giving the bride away, we scrapped our standard of financial requisites and took the vows while I still had a wisp of a crownpiece and her father still had hair like a shock of wheat.

I was the sensitive type I guess; but I finally quit avoiding mirrors and going to a different barber for every trim. I rationalized that aside from a few unimportant aspects such as general appearance and social acceptance my lot is a rather advantageous one.

After all, look at all the hair tonic I save. And I can also buy any flimsy old cheap comb because my fringe doesn't even put enough stress and strain on the teeth to bend them, let alone put up enough snarled resistance to snap one off. Also I save on shampoo and the time spent in applying it. Of course, this saving on time is somewhat offset by the fact that I have four times as much forehead to wash as most people. I really can't claim I save any money on haircuts. The price to snip my few is the same as for hacking the mangled bush my younger brother will display for yet a few years.

In conclusion, Sonny, if you're following my hair-strewn way, just comfort yourself with this: Hair is merely a useless, fungus-type growth originally designed to cushion the impact of the coconut upon the cranium. Most members of the ape family have since improved upon this crude method of warfare. The plain fact is that hair has been made useless and obsolete by the H-bomb.

Besides, once you're bald you never have to worry about your hair any more. Windy days never muss it up. It never gets in your eyes when you're playing tennis or swimming. It never detracts from your appearance if it gets mangled and tangled; when you're bald your appearance is constant. And you don't have to stumble to a mirror in the morning to arrange it carefully for the day. All that's necessary is one quick ghastly glance and one quick swipe of the palm. Because of this, I get the tremendous advantage of two minutes' additional sleep every morning.

So, really, mine is not such a bad lot. As my beautiful wife occasionally reminds me—I've already accomplished what it took Crosby almost twice as long to do. Yes, mine is a good life; there's just one thing I wish for—hair. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT ROONEY

After being scrubbed, scraped, rubbed, vibrated, [illegible]

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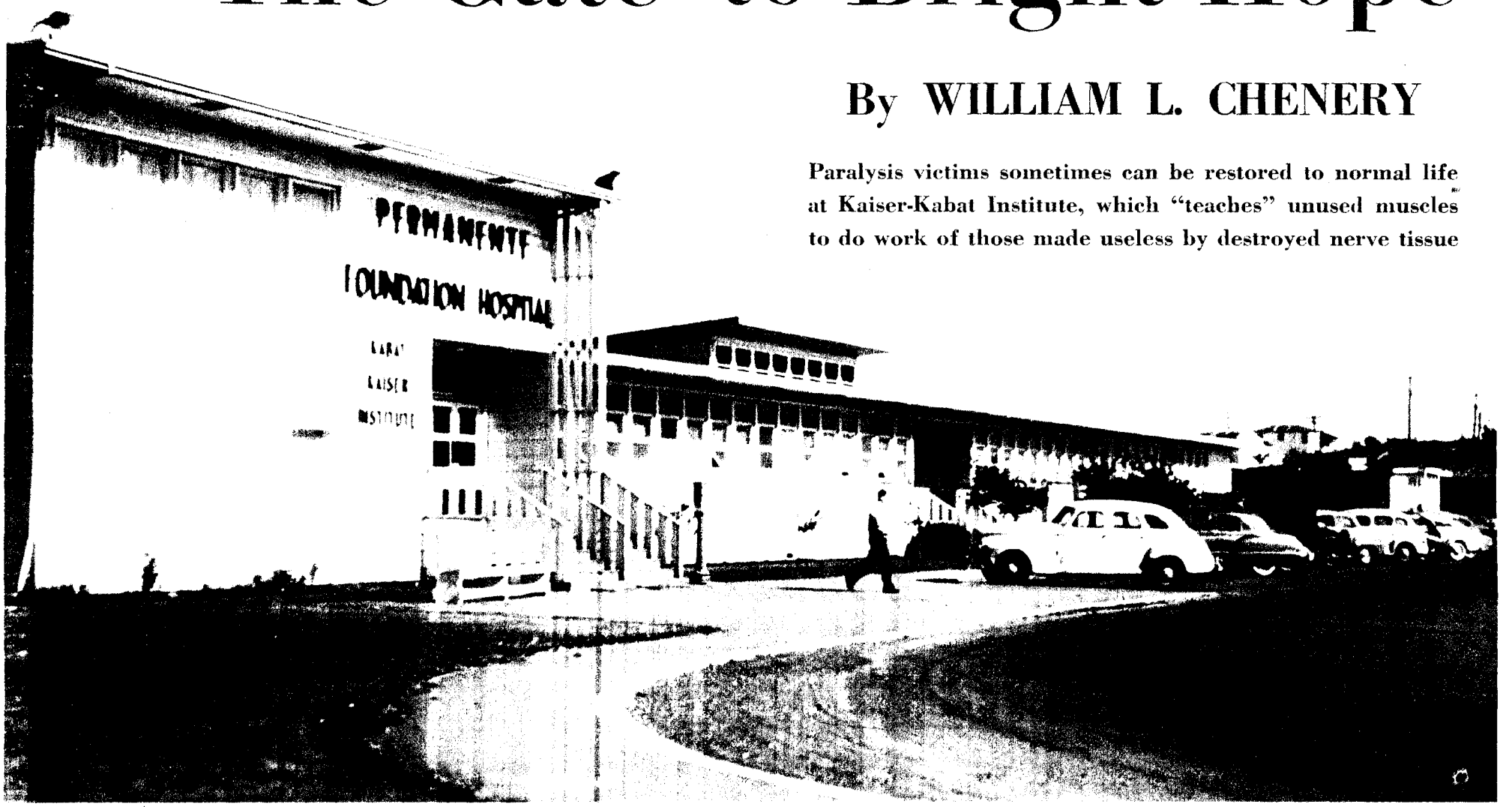
'The Gate' to Bright Hope

By WILLIAM L. CHENERY

Paralysis victims sometimes can be restored to normal life at Kaiser-Kabat Institute, which "teaches" unused muscles to do work of those made useless by destroyed nerve tissue



Kaiser-Kabat Institute was founded with funds given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Kaiser after their son had been treated by Dr. Herman Kabat

Therapist Maggie Knott and Dr. Kabat help a woman who could not straighten her leg

HE lay there supine on a long narrow table. As I walked through the door I halted, feeling that a stranger unannounced might be intruding. I saw a young woman, a slim pretty creature clad as for golf in corduroy trousers and a light yellow jersey. The handsome diamond-set platinum wedding ring on her marriage finger was shining in the afternoon sunlight. She said nothing but looked upward passively at the ceiling. By the table stood another young woman in the white costume of a nurse.

A third woman, Maggie Knott, who was conducting me through the hospital, went to the table. Speaking to the patient as a familiar friend, she picked up one of her feet and urged her in a confident tone to push her foot against the pressure Maggie's skilled hands were exerting. The woman on the table tried again and again. I could not see what she was accomplishing. Her relaxed face showed nothing and she did not speak.

These exercises were repeated. Maggie, who is the chief of the physiotherapists in this hospital, repeatedly urged the woman on the table to move her legs and, as often, the young woman tried. We walked away and Maggie told me about her. Eleven years ago she was married. For a year she lived the normal life of a bride married to an ambitious and succeeding young man in a city 2,000 miles east of San Francisco. Then one day, 10 years ago now, the frightening symptoms of the paralysis due to the disease called multiple sclerosis began to appear.

Her family had the means to provide skilled medical care. Everything was done for her, but she could not be cured then, or now. Medicine does not yet know how to cure multiple sclerosis. But her family heard that people who have been stricken with this mysterious crippling disease can be taught to use other nerve channels and to re-

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activate muscles long passive and useless. So there she is, concentrating the poor strength left her in the attempt to find some escape from the paralysis that stands between her and a normal life.

After we had walked a few paces away, Maggie told me: "Her husband is coming out to see her in about four weeks. She said to the therapist with her that she wanted all of that time to work so she could show him she was making progress."

She is struggling valiantly. How far she can get back is still uncertain. Some victims of this unsolved problem of medicine are able to lead very nearly normal lives.

One such is Henry J. Kaiser, Jr., son of the famed industrialist. In the midst of World War II he, a vigorous and capable young man, began to exhibit the fearful weakness of multiple sclerosis. His father behaved as any normal man does when some frightful misfortune befalls his child. Henry Kaiser sought help from every conceivable source. His son became more and more helpless. Not all the money in the world can heal the sick when the cause and cure of the disease are unknown. But even though the disease may not be cured, Henry Kaiser was informed that a young doctor who had gone to Washington, D.C., to make some neurological researches for the United States Public Health Service, was doing a wonderful healing job for some of its victims. That is how Henry Kaiser came to meet Dr. Herman Kabat.

Studying Nurse Kenny's Methods

Dr. Kabat is just thirty-seven years old. In 1935 when he was twenty-two, the age of the average senior in college, he was graduated as a doctor of philosophy in neurology by Northwestern University. He promptly was employed by the University of Minnesota as a teacher and a researcher. When the medical controversy over Sister Kenny's methods of treating the victims of infantile paralysis came to the surface, the University of Minnesota set up a team of doctors to study the Australian nurse's methods. Assistant Professor Herman Kabat was assigned to the team as a technical neurologist.

Already his neurological investigations were leading him over into the field of medicine and he needed a medical degree really to be a member of the team. He completed the necessary studies by 1942 and the University of Minnesota gave him his M.D. degree. About that time the Public Health Service called him to Washington to work for the government.

Science performs no miracles. The only magic available to science is the wonder of an unprejudiced and fertile mind, an eagerness to try new procedures, to remember the old, to compare, and to observe clearly, without blinding preconceptions, what has happened. So much Dr. Kabat was doing. He knew he could not call back to life nerve centers that had died. He thought that by appropriate treatment he might call to service some living nerves that ordinarily are not used for the activities he had in mind. Nature, fortunately, is a lavish provider of spare parts for emergency use.

Henry Kaiser, Jr., got the benefit of what Dr. Kabat had learned in his researches. With the help of many doctors and physiotherapists he learned how to make what was left him do the work of what he had lost. In the course of his treatment he developed magnificently the muscles that remained available, just as Franklin Delano Roosevelt exercised his muscles until when he became President he had, as Gene Tunney testified, the torso of a heavyweight pugilist. By similar devices Henry Kaiser, Jr., retrieved for himself a normal life. The muscular young man who is able to run along the wet sands of the cold Pacific Ocean is quite unlike the youth who was stricken with multiple sclerosis a few years ago.

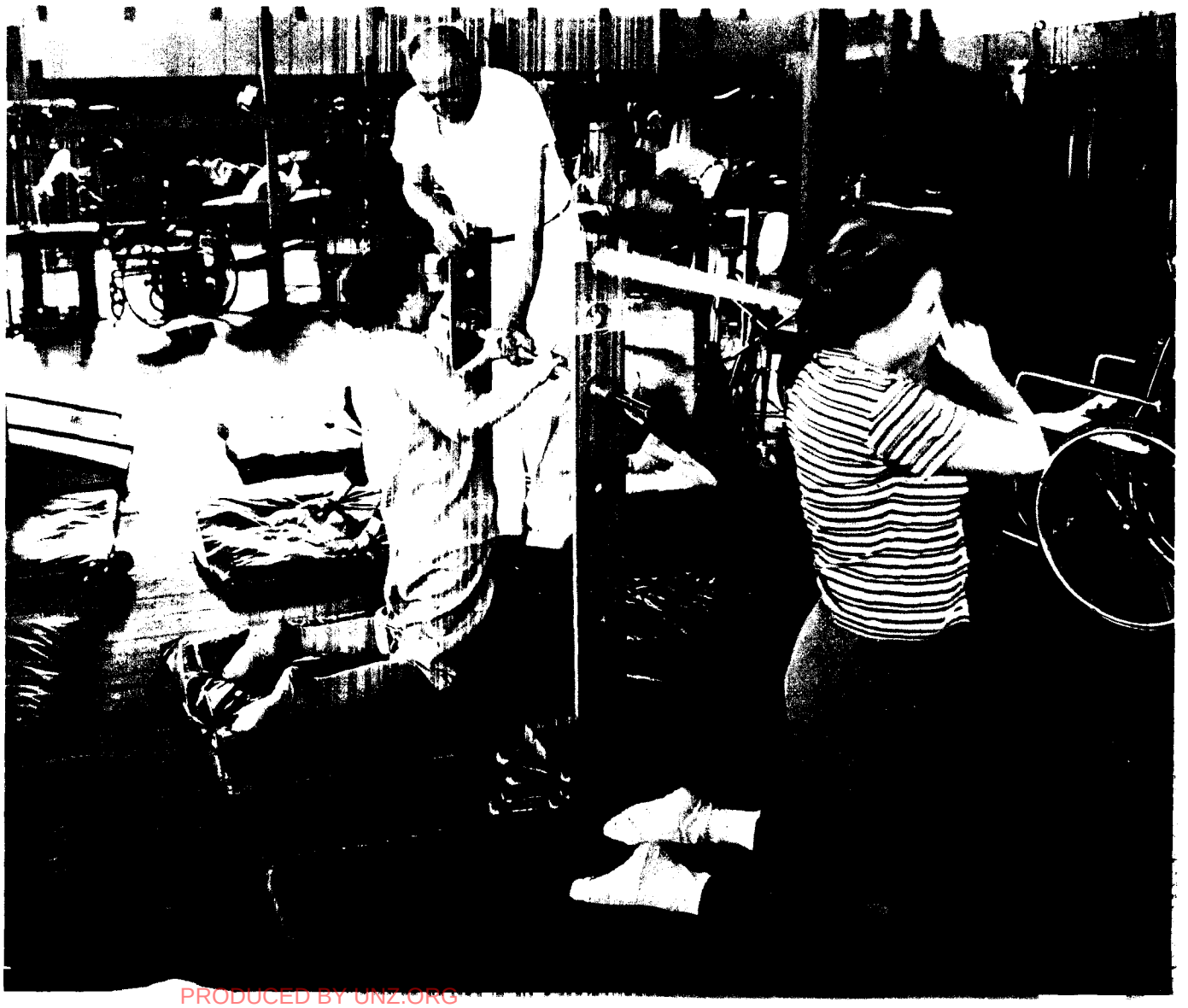
When Henry Kaiser, Jr., began to move over from the ranks of the half dead to the side of the living and the quick, his father proposed to Dr. Kabat that they together try to make such rehabilitation facilities more widely available. Thus a bargain was made and an experiment undertaken.

The indomitable young woman I watched struggling on a therapeutic table in the hospital at Vallejo, California, is not unique in that settlement. Many other women and more men are there. I saw crippled men—coal miners, for the great part—making struggles that *(Continued on page 60)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Wheel-chair patients enjoy a square dance weekly in hospital lobby

Tiny Thornhill, great former football coach, is the gym instructor



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If You Want to CATCH BASS

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

POUND for pound, inch for inch, he's the gamest fish that swims!" When you hear that opinion delivered with real fervor, you're sure to be listening to a bass fisherman chanting his credo.

Whether largemouth or smallmouth, the black bass is as American as Huckleberry Finn. He exhibits shrewdness, courage, strength, and a fury against restraint that we like to consider a national characteristic.

As unpredictable as the weather, as ferocious as a grizzly and as tasty as Dover sole (especially with a few hush-puppies on the side), the bass is sought—and found—by more anglers than any other fresh-water fish on the continent. The bass fisherman is not faced with the problem of *where* to fish, as are the devotees of some fresh-water species, for his favorite has found a home in the lakes, ponds, rivers and creeks from Canada to Mexico and from sea to sea.

The adaptability of this gamester to varied conditions of water, habitat and climate undoubtedly is greater than that of any other game fish in the world.

"Just dump a half-dozen bass down where it's wet," one

DRAWING BY JOHN ATHERTON

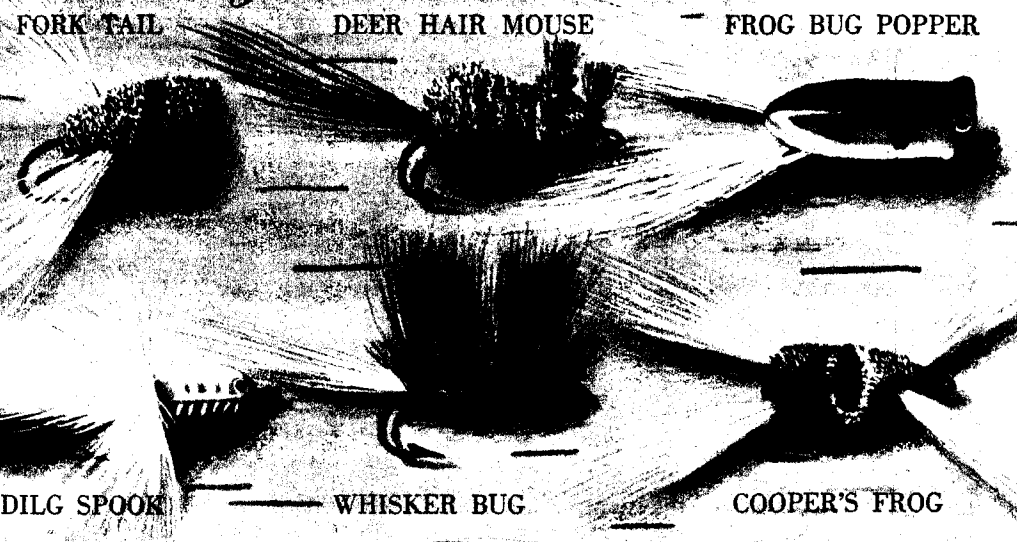
SMALLMOUTHED BASS
Micropterus dolomieu

Fly Rod Lures

DEREN'S FORK TAIL

DEER HAIR MOUSE

FROG BUG POPPER



WILDER-DILG SPOOK

WHISKER BUG

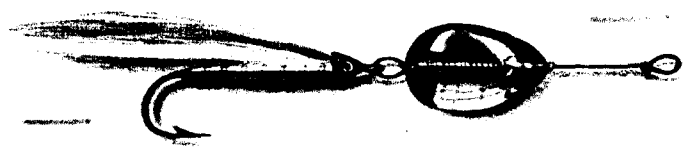
COOPER'S FROG

LEE WULFF'S BUG

LEE WULFF'S SPECIAL

PARMACHENE BELLE

WARDEN'S WORRY



MICKEY FINN – INDIANA SPINNER

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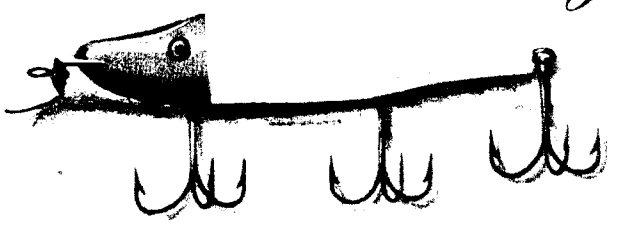
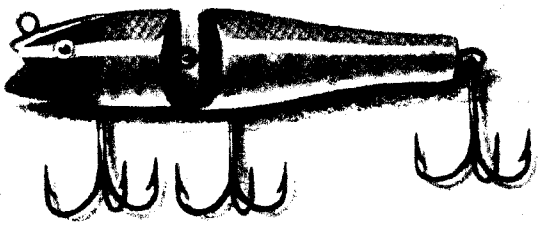
LARGEMOUTHED BASS
Micropterus salmoides

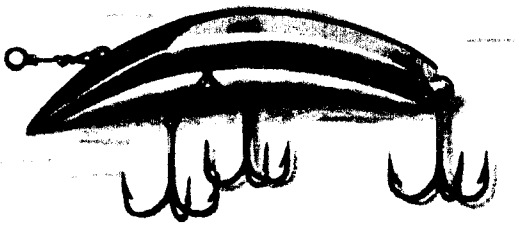
Casting Lures



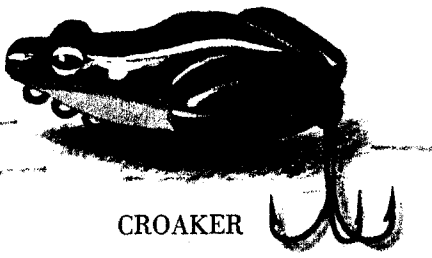
PIKIE MINNOW



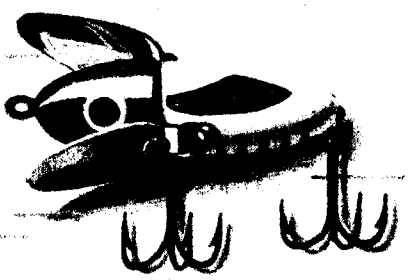
JOINTED DARTER



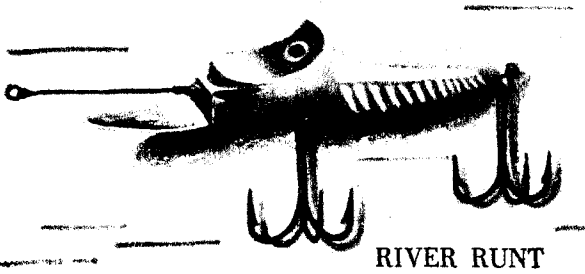
FLATFISH



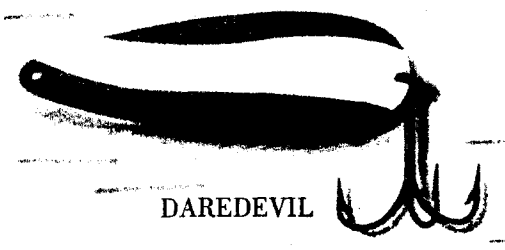
CROAKER



CRAZY CRAWLER



RIVER RUNT



DAREDEVIL

SKINNER SPOON

HAWAIIAN WIGGLER

Spinning Lures

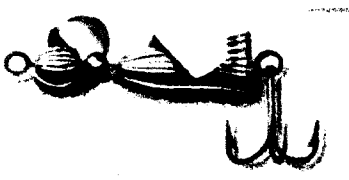
JOHNSON GOLD MINNOW

HOMA REVERSO

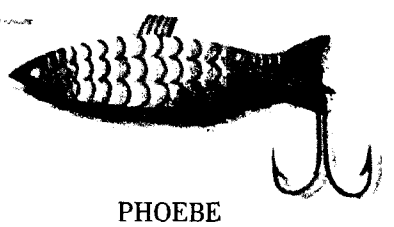
PHILIPS 49'ER

YELLOW MARABOU

Here are the artificial lures for the casting rod, spinning outfit and fly rod, used with the greatest success throughout the country for the taking of largemouthed and smallmouthed bass.



HERSCHEL BUBBLER



PHOEBE

SWISS FLIRT

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enthusiast proclaims, "and they not only thrive—they multiply."

Less than a hundred years ago bass were found only in the Mississippi and St. Lawrence watersheds, and in the South Atlantic states. The first real effort to broaden the range of this fish is credited to one William Shriver, who lived near the Potomac and loved everything about this river but its total lack of bass. An ardent angler, Shriver decided to do something about it, but it was some years before he had the opportunity.

Long Trip for a Pail of Fish

Then, in the spring of 1853, the Baltimore & Ohio pushed its tracks across the Alleghenies. One of the first westbound passengers had only a fishing rod as luggage and answered to the name of Shriver. At the end of the jolting trip he paused only long enough to catch a large bucketful of bass, clap on the lid, and hurry back to the terminus. After punching several holes in the bucket, he lowered it into the water tank of the locomotive.

On the return trip he released the bass in the upper Potomac. They were as fat and sassy as when they grabbed his hook. Much to Shriver's delight, the bass multiplied and spread out over the entire Potomac watershed. Once anglers from other bass-barren areas had a taste of this fishing on their travels, they were not slow to follow Shriver's example.

Furthermore, as the sport of angling began to boom, the supply of available game fish dropped to a dangerous level and state conservation agencies soon went to work. The bass, both largemouth and smallmouth, helped solve the problem. They proved their ability to survive drastic seasonal variations and extremes, and neither the cold Northern winters nor the hot Southern summers had a noticeable effect on their health or virility. State and federal hatcheries began propagating these fish by the millions, and soon they were scattered over every state and had been introduced into several foreign countries.

During the late *hot* war, while American troops were struggling slowly up the boot of Italy, one soldier from Missouri found himself occupying a rather soggy foxhole on the edge of the Gaeta Marshes. Being sated with Army C and K rations, he tossed a grenade into an adjacent drainage canal. Among the assorted fish that came to the surface following the underwater blast was a two-pound largemouth.

"Brother," cried the homesick GI, clutching the bass to his aching chest, "we're *both* a long way from home."

While this is not an approved method of fishing, it must be admitted that bass enthusiasts have neglected to build up a firm tradition of angling methods and techniques for taking this fish.

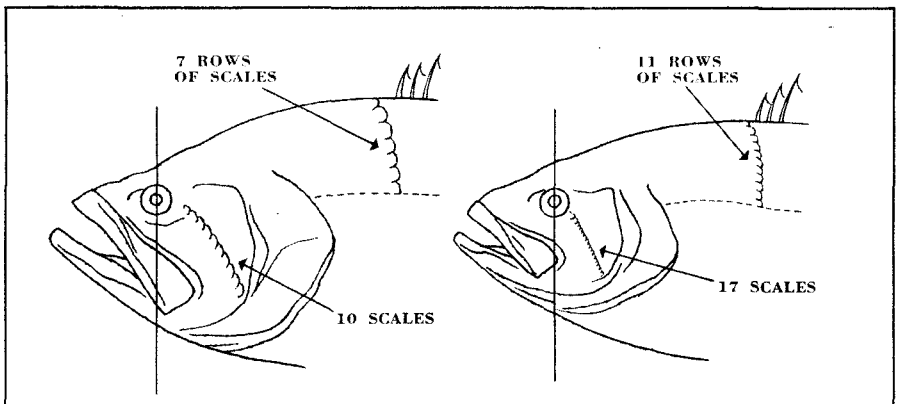
The simplest explanation for this laxity, perhaps, is that bass fishermen have just been too busy fishing.

In common with their more exotic cousins, the trout anglers, bass fishermen are divided into several groups. Each is roughly classified by the type of tackle and lures it uses. Regardless of grouping, however, the success of the individual angler depends upon his knowledge of the habits and preferences of the bass.

One group, formerly the largest in point of numbers, depends upon live baits such as hellgrammites, minnows, crayfish, grasshoppers and frogs. Another coterie adheres to the casting rod or the spinning outfit, which offers enough varicolored spoons, plugs, divers, wrigglers and assorted artificials to bring joy to the heart of any gadgeteer. Then, there are the fly-rod addicts with their streamers, bugs and flies.

Any confirmed bass angler—and confirmation normally follows one experience with the fish—will contend that while all bass are game fighters, some fight harder than others. This statement is a favorite ruse for introducing the smallmouthed bass into an angling conversation.

Although smaller in average size than his bigmouthed cousin, the "bronzeback" or smallmouth is mighty in spirit. Some of this remarkable strength and agility may stem from environment, for the smallmouth is at home in moving, colder water. Any stream fish must exercise to remain in one spot, so it is only natural that this fish should be stronger and more active than one leading a sluggish existence.



Count scales to distinguish largemouthed from smallmouthed bass

The hardened bass enthusiast insists that to be consistently successful in taking the smallmouth a skill is required that would make a dry-fly purist look like a harpooner of tuna. This fish, they point out, can be as selective as a brown trout, but much more temperamental. Furthermore, he is not a fish to be handled on extremely fine tackle by every man who thinks he is a bass fisherman. He will break up tackle that would be more than adequate for handling a trout of equal size or weight.

Whether taken from a lake or river, there is nothing predictable about the battle put up by one of these fish. He is a flashy fighter. After the initial jump he may swerve in any direction, make a long run, then suddenly reverse his field and leap from the water shaking his head like a bulldog, changing ends two or three times before crashing back into his primary element. While any nonangler knows it is a physical impossibility, bass enthusiasts insist that this fish can go into reverse without loss of speed.

The bass lures illustrated on pages 38-39 of this issue are produced by the following manufacturers and may be ordered directly:

FLY ROD LURES

Deren's Fork Tail, Deer Hair Mouse, Frog Bug Popper, Whisker Bug and Weedless Bass Fly, from Angler's Roost, New York City; Wilder-Dilg Spook, from James Heddon Company, Dowagiac, Michigan; Cooper's Frog, from Stan Cooper, Plymouth, Pennsylvania; Lee Wulff's Special and Lee Wulff's Bug, from Lee Wulff, Shushan, New York; Mickey Finn—Indiana Spinner, from Weber Lifelike Fly Co., Stevens Point, Wisconsin; Parma Belle and Warden's Worry, from any maker.

CASTING LURES

Pikie Minnow and Jointed Darter, from Creek Chub Company, Garrett, Indiana; Flatfish from Helin Tackle Co., Detroit, Michigan; Croaker, from F. Burroughs Company, Ledgewood, New Jersey; Crazy Crawler and River Runt, from James Heddon Company, Dowagiac, Michigan; Daredevil, from Lou J. Eppinger, Inc., Detroit, Michigan; Skinner Spoon, from H. A. Wittemore & Company, Boston, Massachusetts; Hawaiian Wiggler, from Fred Arbogast, Akron, Ohio.

SPINNING LURES

Johnson Gold Minnow, from Johnson Company, Highland Park, Illinois; Homa Reverso, from George Homa, Brooklyn, New York; Philips 49'er, from Philips Tackle Company, Alexandria, Pennsylvania; Yellow Marabou, from any maker; Herschel Bubbler, from John Herschel, New York City; Phoebe, from Butternut Island Company, Walton, New York; Swiss Flirt, from Zwicker-Graff Manufacturing Company, Inc., New York City.

Place a typical smallmouth and a largemouth of the same size side by side and any novice angler could tell them apart, but there are few waters common to both fish, which makes positive identification difficult. As there are largemouths with small mouths, and smallmouths with large mouths, the scale count shown in the diagrams accompanying this article is the only reliable method of determining the species.

The record largemouth scaled 22¼ pounds, but as a result of indefinite identification, the world record for the smallmouth is unknown. For several years a 14-pound fish caught in Florida was recognized as the record, but as this state has a subspecies of the largemouth with some characteristics of his cousin, the record has been thrown out.

Despite the variation in externals, the habits of the two fish are almost identical, for which anglers may be grateful. Both are inclined to grab at anything that moves when they are hungry or annoyed, so their response to the anglers' lures is the same.

A lack of success in bass fishing usually can be attributed to impatience or obstinacy on the part of the angler. Fishing for them in cold water is merely one of the more pleasant forms of taking exercise. Usually it provides as little in the way of a substantial return as push-ups or deep-knee bends.

Bass are not really active until the water temperature hovers around 60 degrees, which makes it very nice for the angler who likes to do his fishing under pleasant conditions.

The tackle and methods employed range from the simple to the complex, and from the contemplative to the active. Rarely do you find a bass fisherman who can mix these extremes with conspicuous success.

A Negro Angler's Technique

If you happen to cross the Santee River on Route 17, you may see an ancient Negro who has come very close to accomplishing this merger. Seated in a wreck of a cane chair on the riverbank, this veteran is equipped with a long cane pole, a line only as long as the pole, and a can of small newts (salamanders). His methods verge on the ingenious. He will tie a newt to the hook with a strand of thread, then entomb the small reptile in a ball of clay the size of a baseball. This he lowers into the water until it touches bottom. Then he sits back and waits for something to happen.

Usually he is not disappointed. The action of the water eventually washes away the clay, and the struggling newt rises toward the surface. But he seldom attains this goal, for a two- or three-pound bass gulps him down before he reaches the halfway mark. After a prolonged but futile effort to escape, during which the cane pole dips and swerves, the bass is hauled to the bank and the old Negro repeats the process with a bored and languid air.

This is the simple form of bass angling, followed—with variations—wherever this fish is found. But like other forms of sport, bass angling has its *purist*. He is not—as some might suppose—the man with the fly rod, but the specialist with the light, six-foot casting rod, multiplying reel and quarter-ounce lures.

This expert, like others, is secure only while he is conspicuously successful in his efforts. When you see him you will know him by the casual, effortless manner in which he casts, and the lightness and accuracy with which he drops a lure.

Confront him with one of those upstarts with the spinning outfit, with its "foolproof," fixed-spool reel and monofilament line, and he will smile with tolerance. The fly-rod waver he dismisses, with a shrug, as an individual who insists without justification upon doing things the hard way.

With his fine, pliable wand, slender six-pound test line and light lure, he can cover four or five times the water area touched by the man with the fly rod, and with about one fifth the effort. To reach out 60 or 80 feet, distances necessary to fish many bass waters properly, the fly-rod angler must be equipped with a six-ounce rod, a torpedo-head line, a stout arm, and a casting skill that is a touch above the average. The light-lure caster, on the other hand, can add 50 feet to this distance merely by flicking his wrist.

Fumblers and Daydreamers

As for the man with the ¼- to ⅜-ounce lures, he is regarded as a clumsy fumbler who is headed in the right direction but has been slow in arriving. Unlike the trout *purist*, however, he does not show outward disdain for the bait fisherman, although he considers this tribe to be comprised of men who like to mix daydreaming with their fishing. The fact that the bait fisherman often turns up with a nice string of bass on a hot summer day, when other methods have drawn blanks, occasionally leads to an expression of mild annoyance, but fades out by sunset when artificials once more get results.

Successful bass fishing, regardless of the tackle used, involves knowing *where* to fish at *what* time as much as it does *how* to fish. The angler who fishes for bass in the broad, deep waters of a lake during the early season, or in the shallow, sunny margins during hot weather, usually has to drop in at the fish market on his way home.

The best early-season fishing is found on the spawning beds, located on the shallow flats. While this practice is the basis for some argument on a conservation angle, it has never been shown that normal fishing pressure on these areas resulted in ill effects on the future bass population.

On the spawning bed it is the male who makes the nest and guards the eggs. At this time he considers any moving object that passes within several feet of the nest a potential enemy. If the object is smaller than he is, he snaps at it viciously. If it is larger, he rushes it, swerves sharply, and slashes with his rapierlike dorsal spines.

During the spawning period almost any lure proves reasonably effective, and even the rank novice usually has little difficulty in hooking a bass. Once the eggs have hatched (which requires only a few days or a week) the bass becomes more selective, and shows an active interest in objects that appear good to eat. If nothing more succulent is available, he considers his own offspring, guarded so zealously only the day before, to be fair game and highly edible.

After spawning, the bass scatter and, as the weather grows warmer, they move in to the shallow margins only during the early morning and late afternoon, where they are attracted by the abundance of natural food. Normally, while the bass are in the shallows, the angler with artificial lures will get better results than the bait fisherman.

Under such conditions it is the nonconformist who leaves with the heaviest creel, for the successful bass angler will avoid a rut as he would the plague. He may, and many do, confine his efforts to the use of a half-dozen assorted lures, but he will vary their action and speed until a response from the bass indicates that he has arrived at the right combination.

The next day may find the same technique barren of result. Many anglers base their

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This new "FROST-FREE" Refrigerator gives you *zero cold* in the full-width Freeze Chest—*at normal control settings*—for fast freezing and safe storage.

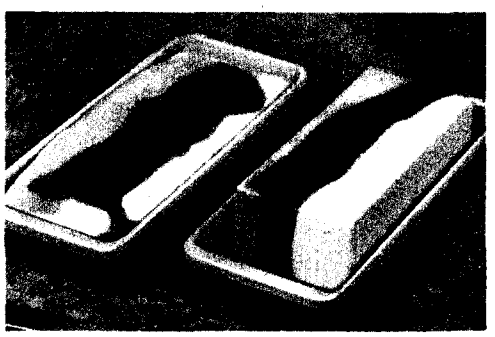
At the same time, it gives you safe, sure cold in the Main Food Compartment . . . and safe, moist cold to keep fruits and vegetables crisp and fresh in the two extra-size Humidrawers.

The new "FROST-FREE" has a special Butter Keeper . . . and a big Meat Keeper. A germicidal Sterilamp® light guards against transfer of food odors, protects health, insures cleanliness. There's room galore on the chrome-plated shelves. And the Arctic Blue trim adds glamour to your kitchen.

Here at last is the Refrigerator of your dreams . . . the *first and only fully automatic Refrigerator*. See this new "FROST-FREE," and other great Westinghouse Refrigerators . . . all with famous Westinghouse COLDER COLD . . . at your retailer's now. Prices start at $189.95. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Appliance Division, Mansfield, Ohio.

*Trade Mark

Giant Freeze Chest . . . Never Needs Defrosting! Keeps frozen foods and ice in fast-freezing *zero cold*.



Ice Cream Test Tells Story. Brick at *left* went through ordinary "automatic" defrosting in regular refrigerator. *Right* shows how ice cream stayed brick-hard during defrosting in the Westinghouse "FROST-FREE" Refrigerator.

Big Meat Keeper is deep enough for a family-size roast . . . Easily holds 16 pounds of meat.

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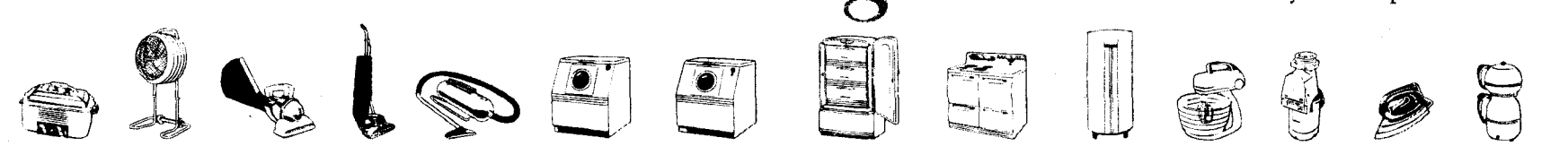

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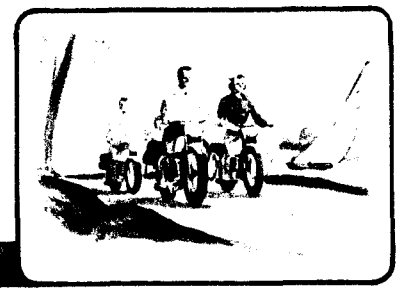

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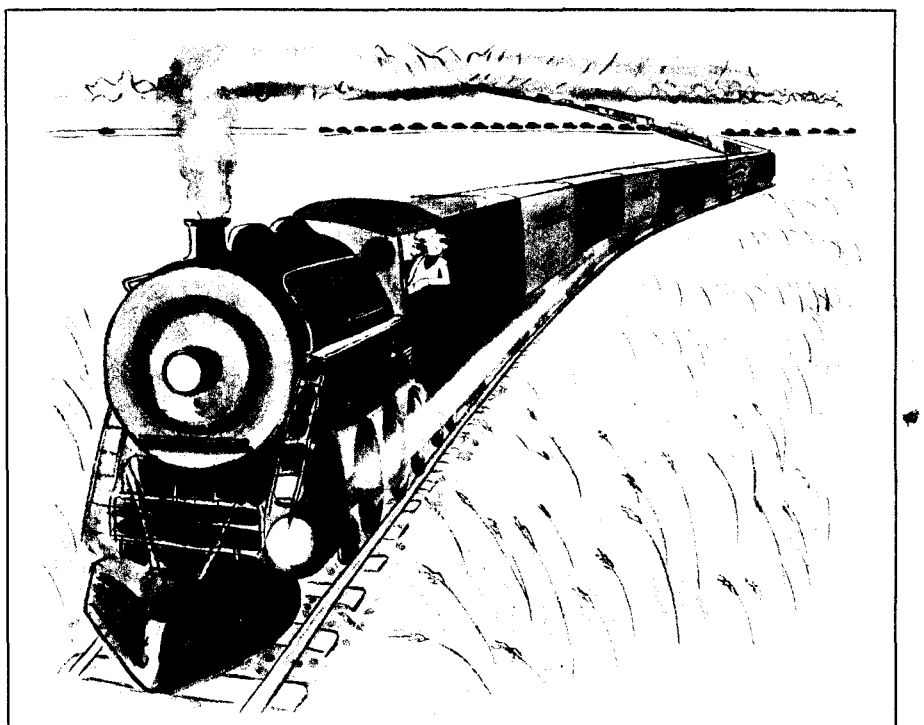

COLLIER'S — **"I wonder what they're saying along about now"** — CHARLES PEARSON

methods upon wind, weather and water conditions, which vary from day to day. For example, on a windy day, with the surface agitated by small waves, only the underwater lures may be effective. On a calm day bass may find the surface lure irresistible.

By midsummer, with the temperature of inshore waters increasing rapidly after sunup, bass seem to abandon the grassy shallows and lily pads by 9:00 A.M., as the deeper, cooler waters offer more food and comfort. This is the heyday of the bait fishermen, who now have an opportunity to lord it over their more active competitors.

To use live bait successfully an angler must have some knowledge of the feeding habits of bass and must avoid the quick reactions of the caster. In fishing the deep water with minnows, worms, crayfish or frogs, the old-timer will fish with a *free* line.

Matching Wits with a Bass

Bass in deep water do not rush to grab live bait as they do the artificial lure in the shallows. Often they will take the bait gently, carry it off for 10 or 15 feet, then pause to turn it around before taking it inside their mouths. The experienced bait fisherman will strip out line at the first hint of a nibble, and continue paying it out freely until the bass stops. Then he will pause for three or four seconds before raising the rod tip sharply to set the hook. The tendency to hook a bass at the first evidence of a strike marks the novice.

On the streams, where hellgrammites and grasshoppers often prove more effective than the other baits, the various casters are on the same level as the bait fisherman, regardless of season, time or weather. Even the fly fisherman can present his offerings to bass that are lying in the pools or basking along the shady edges.

The man with the fly rod may find it necessary to abandon most of the methods and techniques that brought him success with the trout. The common mistake is to assume that the two fish react similarly.

If he is fishing a surface lure, the experienced angler will drop the lure on the water lightly. There he will let it rest for as much as a half minute, then with a sharp twitch of the rod tip he will cause it to jerk or pop along the surface for a few inches. Another rest, another twitch, and so on until it is necessary to make another cast.

Although big and chunky, a bass is surprisingly fast. Often he will see a lure in the air before it touches the water. If he happens to be in the mood, he will be directly under the lure when it drops, and it will fall into his gaping mouth. This trait, common to both largemouth and smallmouth, tends to keep the bass angler constantly on the alert, for he must be ready to set the hook at any instant after his lure touches the water. There are almost as many schools of thought on the matter of plug, spoon or bug presentation as there are bass fishermen. Some insist that the splash of the object as it hits the surface often stimulates the bass to instant and very desirable activity. Others hold that this frightens more fish than it hooks.

The majority of the light-lure casters seem to be enrolled in the latter school. They attempt to drop their offerings on the water with as little commotion as possible, and begin retrieving them without delay. Observe one of these deft specialists and you will note that he casts in as flat an arc as possible; then, just as the plug or spoon is about to touch the water he will raise his rod tip a foot or so. This checks the speed of the lure and causes it to dive rather than "plunk" into the water.

Statistics seem to indicate that the caster able to accomplish this feat consistently is rewarded with greater regularity. While many of them favor certain plugs, spoons or wobblers, most of them agree that the type of lure is of less importance than the manner in which it is used. Neither the angler nor the scientist has been able to offer conclusive proof on the ability of bass to perceive color, although experiments have indicated that these fish react more quickly to red than any other color in the spectrum.

The fact that red is included in the pattern of most of the gaudy lures now available proves nothing, for there is every reason to believe that this color is present for aesthetic rather than angling reasons. As many of the artificials seem designed to attract the angler rather than the bass, it can be readily understood that the *action* imparted to the lure by the angler often makes the difference between failure and success.

To the bass, one of these creations may resemble a crippled minnow, a swimming mouse, a frantic frog, or even a fluttering bird; but as any one of these objects spell F-O-O-D to the fish, he will smash at it from hunger or sheer annoyance. Draw one of these lures slowly and woodenly through the water and there can be no hope of deception. The bass sees it for what it is, a weirdly painted bit of wood or plastic.

Such is bass fishing. And right now there are thousands of lakes and streams stretching from Ontario to the Everglades, all of them populated by a fish that can provide any angler with interest, excitement and food. All you need to take advantage of this is the inclination—if you want to catch bass.

THE END

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28,000 Children Missing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

under armed guard across the satellite frontiers in February of 1948.

At first the Cominform countries denied flatly that any children were being taken from Greece. Then the evidence piled up, and in a few weeks the Communists' "Free Greek Radio," broadcasting from Bucharest, began admitting that "refugee children" were finding shelter under the wings of the "northern neighbors."

When the Greek government charged before the United Nations that the removal of the children constituted a crime against humanity, the U.N. ordered its Special Commission on the Balkans to launch a top-priority investigation.

Twofold Attack on Observers

U.N. observer teams climbed into the mountainous battle zones, interviewing mothers and children, taking testimony even from Communist guerrillas. While the U.N. was bucking snow, shellfire and mined roads to get at the facts, Cominform propaganda was attacking the international observers as "agents of Anglo-American imperialism."

Finally the U.N. report was ready. It declared:

"In the considered opinion of the Special Committee, the reception and retention of Greek children removed by the guerrillas . . . without their parents' free consent raises the issue of the inherent rights of parents. The protracted retention of these children would be contrary to the accepted moral standards of international conduct."

That diplomatically phrased statement was forwarded to Lake Success on June 30, 1948. But not a single Greek child was sent home.

Five months later the Soviet Union itself proposed a resolution to the U.N. General Assembly in Paris calling piously for repatriation of the exiled children. The Assembly finally gave birth to a resolution recommending the return to Greece of the Greek children "when the children, their father or mother, or in his or her absence, their closest relative, express a wish to that effect."

Even Dr. Juliusz Katz-Suchy, Polish delegate to the U.N. and the Cominform's star firebrand West-baiter, spoke of his nation's "spirit of conciliation and compromise" in approving the diplomatically worded resolution.

The resolution was passed—unanimously—by the General Assembly on November 27, 1948. But not a single Greek child was sent home.

A year later the U.N. tried again. It passed another resolution, again unanimously and again with Soviet support, "urgently inviting" the states "giving shelter" to the Greek children to facilitate their rapid return. That was on November 18, 1949. But not a single child was sent home.

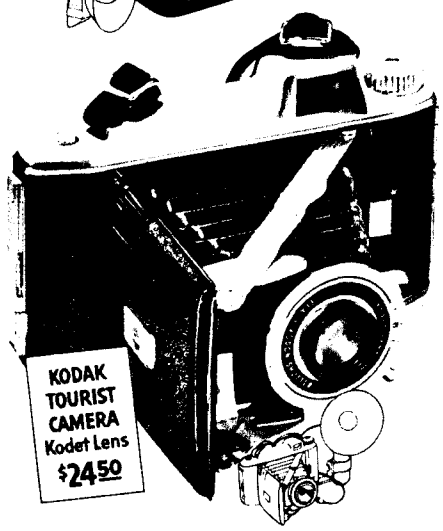
In the meantime, the U.N. Balkan Committee was pushing its investigations and the International Red Cross began negotiating

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Historian, Spain	The military use of the airplane did not originate in World War I—Spain used it against the Riffs in 1903.
Physician, American Medical Association	Fleas are not terrific jumpers—the average flea is not able to jump more than five inches straight up.
Surgeon, Johns Hopkins University	A surgeon doesn't have germ-free hands after his elaborate scrubbing routine—a quarter of a million germs still remain.
Naturalist, New York City	The first white man to eat an Irish potato was not an Irishman, but a Spaniard, who found it in South America.
Historian, London	Most of the figures first exhibited by the original Madame Tussaud were not made of wax, but of wood.
Physiologist, Washington University	A woman's hair is not a bit softer or silkier than a man's, on the average.
Astronomer, New York City	No astronomer ever claimed he saw canals on Mars—the word used was "fissures," and somebody exaggerated.
Physicist, Yale University	The firefly produces light with much less efficiency than does the ordinary electric bulb.
Researcher, New York City	The originator of the Boy Scout idea was not British Baden-Powell, but American Dan Beard, who founded "The Boy Pioneers" in 1905.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

What style for a box camera—and what pictures! Just aim and press the new thumb-action shutter release; get wonderful black-and-white and full-color snapshots. Flash shots, too, with Kodak Photo Flasher. Camera, $5.50. Flasher, $1.55.



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Most exciting Kodak cameras since snapshots were invented

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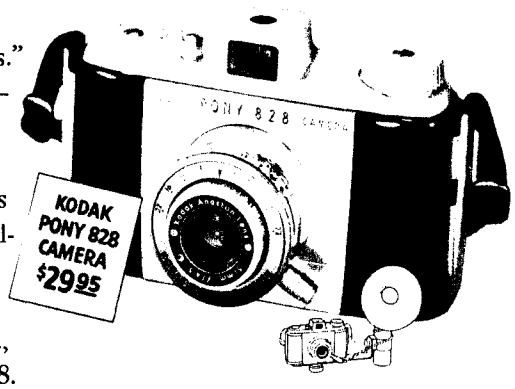

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with the satellites. U.N. observers learned how the Communists ran their mass removal campaign. In every village rebel leaders first conducted a census of all the children. In Macedonia, for example, the U.N. reported that the guerrillas "went from house to house, and most of the parents, fearing the consequences of a refusal, signed up their children unwillingly."

Sometimes, as we ourselves discovered, the rebels didn't bother waiting for parents to sign up. In one of the children's villages of northern Greece, for example, we ran into Thimios Moukoulis, a freckled twelve-year-old, who interrupted a soccer game to tell us his story.

A year ago last February, Thimios was munching bread with his two brothers and a sister in their one-room stone home in Kanzeko, in northwestern Greece. It was midday and the Greek government troops had just withdrawn. Their mother, anticipating the arrival of the rebels, had gathered the children in the house. The father was in another town.

Three guerrillas entered the Moukoulis home. "Which child are you giving us?" Thimios recalls one of the rebels asking his mother.

"None," replied Thimios' mother.

"They reached toward me, but I was too quick," Thimios said. "I jumped out of the window and hid in the straw on the side of the house. I saw them take away my eight-year-old brother Haralisbos. I've never heard from the others. Nobody seems to know what happened to them. There was a lot of fighting in our village."

In Psarada, near the Yugoslav frontier, Charles M. Schermerhorn of the U.N. Children's Fund discovered that 275 children were carried off in April, 1948, and have never been heard from since. "At that time," Schermerhorn reported, "all the parents were called together and told that a distribution of sugar was to be made and that each parent must sign an application for the sugar. They later learned that, in reality, they had signed a request for their children to be taken away. Any parent who subsequently protested too violently was imprisoned."

U.N. Observer Team No. 2, investigating the village of Lavara, in Thrace, found that the entire village population, including an unknown number of sick children, was taken off on March 11, 1948; and that at about the same time 180 children were carried by force from their village, Vrisika.

Sent to Rebels by Parents

The U.N. also investigated the instances where children were voluntarily turned over to rebel columns moving north across the frontier. Observers found that in the Macedonian areas, where the villagers speak Slavic dialects rather than Greek, most of the parents willingly agreed to send their children north into the Slav-speaking countries of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. They did so for three reasons: sympathy with the Communist rebels; poverty and lack of school facilities in the northern villages; or to escape the dangers of the war that was raging around them.

Out of the testimony of hundreds of children, the U.N. observers tried to reach a fair conclusion. It was obvious that the truth of the situation lay somewhere between the Greek government's charge that *all* the youngsters were kidnaped and the Cominform's insistence that they were *all* refugees from "Monarcho-Fascism."

The U. N. committee's report finally concluded that it was impossible to estimate how many of the 28,000 children fell into each category.

But there *were* 28,000 children; that fact stood out, and the United Nations in its unanimous 1948 resolution called on the International Red Cross to undertake the job of repatriation.

From its headquarters in Geneva the Red Cross tackled the assignment promptly. It sent a special mission to Greece to draw up a list of all the children who had been taken out of the country. It arranged with the Red Cross societies in the Soviet satellites to submit carefully verified lists of children whose return was actually requested by their parents or close relatives. In each case the Red Cross arranged to send Photostatic copies of the original requests, so there could be no question of faking. Then the International Red Cross asked the satellites for permission to visit the Greek children in the camps where they were being held. The result of these requests was another example of frustration and double-dealing.

Albania denied flatly that any Greek children were there, and refused to allow an International Red Cross mission to enter the country.

Hungary admitted "sheltering" some youngsters, but accused the Red Cross of falsifying the lists of children, refused to let the Red Cross into the country, and baldly announced it would not repatriate any of the children.

Rumania barred a Red Cross mission, refused any information on the children it held and ignored all appeals for co-operation.

Poland never even bothered to answer the Red Cross's letters, let alone admit a Red Cross mission.

The only glimmerings of co-operation came from Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia. Marshal Tito's anti-Cominform government admitted that about 5,000 Greek children were living either in camps or with Greek guerrilla refugees, and that about 13,500 more had passed through Yugoslavia on their way to Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania and Poland.

The Yugoslavs opened up their children's camps to a visiting International Red Cross mission. Its members reported that the children appeared to be receiving good treatment in adequate camps.

International Red Cross missions in Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria claimed to have found the same situation. The children were being taught by Greek teachers in their native language.

But the big questions remain: What were they being taught, and when would they be permitted to go home?

Here is the essence of the tragedy: None of the Communist countries, despite their avowed solicitude for the children, gave the slightest hint of any real co-operation with the Red Cross's repatriation plans.

Under the U.N. resolution, children are to be returned to Greece only if their return is requested by their parents, their close relatives or the children themselves. The Geneva Red Cross headquarters has been combing Greece for many months, looking for the parents whose children are far away.

Demands for Repatriation

Now Geneva headquarters of the International Red Cross has on file the originals of more than 6,000 requests for repatriation —signed and duly authenticated in Greece by the parents of more than 8,500 children behind the Iron Curtain. The names of those children have been sent by the Red Cross to all the satellite countries. And only Czechoslovakia has admitted that any of the names on the list correspond with the names of children in the Communist-run camps.

Czechoslovakia, with loud protestations about living up to the United Nations resolution, has agreed that out of 3,000 children it is holding, exactly 138 figure on the list of those whose return to Greece has been implored by bereaved parents. And even for those 138, repatriation is apparently an impossibility.

First, the Czech government said arrangements to send them home would have to be made by the Czech and International Red Crosses; when Geneva queried the Czech Red Cross, the reply was just the opposite: it was a matter for governments, not for Red Crosses.

So the stalling continues, and today the Red Cross and the United Nations are wondering if any children will ever be returned to their homes.

Last March the International Red Cross and the League of Red Cross Societies invited delegates from Red Cross organizations in the Communist countries to a conference in Geneva as a last effort to solve the repatriation problem. Not a single Communist delegate showed up.

To try to penetrate the fog of Communist propaganda and deception, Collier's assigned us to try to get the facts in the Communists' own territory—within the Cominform itself.

We went to Czechoslovakia and spent 10 days trying to track down the Greek story in Prague. The assignment was a study in frustration.

At first the Czech government promised its willing co-operation. "We have nothing at all to hide," said one government spokesman. "We will be glad to arrange a visit to our children's centers so you can see for yourself how wonderfully they are treated. We will arrange the appointment tomorrow." Tomorrow came and the official in charge of the Greek children was unaccountably absent. He stayed absent for 10 days.

Finally, the word came down from the top Communist echelons. "We cannot allow you to visit the camps at all. No, we cannot give you the names of the Greek Communist leaders who are here in Prague. No, you cannot see them. No, no, no."

Despite the Czech government's refusal to permit contact with officials in charge of the Greek children, we finally found the headquarters of the Greek Communist leaders—located, aptly enough, in a second-class hotel just behind Prague's famous Gunpowder Tower.

There a former pilot in the Greek Royal Air Force spoke officially for Greece's exiled Communist movement.

He said: "Here in the People's Democracies the children can be educated along truly democratic lines. They will always remain Greek. They will learn how American imperialism has conquered their country, and someday when they are older they will be ready to help bring democracy to their own country by throwing the imperialists and Fascists out."

Spearhead of a New Revolt

Stripped of the double-talk, this statement means only one thing: The Cominform is training these 28,000 children as the spearhead of a new revolutionary movement designed to redress the military defeat that the Greek Communists suffered in the Grammos Mountains a year ago. These children are to be the new shock troops.

He showed us copies of The Eagles, a brightly colored magazine filled with pictures of Greek children carrying red flags and bayonets and containing such items as this:

"In the United States children your age are being prepared for a new and terrible war. They are being prepared to cast themselves into death by the deliberate machinations of the exploiters who want to earn more profits. These children are being starved and beaten into submission so that they will slaughter the workers with a maniacal rage."

He told us that 340 specially tutored Greek children have just been transferred from camps in Czechoslovakia to the Communist-sponsored East German Republic, where they are forming a propaganda corps to spur support of the defeated Greek guerrillas among the German people.

He described how many of the older boys are already training in guerrilla warfare; learning night combat, the techniques of forced marches and the use of weapons.

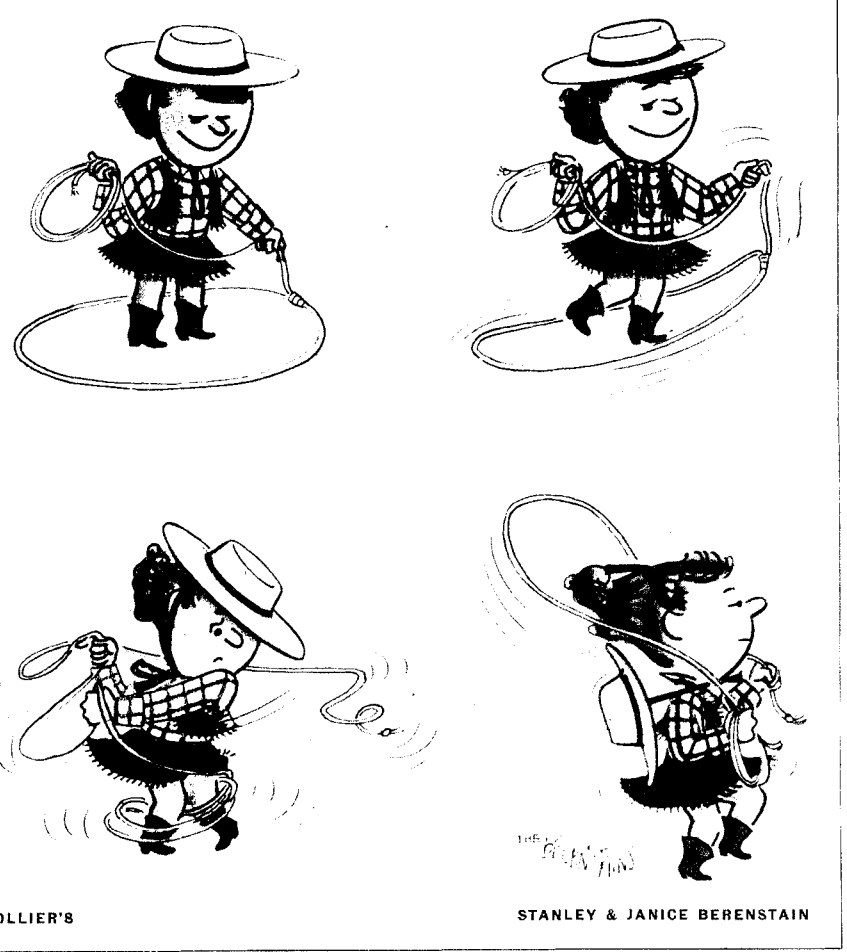
While the Greek Communists who have been exiled in the satellite countries push their Communist education program for the youngsters, in Greece the people realize that unless the world acts swiftly their children will be lost to them for good.

In the Greek mountain villages, although the civil war is over, parents are learning a new fear.

"Our family has been destroyed," Athenassios Halkia mourned in his frontier farmhouse at Vourbiani. "Two of my five boys were taken by the guerrillas. I have lost hope. They were only nine and eleven. A child changes so easily. But, worse, they may come back as enemies of their own brothers."

THE END

SISTER



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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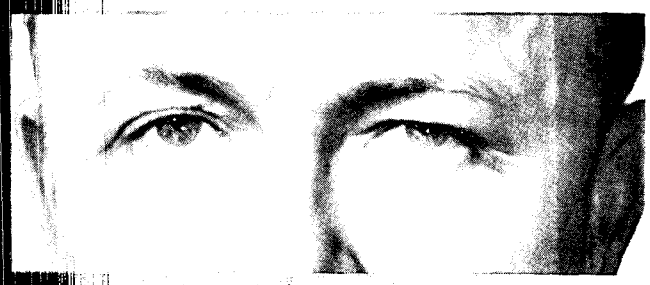
When tired "U

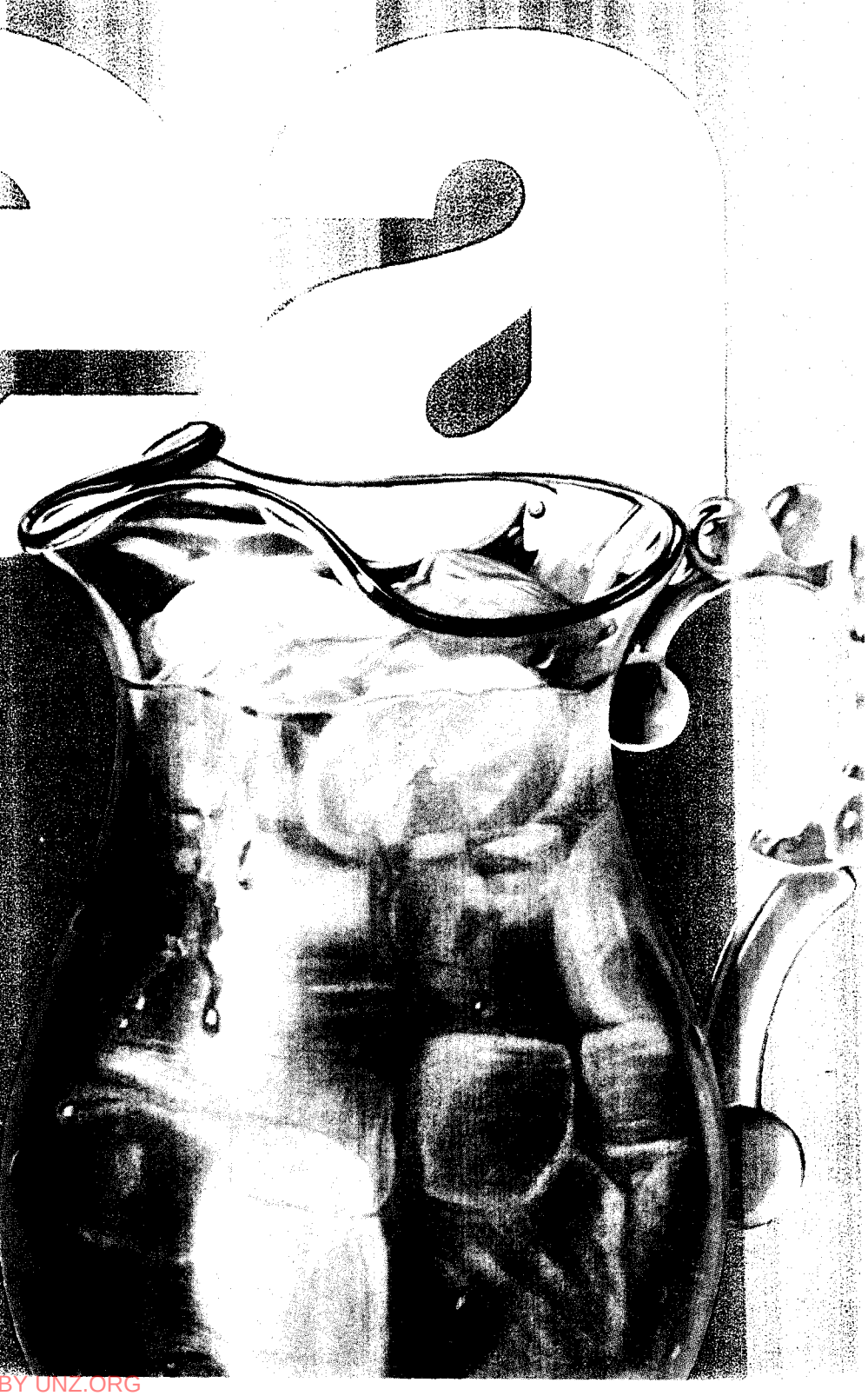


plenty of

Ice

Restaurants and hotels today are making quite a point of serving correctly brewed iced tea. Order a glass next time you eat out.

NATIONAL ICED TEA WEEK JULY 7-15



TO MAKE GOOD TEA . . . THE STEPS ARE THREE

1

2

3

PS. For Iced Tea, use half again as much tea and plenty of ice.

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By-Products—For a Better Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

program to compile authoritative data on what the body actually needs, and to determine the best diet for man. Dr. Schweigert wants to find, if he can, a new method of determining the quantity of amino acids in various meats. Methods now are available for 17, but there are 23 altogether, and perhaps more. Dr. Schweigert is attempting to catalogue them.

In vitamins, the work is in the B family, particularly in that new and miraculous one, B_{12}, which has been so effective in pernicious anemia and cases of deficiency in pregnant women. It also has been administered to children whose growth, both mental and physical, has been retarded, and they have become normal.

Dr. Schweigert is studying bacteria growths in extracts prepared from foods in an effort to identify the amount of B_{12} in the various things we eat. Since this vitamin is so powerful it takes but one milligram a day to treat 500 patients, the importance of Dr. Schweigert's researches is obvious. If our diets are made sufficiently rich in it, there need never be another anemic person. Likewise, if Dr. Schweigert is successful, livestock may be fed diets rich in B_{12}, which in turn will improve the nutritional value of the meat. An important source of B_{12} is one of the four stomachs of cattle—the rumen—but there is no appreciable quantity in the stomachs of swine.

Cows are peculiar in many ways, as the Chinese found out long ago. Because of their discovery, the meat industry has a market for what is perhaps the oddest of all by-products. If you've ever wondered where elderly bossies go when their milking days are over, here's the answer. They're slaughtered for their by-products. Ancient dairy cows are used for canned stuffs, soup stocks and so on, and their diseased gallstones also are salable. Centuries ago the Chinese discovered that if you polished these gallstones, they looked like red jade. They made beautiful costume jewelry and also were extremely effective in warding off the evil eye and other baleful influences.

Brisk Trade in Gallstones

A lively business in the gallstones of cows developed. Japanese commissionmen in the United States used to buy the stones, process them and ship them to China. They paid the packers $125 a pound for them. The trade, interrupted by the war, has been resumed.

The Chinese also crush cows' gallstones to a fine powder, package it in papers covered with mysterious Mandarin characters, and ship it back to the United States, where it turns up in homes as slow-burning, sweet-smelling incense.

Before 1870, most packers used only the meat of an animal; some used its hide and rendered fat also. The other materials they buried.

In the eighties they began cooking fats for soap. The residue of the cooking is called tankage and almost anything can be in it: bits of bone, gristle, cartilage.

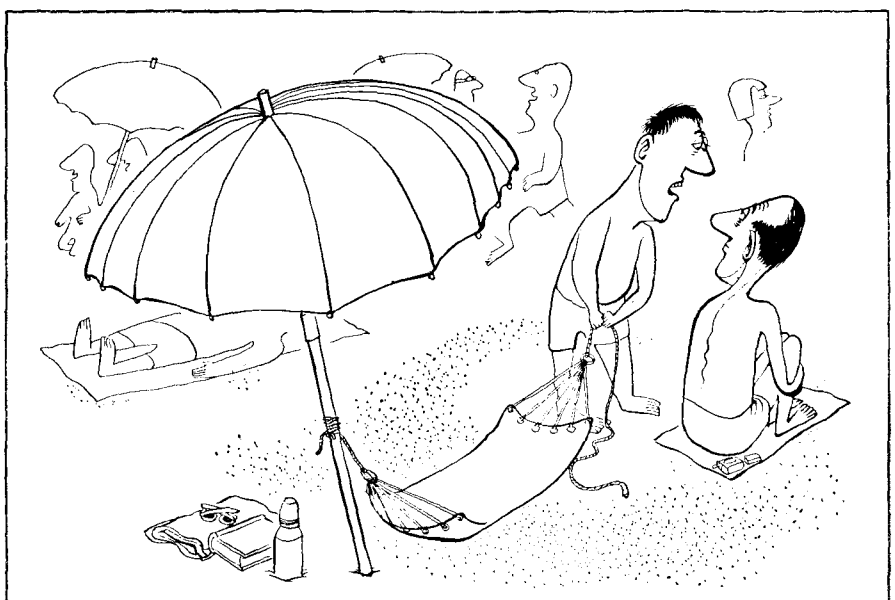
"Originally, this was buried too," says Victor Conquest, general manager and director of chemical research and development at Armour. "It was buried in the open country beyond the yards and the packing plants. It wasn't long before farmers discovered that the soil where it was buried was extraordinarily rich. So for a long time they came to the packing houses and hauled it away for free, before the packers finally woke up to the fact that here was a by-product of great value. When they did, they sold it commercially for fertilizer."

About 1900 it was discovered that it also was good hog and poultry feed. The packers have been improving it ever since. Now the tankage, originally a waste product, is a balanced diet for animals.

"How far ahead of ourselves we would be today if we had had research earlier," says Mr. Conquest, "nobody, of course, knows. It would have been pretty far, though."

Without the by-products of the meat industry this would be a poor world indeed. In fact, life as we know it could not exist without them. There are 40 classifications of by-products from beef, 27 from calves, 28 from sheep and 31 from hogs, broken down into many subdivisions. If you start exploring the world of by-products you run into a wonderland. Everybody knows about wool and leather, of course, but as you go further you come, for instance, to beef albumin, which was used during World War I to make weatherproof plywood for the cockpits and fuselages of fighter planes.

Hair from the ears of cattle is used to make artists' brushes. From charred bones comes India ink. The intestines of a sheep are used to string the violins of Heifetz and Menuhin and the cello of Piatigorsky, and, until recently, when they were displaced by nylon, were used to string tennis rackets. Lard finds its way to the faces of women in the form of ointments and creams. From the endocrine glands come wonder drugs



COLLIER'S

"Pardon me—are you going to be here for a while?"

VIRGIL PARTCH

such as insulin. From cartilage rings taken from the trachea, or windpipe, of animals comes chondroitin for migraine headaches. From the skeleton of the animal come buckles, chessmen, crochet needles, hairpins, umbrella handles. Fats are used in candies and chewing gum, as is gelatin, which gets into a variety of other products.

From hog grease comes a new chemical used in synthetic rubber that keeps tires cool, thus lengthening their usefulness. Hair from the tails of cattle is used in some tractors as an air filter in the cooling system of the machine. We clean our teeth with brushes many of which are made of pig bristles.

Wilson is one of the biggest dealers in curled hog hair. Until 1925 it did more business in this field than any other company in the world. That was the year the automobile industry took the curled hair out of their cushions and substituted cotton, so Wilson had to find new uses for the product.

Hair curling, by the way, is an ancient art. It is almost as old as history and the method by which the softer hair on the hide of a hog is curled differs little from the way in which a woman has hers set in a permanent wave. Hog's hair is curled to give it more tension and resilience.

Wilson discovered curled hair could be used in the rising insulation industry, and now it is used extensively in air conditioning. "Our insulation business alone," says C. V. Becker, Wilson vice-president in charge of research, "amounts to more than $1,250,000 a year."

But the market in by-products is constantly being threatened as new synthetics are discovered. Synthetic rubber and plastics are menacing the leather market because of their increasing use in the manufacture of shoes. The market for meat scrap in livestock feed is being challenged by APF, a mold developed by drug concerns, which is being sold as a substitute for the scrap.

So research is being accelerated. The meat industry is moving to protect its markets and to build new ones, as it always has in its battle to survive. Armour, for instance, is spending more than six times as much for research today as it spent 10 years ago, and Wilson is about to open new, improved and much larger laboratories.

"We're set up to work on long-range problems," declares Victor Conquest at Armour. "Our philosophy is to look ahead to 20 years from now, and I might say that our interests, while primarily selfish, are those of the entire industry. Problems of today are part of that long-term outlook. Five years ago we started looking for new uses for tankage and none too soon, because the synthetics are crowding us in the animal feed business. Also, it was 20 years from the test tube to McCook."

McCook is the site of the new Armour chemical plant 10 miles southwest of Chicago, where production is carried on in fatty acids. About 100,000,000 pounds of inedible fats are produced by the Armour packing plant in a year and from these are made soaps, detergents, solvents, lubricants and so on, but because of competition, new uses must be found. Wilson has just opened a new modern laboratory, too.

Armour agrees with President Lee A. DuBridge, of the California Institute of Technology, that "in the long run . . . new developments in technology will be based only upon the new knowledge uncovered by science." Armour spends very large sums of money on research. It is carried on at Armour Laboratories in the heart of Packingtown, "where," says Victor Conquest, "the scientists usually don't know what's going on in the plant because we don't want them to. That's the philosophy of pure research and it will have great long-range significance."

There is the story of beef albumin. As was mentioned earlier, it was used to weatherproof airplane cockpits and fuselages in World War I. It played a different part in World War II.

Back in 1940, Dr. Edward J. Cohn of Harvard, a member of the Subcommittee on Blood Substitutes of the National Research Council, put through a call to Armour Laboratories. He was interested, said Dr. Cohn, in the use of bovine blood plasma to be administered to wounded men in case of war. (There was no Red Cross blood bank at the time.) Dr. Cohn said he was turning over to Armour Laboratories the job of producing quantitatively an acceptable bovine plasma. By acceptable, of course, he meant a bovine plasma that would be tolerated by the human system.

Armour didn't succeed in doing this, but from the experiments in beef plasma and albumin, Dr. Cohn developed a human albumin for use in cases of shock. Albumin is a protein that pulls water from the tissues when the system is shocked; blood pressure is decreased because the volume of blood is decreased thereby.

A Valuable War Service

The water attracted by albumin corrects this condition. Armour built a plant at Fort Worth, Texas, to process the material for the Navy, a development directly attributable to the research in bovine plasma. The human albumin was shipped dissolved in water. The solution is five times as strong as ordinary plasma and toward the end of the war was being used to spike transfusions of whole blood. The Armour plant at Fort Worth is still processing human albumin at cost for the Red Cross.

Beyond these things, the Armour researchers, working in collaboration with Harvard scientists, extracted from human plasma a material known as fibrinogen, from which a membrane is used in brain surgery. Last, but certainly not least, the Armour researchers may be on the threshold of one of the most important discoveries in medical science—successful heterologous transfusion, or the successful transfusion of the blood of one species to another. This would mean the healthful introduction of bovine plasma into the veins of a human being.

If so, they will have opened up a whole new medical continent for scientific exploration.

Armour has been the most prominent of all the meat companies in the research in ACTH, the mysterious and miraculous hormone derived from the anterior lobe of a hog's pituitary and used in the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis. In doing this it is performing a service for the meat industry as a whole, because many in the industry are sending every hog pituitary they can scrape up to the Armour Laboratories. For one pound of ACTH powder, the pituitaries of 400,000 hogs are needed, so the meat industry is again making a great co-operative effort to meet an emergency. Incidentally, Wilson has just announced a new process for making ACTH and is now in production.

Armour, meanwhile, is trying to find a way to synthesize ACTH, as Hormel is collaborating with the Mayo Laboratories in Rochester, Minnesota, in an attempt to synthesize cortisone, the other wonder hormone recently discovered. Cortisone has helped in cases where there was a deficiency of action in the adrenal glands, which pour their chemical substances directly into the blood stream. They are the most important glands involved in the process of controlling arthritis. Cortisone can be synthesized from substances found in the gall of cattle. It takes the gall of 100 cattle to produce enough cortisone for one week's treatment for the average patient.

The meat industry will spend more on research in the years to come because of the challenge of increasing competition in the field where it must make a good profit or not survive—by-products.

Never has it been so challenged as it is today and never has it made such efforts as it is making today. Nobody in the industry doubts that the challenge will be met. Few if any outside the industry seem to doubt it either. THE END

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Diary of a Hollywood Safari

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

or goats) his approval of the project was worth. Then the amount to be paid the tribesmen had to be decided upon and runners sent into the bush or forest with news of the coming *ngoma*.

In the Swahili language, a *ngoma* is, literally, either "a drum" or "a dance." In practice a *ngoma* is a combination community sing, sex orgy, Holy Roller meeting and mass riot. From time immemorial the beat of the drum and the rhythm of the dance have been as essential to the African as his need for meat. This is not storybook stuff, but sociological fact. It has long been recognized by his white masters in Africa, who prudently try to restrain the excesses of the *ngoma,* but never to suppress it completely.

We knew something unusual was going on even as we approached the tiny settlement of Machakos, 35 miles down-country from Nairobi. On a hillock near the dusty village clearing were gathered all the white settlers from miles around, come to see the excitement. Here and there, in bleached uniform shorts and pith helmets, were the young, intensely British district officers who make their lonely careers working with the natives in the colonies. And everywhere we looked there were black askaris (policemen), identifiable by their fezzes and by the tiny mules on which they were mounted.

A few hundred yards down the road was a grove of trees, and from it came the wailing, the yelling, the whistling and chanting of 1,200 Wakamba tribesmen and their women.

The *ngoma* had been growing all night as family after family, summoned from the bush, had swelled its numbers.

In the clearing our crews struggled and sweated trying to get ready to photograph anything that might happen. When we thought we were ready we signaled the askaris to start the dancers toward the clearing.

They came, group by group, in clouds of dust that couldn't conceal the garishness of their tribal dress, and in unbelievable noise, yet in exact spatial patterns. Each warrior had gourds or bells tied to one leg and they jingled at every other step. The women carried piercing whistles in their mouths, which they blew with maddening rhythmic persistence. The askaris, coached by our assistant directors, guided group after group into camera range, but beyond that it was impossible to give the dancers directions.

Director Compton Bennett and Bob Surtees, our head cameraman, quickly saw that to catch the frenzy and spontaneity of the scene, they would have to "steal it"—movie jargon for using small, mobile, unrehearsed cameras with newsreel technique, rather than the ponderous, painstakingly rehearsed method of operation usually employed by Hollywood. They ordered all our smaller cameras manned, and within minutes our operators were darting in and out of the mass of odoriferous, enthralled dancers, "stealing" close-ups of ecstatic faces, throbbing drumheads or pounding feet beating up dust.

Dance Symbolizes Sex Life

This particular dance was obviously symbolic of some phase of tribal sex life. The dancers were in two lines, young men on one side and young girls, twelve or fourteen years old—most of them—facing them a few feet away. In the space between them an older man chanted in a high and excited voice. The dancers answered his chant antiphonally, rhythmically.

Occasionally the emotion would be too much for one of the young men, and he would leap into the center space and improvise wildly but always in perfect, though exotic, rhythm with the jogging bells and the drums and the whistles. Then at a signal apparently hidden in the old man's chant, the two lines of dancers moved together (we nearly lost some cameramen that way). Each boy put his chin and neck beside that of a girl, no other parts of their bodies touching, and they jerked and quivered and gesticulated through the next part of the dance.

I found myself standing beside a venerable, distinguished-looking Englishman. He was, I learned later, Clifford Hill, settler and planter on the Machakos slopes since 1908.

"I've never seen anything like it," he murmured. "There's probably not been a *ngoma* of this size in 50 years."

"Are the women always so young?" I asked.

"Not in normal times. But most of these boys during the war were in the army—"

"These?"

"These. Right out of the bush into the King's African Rifles. When they came home they had a little money and with it they all bought the youngest wives they could find."

We went on watching the dance in silence. The *ngoma* had been whooping along for about an hour when suddenly from the grove came the most astonishing series of yells. A group of warriors—brown, these, not black—bounded toward us. Lion manes encircled their faces and they brandished eight-foot steel spears.

The Wakamba dancers gave way like butter and the White Settlers (and actors) withdrew to the very top of their hillock.

For these were the Masai, the hated, feared, beloved Masai.

There were only 16 of them, but in a matter of seconds, 1,200 scrambling Wakamba had left the dancing area entirely to the Masai. Not many years ago they were willing to leave the whole of Kenya to the Masai, until the white man was able

California Living

We wave good-by to Cousin Pete
And dash to clean the house before
The next contingent from the East
Arrives at our adobe door.

And then . . .

The dizzy tour begins anew.
We show them the Pacific blue,
The mountains and the canyon passes,
The movie stars in silly glasses,
The grunion fishing, barbecues,
The beaches and the hilltop views,
The oranges and Venetian blinds,
The avocados, several kinds,
The ranches, cowboys and the races
And all the Drive-In eating places,
The palm trees and the patio
Until we're nearly batty-o!

And then . . .

We wave good-by to Auntie Jane
And dash to clean the house before
The next contingent from the East
Arrives at our adobe door.

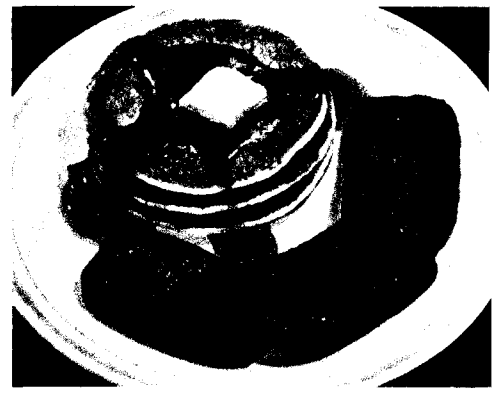
—BETTY ISLER

For hungry people on a hot night

SPAM SUMMER PLATTER

SEE HOW EASY . . . Stuffed celery: mash cream cheese with fork, adding enough sweet cream to give butter-like consistency; add grated onion, dash of Worcestershire; fill celery stalks and dust with paprika. Stuffed tomatoes: make tomato cups by slicing off top and removing core; fill with shredded cabbage to which has been added French dressing or mayonnaise. Slice the Swiss cheese, slice some bread, slice the chilled and appetizing SPAM. Dinner's ready—and so's the family.

BAKE A SPAM! Score, stud with cloves. Rub with sauce: ⅓ cup brown sugar, ½ tsp. vinegar, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. water. Bake 20 min. at 350°; baste.



HEARTY BREAKFAST...all you do is whip up pancake batter by adding liquid to your favorite prepared mix, fry a stack while SPAM slices sizzle in the pan.

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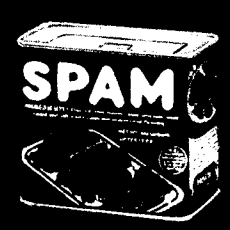
COLD OR HOT
SPAM HITS THE SPOT!



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SUNDAY Coast to Coast ABC NETWORK

HORMEL
GOOD FOOD

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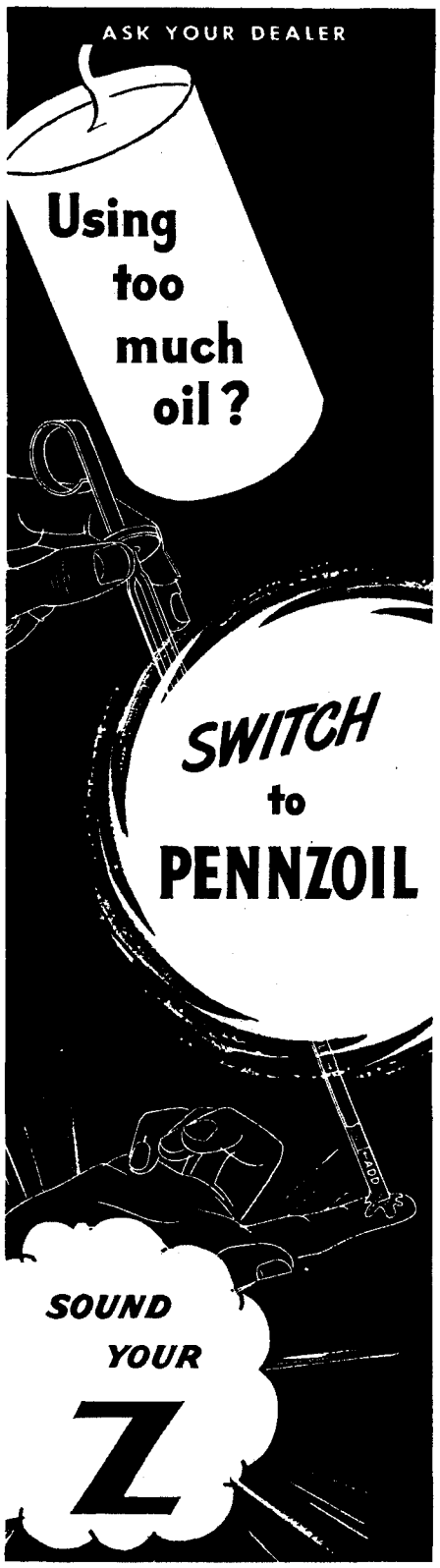

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to curtail their wife- and cattle-stealing raids to some extent.

This tribe is at once the pride and the despair of the colonial government and the ancient bogeyman of all other tribes. They are a Nilotic people with brown skins, slant eyes, and fine features. No one really knows where they came from originally. Their interests are limited to fighting and herding—almost worshiping—their cattle. They have what sociologists call a "cattle complex." Their wealth is counted in cattle. Under no circumstances will they sell or slaughter a single head.

They have no villages, merely wandering the plains with their herds seeking pasturage. They subsist on milk mixed with cow's blood, which they draw from an artery in the neck without killing the beast. They dress their hair elaborately with a mixture of red clay and cow's dung. And the only enemy they respect is the primary enemy of their cattle, the lion.

Before becoming a warrior (or *moran*, as they call it) the Masai youth must show his superiority to a lion. This he does by facing a charging lion while kneeling behind his leather shield, his spear held at an angle. The beast flings himself at the shield, is impaled on the spear and presumably, in his death throes, gives the youth only a mild mauling.

The arrogance of the Masai is legendary. Nearly every D.O. who comes in contact with them falls in love with *his* Masai for in a land where peoples cry out for the leadership of the white man, it can be refreshing and novel to find independence. The Masai makes no distinction between the black man and the white. To him both are inferiors. It is impossible to get him to do any kind of work. He scorns money. He scorns any law but his own. (The government prudently didn't even try to draft him during the war.) He scorns the customs, manners, even the clothing of the white man, retaining his traditional scanty toga slung carelessly from one shoulder.

Other Tribes Fear the Masai

The Wakamba and all the other tribes of Kenya and Tanganyika have good reason to regard the Masai with trepidation. Some decades ago the Masai women became sterile, some say because of syphilis, some because of too much inbreeding. To preserve themselves, the *moran* took to raiding the neighboring tribes for wives. And to this day the mud and thatch huts of Wakamba families are built with very low roofs so that the surrounding bush will make them less conspicuous to wandering Masai.

Their dance is a representation of a lion kill, and during it their enthusiasm and frenzy invariably become extremely dangerous to themselves and to their audience. They leap incredible distances into the air, yelling and gesticulating. Every fifth or sixth leap they come down absolutely stiff-legged. Why their spines don't crack I could never discover.

Doc Johnson, our safari physician, told me these repeated jarring leaps may in some physiological way contribute to the frothing hysteria that is always the end result of Masai dances. Finally, they crouch behind their shields in a semikneeling position, and with a peculiar backward and forward quivering of their spears, they advance and retreat and advance on the imaginary lion —only in our case it was not a lion, but a camera with Bob Surtees behind it.

Our *ngoma* at Machakos lasted three days, but the Masai didn't. In the evening after the first day's shooting, we were told, things got pretty frenzied. First the Masai demanded (and got) three cows for bleeding. When they were glutted with blood and milk they started dancing again; and one thing led to another. By midnight the D. O. had safely (with three or four exceptions) locked all the Wakamba women in the Machakos schoolhouse. Then, cursing all movie companies and their ways, he had gone off to bed, too tired to care about the riot he was sure would ensue.

But for some reason, when morning came all 16 of the Masai, apparently fed up with movie careers, had disappeared into the bush.

Four months later we again had need of a small group of Masai. Bennett asked the D. O. if it would be possible to get the same ones, as they were such good types.

"Oh, no," the D.O. replied mildly, "at least not all of them. Since you were here, seven of them have been killed that we know of."

Three days after we had finished with the dancers at Machakos and dispatched them back toward their huts in the bush, we were driving toward another location some 20 miles away. Our African driver slowed down and pointed. There, under a tree by the side of the road, were a dozen of our Wakamba. They had a drum; they were still in their festive finery: and, as they made their leisurely way toward home, they were still dancing.

* * *

IN NOVEMBER we were camped 7,000 feet up on the slopes of Mount Kenya, surrounded by a rich and beautiful rain forest. It was our first experience of safari life under canvas. If there is a more pleasant life anywhere in the world, I have not run into it.

We took considerable pride in observing to one another that ours was the largest safari ever assembled in East Africa; though it had to be admitted the Aga Khan had beat us in the qualitative sense, for he had had porcelain sanitary facilities, whereas ours were of a much humbler variety. Even so, you could hardly say we were roughing it.

Safari outfitting is a big and competitive business in Nairobi. Yet when Metro announced that it intended keeping the King Solomon's Mines troupe under canvas for six weeks at Mount Kenya and later at Murchison Falls some 800 miles away (in such wildernesses, if you're not under canvas you're not under anything), there was only one company with enough equipment to handle the job.

Safariland, Ltd., under the direction of a bemonocled, ramrod-stiff retired colonel of His Majesty's Indian Army, undertook to house, feed, protect, instruct, wash and entertain 53 movie makers. To do it they hired four white hunters, 37 tents and 82 African servants, one of whom was my revered Sulemani. When life is organized for you like that there is nothing to do but relax and enjoy it.

While you sip early-morning tea, your boy (my Sulemani must have been at least sixty, but every African servant is a "boy" regardless) ties back the tent flaps and early sunlight probes tentatively into the tent which is your castle. The tent is large enough for your cot, your tin safari box (the voracious African ants make leather luggage impractical), a writing table and a toilet table. A flap over the tent proper adds a semicircular room at the back for your canvas bathtub and an airy porch at the front. And as you drowsily contemplate this elegance, it occurs to you that not the least of your blessings is that the boy cannot speak English and therefore cannot violate the luxury of a slow awakening with silly questions and early-morning chatter.

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By the time your feet are in your slippers he has filled two canvas basins on the porch, one with cold water and one with piping hot water. You have a leisurely shave, pausing now and again to have a look at the towering misty mountain above you or at Murchison Falls; or to contemplate a flatulent and happy hippo disporting himself in the Nile. Ablutions completed, you turn to find your complete wardrobe for the day selected and laid out for you. Only in extreme cases do you disagree with the selection. After years of study and service, the African prides himself on knowing the *bwana's* needs and tastes better than the *bwana* himself.

You stroll toward breakfast through the camp, the streets of which have by this time acquired such nostalgic names as "Wilshire Boulevard," "Sunset" and "Vine." You have your choice of two mess tents—"Romanoff's" or "The Brown Derby," and a choice of menus that rival those two illustrious prototypes. Your eggs and bacon are cooked, rather miraculously it always seemed to me, on heated rocks near or in huge log fires.

When breakfast is over, the sedans and safari wagons and trucks are standing by to take the troupe deeper into the jungle for the day's work. By your appointed vehicle will be waiting your boy to assure you that he has loaded your raincoat, chocolate, cameras and a book. And as the safari moves out he waves and grins, and says in Swahili, *"Mzuri picsha, bwana!"*

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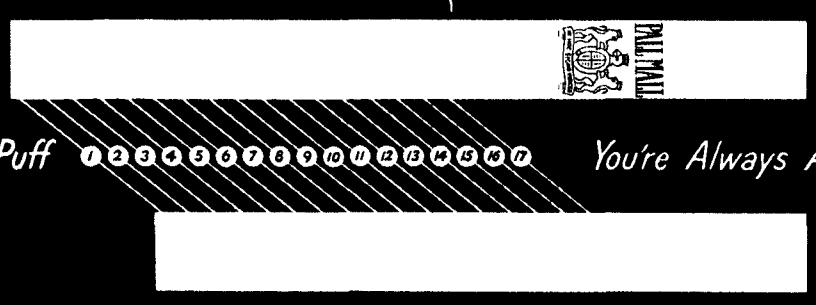

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Phipps to the Rescue

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

emperor who has sat up too late over the Falernian wine. With the best intentions in the world, police officials, hustling a man out of a night club into the wagon and subsequently thrusting him into a cell, tend to spoil his crease. Smedley's Palm Beach suit looked as if it had been slept in, as indeed it had. But, oddly for a man with a criminal record and the appearance of a tramp cyclist, he was not slinking into the room with a shamefaced slouch, but striding in boldly in quite a dominant manner. His chin was up—both his chins were up—and in his bloodshot eye there gleamed defiance. It was as though from some inner source he had obtained courage and resolution.

Adela flexed her muscles. "Well, Smedley?" she said.

"Well?" said Smedley.

"You rather had her there," said Jane.

Smedley blinked. He peered as if he found some difficulty in focusing his gaze. "Why, hello, Jane. I didn't see you. For some reason my eyes aren't at their best this morning. Floating spots. You look very yellow."

"It's your imagination," Jane said. "I'm really a pretty pink."

Adela, who had seated herself at the desk, rapped it imperiously. One felt that she would have preferred to have had a gavel, but, like Phipps when operating on a safe, she could do a lot with her fingertips.

"Never mind how Jane looks," she said. "I am waiting for an explanation."

Jane raised her eyebrows. "You feel that a man needs to explain why he stabbed a night-club master of ceremonies? Why shouldn't he? But I should like to know why you aren't in prison, Smedley. Phipps gave us to understand that you were in a dungeon with dripping walls, being gnawed by rats. What happened? Did the jailer's daughter smuggle you a file in a meat pie?"

"The judge let me off with a warning."

"You see," said Jane triumphantly. "The quality of mercy isn't in the least strained. Perhaps you'll believe me another time."

ADELA uttered the moan of a good woman calling on Heaven to witness her wrongs. Her voice shook and quivered as it would unquestionably have shaken and quivered in the days of her screen triumphs, had not her deeper emotions in that backward age had to be expressed in subtitles.

"The shame of it!" she cried. "The brother-in-law of Adela Shannon thrown into prison with all the riffraff of Los Angeles!"

Kay caught Jane's eye. "I suppose the society is a bit mixed in those prisons," Kay said.

"Everything very informal, I believe," said Jane.

"Please!" said Adela. She turned to the prisoner again. "Well, Smedley? I am still waiting for an explanation."

A curious writhing movement of the upper part of his body seemed to suggest that Smedley was trying to square his shoulders. "Certainly I have an explanation. A complete and satisfactory explanation. I was celebrating."

"Celebrating? Celebrating what?"

"The most amazing piece of good fortune that ever happened to a deserving man. I was telling Kay about it upstairs."

Kay nodded. "It's a real romance," she said. "It would make a good B picture."

Smedley swelled impressively. It was his moment. He was a man who as a rule found difficulty in getting himself listened to in the home circle. He had a fund of good stories, but Adela had a way of cutting them short in the opening stanzas. This was the first time in something like five years that he had actually been encouraged to hold the floor.

"Well, sir," he said, "it's like Kay was saying. It's a real romance. Yesterday evening I was out on the terrace, thinking of this and that, and suddenly my guardian angel whispered in my ear, 'Smedley, my boy, try the top of the wardrobe.' "

Adela closed her eyes. "I really cannot endure this much longer," she said.

"I, on the other hand," said Jane, "could listen forever. Proceed, Smedley. What wardrobe? Where?"

"The one in Adela's bedroom."

Adela started convulsively. Nor can she fairly be blamed for doing so. She was wondering if a woman's personal sleeping quarters had ever been so extensively invaded. First Phipps, and now Smedley. Was her bedroom her bedroom, she was asking herself, or was it the Grand Concourse?

She shot a basilisk glare at the speaker. "Have you been messing about in my room?"

"I went in there for a moment, yes. There was something I was trying to find."

Sudden enlightenment came upon Jane. "The diary?" she asked.

"Yup."

"Was it there?"

"Yup. Spang on top of the wardrobe."

"You've got it?"

"In my pocket," said Smedley.

Adela looked dangerous, exasperated by the mystic turn the conversation had taken. "What are you talking about? What diary? Whose diary?"

"Carmen Flores'," said Kay. "Uncle Smedley's been trying to find it for weeks."

Jane sighed. Hers was a feeling heart. "Alas, poor Phipps," she said. "What made you think of the top of the wardrobe, Smedley?"

"If a woman has anything to hide, that's where she puts it. Well-known fact. It's in all the detective stories."

Adela said bitterly, "You should know—a man wanted by the police."

"The police do not want me," Smedley said haughtily.

"I know just how they feel," said Adela perversely.

Smedley stiffened. "Adela, I resent that."

"Resent and be damned to you!" Adela said, her aristocratic veneer cracking.

"Mind your manners, Adela," said Jane. "This has put Smedley in a very different position from what he was this time yesterday."

"I don't know what you mean."

"It's very simple."

Joe Davenport wandered in at this tense moment. He had seen his room, heard in pitiless detail the story of how Lord Topham had broken a hundred that morning, and he was now planning to go out into the garden and commune with nature again, not that he expected to derive any solace from doing so. He was still in the depths. Listlessly he observed that the Garden Room seemed to have become the center of a conference, but he paid its occupants only slight attention and was making for the French window, when Jane's powerful voice halted him in his tracks.

"Yesterday Smedley was not in possession of the diary of the late Carmen Flores. Today he is. There isn't a studio in Hollywood that won't pay through the nose for it."

Smedley corroborated this. "I was on the phone to Colossal-Exquisite last night. They say they'll give fifty thousand."

"Fifty thousand!" gasped Adela. She rose slowly to her feet. "You mean that they—You mean fifty thousand *dollars?*"

"Fifty thousand dollars," said Smedley.

Joe tottered to the sofa and collapsed on it. His head was spinning. It seemed to him that an unseen orchestra had begun to play soft music in the Garden Room.

"Have you closed with the offer?" asked Jane.

"No. I'm waiting till all the bids are in. I'm expecting big things from Medulla-Oblongata-Glutz." Smedley took the diary from his pocket, and gazed at it reverently. "Isn't it astounding that a small book like this should be worth fifty grand!"

"It must be red-hot stuff. Have you read any of it?" Jane asked.

"I can't. It's in Spanish."

"Too bad."

"Quite all right," said Smedley, quick to point out the bright side. "One of the gardeners at the Lulabelle Mahaffy place down the road is a Mexican. I'm going to take it around to him and have him translate it."

On Adela during these exchanges there had descended a curious calm. It was as if she had been thinking and had been rewarded with an idea whose effects had been to still the tumult within her. Her fingers were twitching a little, but her voice, when she spoke, was quiet and unusually amiable.

"I picked up a little Spanish when I made that personal good-will tour in South America," she said. "I might be able to help you. May I look?"

"Sure," said Smedley cordially. Speak civilly to Smedley Cork and he would speak civilly to you. "There's an entry for the twenty-first of April that I'd like to have translated. It's got six exclamation marks against it in the margin."

He gave Adela the book. Her fingers, as she took it, were twitching more noticeably than ever. She started for the door, and Smedley, suddenly filled with a nameless fear, gave tongue.

"Hey! Where are you off to?"

Adela turned. "A thing as valuable as this ought not to be left lying about. I will put it in the safe in the projection room."

"You will not. I want it on my person."

Adela unmasked her batteries. "Well, you aren't going to have it on your person," she said crisply. "For five years, Smedley, you have been living on me, and it is high time you made some contribution to the household expenses. This is it."

"But—but—"

"This is it," said Adela. "Fifty thousand dollars. A very nice first installment. And, Jane," she said, changing the subject, "will you kindly go and take off those damned dungarees. You look like a ragpicker."

THE slam of the closing door was drowned by the cry, resembling the howl of some bereaved beast in a jungle, that broke from Smedley's lips. His eyes seemed to protrude from their sockets, and a third chin had been added to his normal two by the limp sagging of his jaw.

"My God!" said Jane. "Hijacked!"

Smedley had joined Joe on the sofa. "In broad daylight!" he moaned incredulously.

"No wonder that woman rose to impressive heights on the silent screen," Jane said.

"But she can't do this!" cried Joe.

Jane crossed the room with a firm step and touched the bell. She was not one of your weak, fluttering women who waste precious time in lamentations.

The ringing of that bell was the bugle call which would bring Phipps hurrying to the front line, and it was on Phipps that she was relying to snatch victory out of defeat. If something valuable has been wrested from you and deposited in a safe and you have at your call a butler who has taken twenty lessons in the art of opening safes, it is mere common sense to avail yourself of his skill.

Smedley was still vibrating. He raised his hands in a passionate gesture. "I'll write to Walter Winchell."

"No need to get excited," said Jane. "Absolutely not, as Lord Topham would say. Ah, Phipps."

The butler had manifested himself silently in the doorway. "You rang, madam?"

"Yes. Come in. Phipps," said Jane, "I'm afraid the moment has arrived when we must cease to hide your light beneath a bushel."

"Madam?"

"Smedley, have you ever served on a jury?"

So far as an English butler can quiver, Phipps quivered. He gave Jane a startled look. "Madam, please!"

Jane ignored the interruption. "I was on one some little time ago," she said. "The one that sent Phipps here up the river for three years."

"Madam, you promised—"

"And do you know what he had done to earn that three years sojourn in the coop? Do you know what he got his scholarship at Sing Sing for? Safeblowing."

If she had anticipated a stunned reaction to her words, she was not disappointed. Smedley stopped blowing invisible bubbles and stared dumbly at the butler. Kay gave a sharp squeak and stared dumbly at the butler. Joe said, "What!" He, too, stared dumbly at the butler. Phipps stared dumbly at Jane. Not even Julius Caesar, receiving Brutus' dagger thrust, could have packed

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more pain and disappointment into a glance. Those reproachful eyes made Jane feel that something in the nature of an apology was in order.

"I'm sorry, Phipps," she said, "but this is military necessity."

Smedley found speech.

"You mean," he said, marveling, "that Phipps was a safeblower?"

"And a darned good one, too. He blew a beautiful safe."

"Then—"

"Exactly. That is why I brought up the subject. Phipps, we've got a job for you."

Though far from having recovered completely from one of the worst shocks of his life, the butler was sufficiently himself again to be able to speak.

"Madam?"

"We want you to open Mrs. Cork's safe. The one in the projection room."

"But, madam, I have retired."

"Then this is where you make a comeback."

Icy resolution descended upon Phipps. It was those operative words "Mrs. Cork's safe" that steeled him to resist to the uttermost this call upon his services. As Lyly so neatly put it in his Euphues, the burnt child dreadeth the fire, and a butler who has twice been caught by Mrs. Cork hunting for diaries in her bedroom does not lightly undertake the even more perilous task of burgling safes belonging to a woman of her intimidating personality.

"No, madam," he said respectfully but firmly.

"Ah, come on. Service and co-operation."

"No, madam."

"Think well, Phipps. Are you prepared to stand before the bar of world opinion as a man who refused to bust a safe to oblige an old friend?"

"Yes, madam."

"I should have mentioned at the outset," said Jane, "that your cut will be five thousand dollars."

Phipps started. His iron front began to waver. His eyes, which had been hard and uncompromising, softened, and there came into them the gleam which always comes into the eyes of butlers when they see an opportunity of making quick money.

"That is a lot of money, madam," he said, impressed.

"It's a hell of a lot of money," said Smedley, thoroughly concurring.

Jane checked this parsimonious trend of thought with an impatient gesture. How like Smedley, she felt, to haggle at a time like this. "Customary agent's commission of ten per cent," she said. "We shouldn't be tightwads. Five thousand of the best, Phipps."

"Five thousand," murmured the butler. "Are you with us?"

"Yes, madam."

A GENERAL sense of relaxation came over those present, such as occurs at a theatrical conference when the man with the money has been induced to sign on the dotted line.

"Good," said Jane. "Well, here's the story outline: Last night Mr. Smedley found that diary."

Phipps made a stricken sound.

Jane patted his shoulder tenderly. "I know how you feel. But there it is. Mr. Smedley found the diary last night, and this morning Mrs. Cork swiped it from him and put it in the safe in the projection room. Will you reswipe it for us?"

That vision of Adela creeping up behind him flashed once more before the butler's eyes. A momentary shudder, and he was strong again. "For five thousand dollars, yes, madam."

"Fine. Then we will meet at Philippi—or, rather, here—tonight. Say at one o'clock in the morning."

"One o'clock in the morning. Very good, madam. Will that be all, madam?"

"That will be all."

"Thank you, madam."

"Thank *you*, Phipps."

"Jane," cried Smedley, "you're a marvel! What a brain, what a brain!"

"You can always trust me, boys," said Jane. "The Old Master."

Adela came in. She was wearing the contented air of a woman who has just locked the door of her personal safe on a diary valued at a minimum of fifty thousand dollars. Then her eyes flashed with all their old fire.

"Jane!" she cried. "Those dungarees! Are you aware that Mr. Glutz's car is coming up the drive?"

"Sorry," said Jane. "I was thinking of other things. I will rush up immediately and gown myself in some clinging material which will accentuate rather than hide my many charms."

"Well, be quick."

"Forked lightning, my dear Adela, forked lightning."

SMEDLEY CORK, first of the little group of Phipps's admirers and supporters to arrive at the tryst, stood at the open French window of the Garden Room, staring into the night with unseeing eyes. From somewhere outside the closed door there came the *ping* of a clock striking one, and he heard it with a feeling of amazement. Only one o'clock? He could scarcely believe it. For though in actual fact not more than five minutes had elapsed since he had crept furtively down the stairs and come to the meeting place, it seemed to him that he had been waiting there for weeks. He was faintly surprised that he had not put out tendrils, like a Virginia creeper.

Strained nerves play these tricks on us, and Smedley's nerves were strained at the moment to their uttermost. Reason told him that it was improbable that his sister-in-law, a woman who was fond of her sleep, would take it into her head to roam the house at this hour, but the hideous possibility of such a disaster had not failed to present itself to his shrinking mind, and the native hue of resolution on his twin-chinned face was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. As he stood there waiting for zero hour, his substantial frame twitched and quivered and rippled, as if he were a nautch dancer.

The door opened noiselessly, and Jane came in. She was in her customary excellent spirits. Others might view with concern the shape of things to come, but not Jane Shannon. She was looking forward with bright enthusiasm to a pleasant and instructive evening.

"Hello, there, Smedley," she boomed in her breezy, genial way, and Smedley leaped. "I wish you wouldn't bellow at a fellow suddenly like that, Jane," he said aggrievedly, having descended to terra firma. He was panting heavily and not feeling at all easy about his blood pressure. "If anyone had told me that an old friend like you would come and sneak up behind a man at a time like this and yell in his ear without the slightest preliminary warning, I wouldn't have believed it."

"Sorry, old sport."

"Too late to be sorry now," said Smedley moodily. "You made me bite my tongue off at the roots. Where's Phipps?"

"He'll be here."

"It's past one."

"Only just," said Jane. She joined him at the window and gazed out on the night. "What were you doing? Admiring the stars? A fine display. Look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patinas of bright gold. I'll tell you something about those stars, Smedley. There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest, but in his motion like an angel sings, still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubim. Worth knowing, that. Stop fluttering like a butterfly in a storm. What's the matter with you? Nervous?"

"I'm all of a twitter."

"Too bad. Ah, Joe," said Jane, as the door opened again. "Come in and help me hold Smedley's hand. He's got the heebie jeebies."

Joe regarded the sufferer with a sympathetic eye. He, too, was not wholly free from that distressing malady. He was conscious of an unpleasant sensation of having

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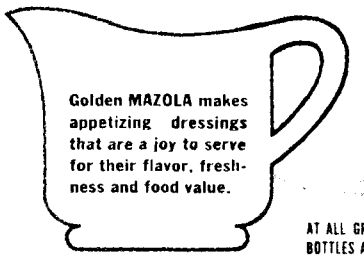

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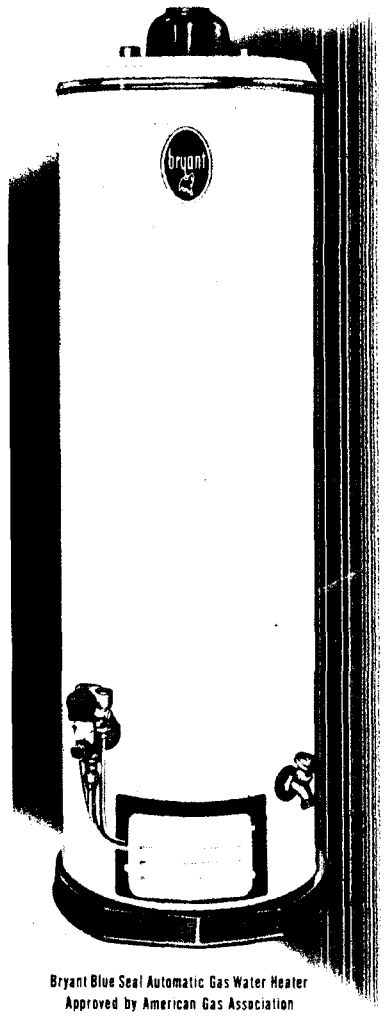

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been plunged into the middle of a B picture of the more violent type, and this was making him gulp a good deal. To him, as to Smedley, there had come the thought that they might at any moment be joined by his formidable hostess, and it was not an agreeable reflection. He had conceived a wholesome awe of the ex-Empress of Stormy Emotion. Running over in his mind the women of his acquaintance who could legitimately be classed as dangerous specimens whose bite spelled death, he was inclined to place Adela Shannon Cork at the very top of the list. She had that certain something that the others had not got.

"Where's Phipps?" he asked, having swallowed a little painfully, for something—possibly his heart—seemed to be obstructing his throat.

"He's coming," said Jane. "The hour will produce the man."

Smedley whinnied like a frightened horse. "But it hasn't produced the man, damn it. Here it is past one and not a sign of him. You keep saying he's coming, but he doesn't come. I'm going up to his room, to see if he's there. I shall probably find him curled up in bed, fast asleep."

PUFFING emotionally, he hurried from the room, and Jane clicked her tongue disapprovingly, like a Spartan mother who had expected better things of a favorite son.

"Smedley gets so agitated."

"I don't blame him," said Joe. "I'm agitated myself."

Jane snorted scornfully.

"You men! Just neurotic wrecks, all of you. No *sang-froid.*"

"All right, I lack *sang-froid* and I'm a neurotic wreck. But I repeat that I am agitated. That's my story and I stick to it. My feet are chilly, and there's something with long hairy legs running up and down my spine. Suppose this ghastly butler doesn't show up?"

"He'll show up."

"Well, suppose he can't open the safe?"

To Jane, who with eleven other good men and women true had sat for several days in a jury box while the absent man's capabilities were expatiated on by an eloquent district attorney, who made a capital story out of it, the question was a laughable one.

"Of course he can open the safe. He's an expert. You should have read what the papers said of him at the time of the trial. He got rave notices."

Joe became calmer. "He did?"

"He certainly did."

"He has your confidence?"

"Implicit."

Joe expelled a deep breath.

"Jane, you put heart into me."

"That's good."

"I suppose it's because one doesn't associate a butler with safeblowing that I was doubtful for a moment. But if he carries your guarantee, that's a different matter. I feel now that prosperity is just around the corner."

Joe paused and then abruptly changed the subject. "Jane, you know all about women, I take it?"

"I've met a couple."

"Women like money. Right?"

"Right."

"And they like a man who does things. A man, I mean, who is what the French call an om sayrioo. Right?"

"Right."

"So if Phipps gets that diary and Smedley gives us our twenty thousand and I become a plutocratic partner in a flourishing firm of authors' representatives, it's going to make a whale of a lot of difference, don't you think? With Kay, I mean. She'll feel a new respect for me."

"She will probably throw herself on your chest and cry, 'My hero!' "

"Exactly. Something more or less along those lines is what I'm budgeting for. But we need Phipps."

"We do."

"Without Phipps we can accomplish nothing constructive."

"Nothing."

"Then what it all boils down to is: Where the hell is Phipps? Ah!" said Joe, breaking off and uttering the ejaculation with satisfaction and relief. The door was opening again.

It was, however, not the missing man but Kay who came in. She was looking charming in pajamas, mules and a dressing gown, and at any other time Joe's heart would have leaped. Now he merely stared at her bleakly, as if by failing to be a butler with a gift for blowing safes she had disappointed him.

"You!" he said.

"Come aboard, sir," said Kay. "Where's Phipps?"

Jane's manner, too, was austere.

"I thought I told you to go to bed."

"Please, sergeant, I got up."

"Well, you're a naughty girl and will probably come to a bad end, but now you're here, you can make yourself useful. You can be cutting sandwiches."

"You can't want sandwiches after that enormous dinner."

"I always want sandwiches," said Jane. Her momentary annoyance had vanished. She scrutinized Kay critically. "An attractive little cheesemite, isn't she, Joe? Get those eyes."

"I've got 'em."

"Thank you, Jane. I'm glad you think I have nice eyes."

Joe could not pass this. The first agony of seeing somebody who was not Phipps coming in at the door had abated, and he was able to take in those pajamas, that dressing gown and the mules. The wistful thought came to him that, if he and Kay had a little home, this was how she would look in it of an evening.

"Nice!" he said. "What an adjective!"

"What Joe means," explained Jane, "is that with your limited vocabulary you have failed to spike the *mot juste.* In analyzing your appearance, he feels, we must not be satisfied with the first weak word that comes along. We must pull up our socks and dredge the Thesaurus. You probably consider, Joe, that those eyes of hers are more like twin stars than anything?"

"Twin stars is nearer it. You're on the right lines."

"And her brow? Alabaster?"

"I'll accept alabaster."

Kay took a seat, kicked off one of the mules and tried unsuccessfully to catch it on her toe. "If you two have quite finished discussing me—" she said.

"Finished?" said Jane. "Why, we've scarcely begun. We've barely scratched the surface. I like her bone structure, Joe. She has small, delicate bones."

Joe endorsed this. "That was the first thing I noticed about her the day we met, her small, delicate bones. 'Gosh!' I said to myself. 'This girl's got small, delicate bones.' "

"And what happened then?" asked Kay.

"His heart stood still," said Jane. "I should have mentioned that when Joe was a boy, he promised his mother he would never marry a girl who didn't have small, delicate bones. Well, Smedley? Did you find him curled up in bed?"

SMEDLEY had come puffing in, more agitated than ever. "Not a sign of him. He's not in his room. What can have happened to the fellow?" He broke off, leaping in the old familiar way, his eyes protruding from their sockets. "What's that?"

"What's what?"

"I heard something. Outside there."

"Be calm, Smedley," said Jane. "It's probably Phipps. I'll bet it's Phipps. I think it's Phipps. It *is* Phipps," she concluded, as a dignified figure detached itself from the darkness outside the French windows. "Good evening, Phipps."

"Good evening, madam," said the butler.

With the arrival of the star performer, the spearhead of the movement, and, if one may so describe him, the pilot on whom they were counting to weather the storm, a general feeling of relief and relaxation spread itself among the other members of the expeditionary force. Smedley grunted.

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So did Joe. Kay smiled a welcoming smile. And Jane, as if lost to all sense of what was fitting, went so far as to pat the man on the shoulder. Dressed in what appeared to be his Sunday best, his gaze calm and steady, he seemed so competent, so reliable, so obviously capable of conducting to a successful conclusion any task to which he set the hand holding the derby hat without which no English butler stirs abroad.

"Well-met by moonlight, proud Phipps," said Jane. "We thought you were never coming."

"I am a little late, I fear, madam. I was detained. I am sorry."

"Not at all. But I admit that we had begun to be somewhat anxious. What detained you?"

"I was in conference with Mr. Glutz, madam."

Smedley's eyes, which had returned to their sockets, popped out again.

"Mr. who?"

"Glutz, sir. Of Medulla-Oblongata-Glutz. The gentleman who was with us for luncheon today. He sent for me to discuss details of my contract."

"Your *what?*"

The butler placed his derby hat on the desk, carefully and a little formally, like royalty laying a foundation stone.

"My contract, sir. If I might explain. I had withdrawn to my pantry at the conclusion of the midday meal, and Mr. Glutz presented himself there and after a few courteous preliminaries opened negotiations with a view to my playing butler roles in his organization."

"Good Lord," said Smedley.

"Yes, sir. I must confess to having experienced a slight feeling of surprise myself when I heard him formulate his proposition. Indeed, I fancied for a moment that this was a mere passing pleasantry on the gentleman's part—what is known in my native country as a bit of spoof and in the United States of Northern America as ribbing. But I soon perceived that he was in earnest. Apparently he had been greatly impressed by my deportment at the luncheon table."

"I don't wonder," said Jane. "You were right in midseason form. It was buttling plus."

"Thank you, madam. One desires to give satisfaction. Mr. Glutz expressed much the same opinion. He appeared to feel that if talents like mine—artistry like mine, he was kind enough to say—were transferred to the silver screen, nothing but good could result. He then made me the offer to which I have referred, and I accepted it."

He ceased, walked to the derby hat, lovingly flicked a speck of dust off it, and returned to the statuesque pose which he was wont to assume at mealtimes, looking as if he were about to have his portrait painted by an artist who specialized in butlers. On his audience an awed silence had descended. It is always impressive to be present at the birth of a star.

"Well, well," said Smedley.

"Fancy!" said Kay.

"So now you're in pix," said Joe.

"Yes, sir."

"Extraordinary how everybody in Hollywood wants to get into pix," said Jane.

"Yes, madam. The aspiration would appear to be universal."

Jane said it was something in the air.

RECOVERING from his first reactions to the sensational news item, Smedley Cork became peevish and fussy again. "But why on earth had you got to see him at this time of night?" he demanded, not perhaps unreasonably. "One o'clock in the morning. Good God!"

A well-trained butler's eyebrows never rise, but Phipps's flickered as if on the verge of an upward movement, and in his voice, as he replied, there was the merest hint of rebuke. "My domestic duties would not allow me to leave the house before eleven thirty sir, and Mr. Glutz was insistent that the negotiations be completed without delay. I took the view that his wish was law."

It was an attitude that had Jane's approval. "Quite right. Always keep in with the boss, however much he looks like a lobster. Mr. Glutz does look like a lobster, doesn't he?"

"There is perhaps a resemblance to the crustacean you mention, madam."

"Though what does that matter, provided his heart is in the right place?"

"Precisely, madam."

"People have told me that I look like a German boxer."

"A most attractive boxer, madam."

"Nice of you to say so, Phipps. Has he given you a good contract?"

"Highly satisfactory, thank you, madam."

"Watch those options."

"Yes, madam."

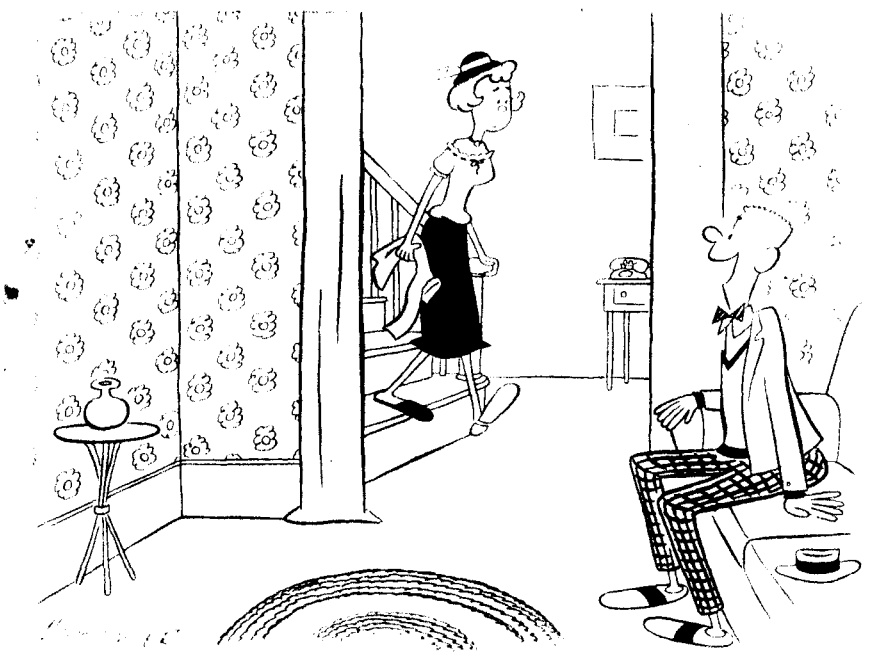
"Well, I shall follow your future career with considerable interest."

"Thank you, madam. I shall endeavor to give satisfaction."

Smedley, who had a one-track mind, struck the practical note. "Well, now you're here, let's get to work. We've wasted half the night."

"It won't take long," Jane assured him, "if Phipps is the man he used to be. Eh, Phipps?"

The butler seemed to hesitate. He looked like a butler about to break bad news. "I am sorry, madam," he said apologetically, "but I fear I have a slight disappointment for you. I have come to inform you—re-



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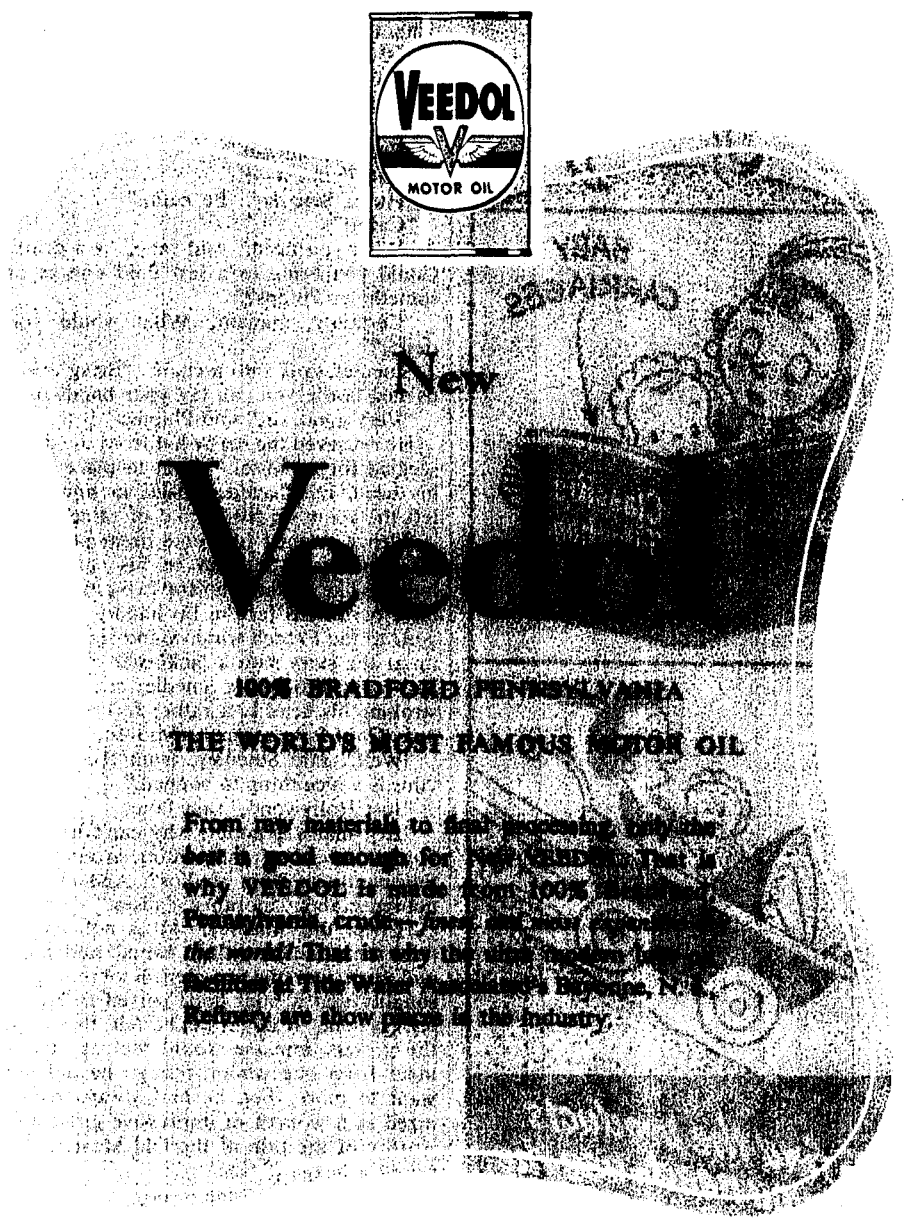

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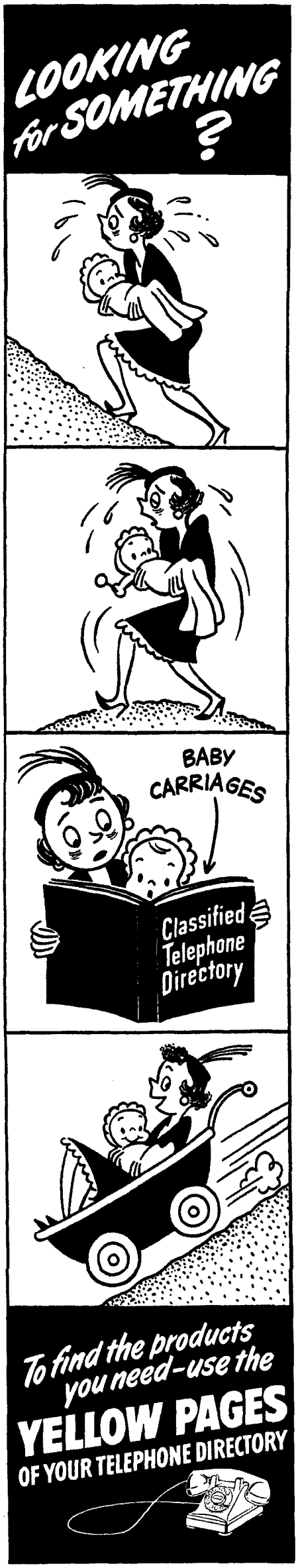

gretfully—that I am unable to undertake the desired task."

If he had expected to make a sensation, he was not disappointed.

"What!" cried Joe.

"Oh, Phipps!" cried Kay.

"Not undertake it?" bleated Smedley. "What do you mean?"

It was plain that the spearhead of the movement was embarrassed. He departed from his impassivity to the extent of shuffling a foot on the carpet and twiddling his fingers. Then his eyes fell on the derby hat, and he seemed to draw strength from it.

"This unforeseen development has naturally effected a considerable alteration in my plans, sir. As an artist in the employ of Medulla-Oblongata-Glutz, I cannot run the risk of being discovered opening safes. There is a morality clause in my contract."

"A *what?*"

"Morality clause, sir. Para Six."

Smedley exploded. His blood pressure had now reached unprecedented heights. "I never heard such infernal nonsense."

"I am sorry, sir. But I fear I cannot recede from my position."

"But think of that five thousand."

"A trivial sum, sir. We motion-picture actors regard five thousand dollars as the merest small change."

"Don't talk like that," cried Smedley, shocked to the core. "It—it's blasphemous."

PHIPPS turned to Jane, in whom he seemed to see a levelheaded ally and supporter.

"I am sure *you* will understand that I cannot jeopardize my contract, madam."

"Of course not. Your Art comes first."

"Precisely, madam."

"You've signed on the dotted line, and you must stay signed."

"Exactly, madam."

"But, damn it—"

"Hush, Smedley. Be calm."

"Calm!"

"What you need," said Jane, "is a drink. Could you bring us a few fluid ounces of something, Phipps?"

"Certainly, madam. What would you desire?"

Smedley sank into a chair. "Bring every darned bottle you can lay your hands on!"

"Very good, sir," said Phipps.

He retrieved the derby hat from the desk, seemed for an instant about to place it on his head, recollected himself in time and left the room on his errand of mercy.

Silence reigned for some moments after his departure. Smedley in his chair was looking like a man who for two pins would have buried his face in his hands. Joe had gone to the French window and was staring up at the stars with a lackluster eye. Kay had crossed to where Smedley sat and was stroking his head in a rather feverish manner. Only Jane seemed unmoved.

"Well," said Smedley, from the depths, "this is a nice thing to happen."

"Just Hollywood," said Jane.

"If a man's a butler, why can't he *be* a butler, instead of gallivanting around getting contracts from studios? And all this nonsense about morality clauses."

"Cheer up, Smedley. All is not lost. I have the situation well in hand," said Jane, and such was the magnetism of her personality that a faint hope stirred in Smedley's bosom. It might be, he felt, that even the present impasse would yield to treatment from one whom, though he did not want to marry her, he had always recognized as a woman of impressive gifts, well worthy of the title of the Old Master. He raised a haggard face.

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to have a drink."

Joe, at the window, barked bitterly like the seal to which Kay had once compared him. "Fine," he said. "Splendid. You're going to have a drink, are you? That has taken a great weight off my mind. I was worrying myself sick, wondering if you were going to have a drink."

"And having had it," proceeded Jane equably, "I shall press one on Phipps. When he comes back, I propose to ply him with strong liquor and—after his calm judgment has been sufficiently unbalanced—taunt him."

"Taunt him?"

"What do you mean, taunt him?" asked Smedley, puzzled but still hopeful.

"Sting his professional pride with a few sneers. Scoff and mock at him for having lost his grip. It ought to work. Phipps, you must remember, till he saw the light, was a very eminent safeblower, and you can't be an eminent safeblower without being a sensitive artist, proud of your skill and resentful of criticism. Imagine how Shakespeare would have felt if, after he had retired to Stratford, somebody had come along and congratulated him on having got out of the theater game just in time, because it was obvious to everyone that he had been slipping."

The door opened, and Phipps came in, swaying slightly under the weight of an enormous tray filled with bottles and glasses. He placed it on the desk.

"I have made a wide selection, madam," he said.

"You certainly have," said Jane. "Start pouring, Joe."

"Right," Joe agreed, becoming busy. "Champagne, Jane?"

"Just a drop, perhaps. I often say that there's nothing like a little something at this time of night to pick you up. Thank you, Joe, but you haven't got yours, Phipps."

"Nothing for me, thank you, madam."

"Oh, come. We must drink success to your new venture. You are embarking on a career which is going to make you loved, worshiped, idolized by the prince in his palace, the peasant in his cot, the explorer in the jungle and the Eskimo in his frozen igloo, and your launching must be celebrated with fitting rites. Properly speaking, we ought to break a bottle over your head."

"Well, a very mild one, madam. I have always been somewhat susceptible to the effects of alcohol. It was that that led to me being on trial on the occasion when you were a member of the jury, madam."

"Really?"

"Yes, madam. The constables would never have apprehended me if I had not been under the influence."

"Of course, yes, I remember. It came out in the evidence, didn't it? Your employer heard noises in the night, tracked them down to the library, where his safe was, and there you were, lying back in a chair with your feet on the table and a bottle in your hand, singing Sweet Adeline."

"Precisely, madam. It rendered me conspicuous."

DURING these exchanges, Jane, her massive form interposed between the butler and the desk, had been selecting with almost loving care one bottle after another and blending their contents in a large tumbler. It was liquid dynamite that she was concocting, but her words, as she handed him the mixture, were reassuring.

"Try this for size," said Jane. "I think you'll like it. I call it the Jane Shannon Special. Mild—practically a soft drink—but refreshing."

"Thank you, madam," said Phipps, accepting the glass and raising it to his lips. He sipped tentatively, then more deeply, finally drained the bumper with evident relish.

"How was it?" asked Jane.

"Extremely good, madam."

"Will you have another?"

"I believe I will, madam."

Jane took the glass from him and put a second Jane Shannon Special in preparation. "Tell me about yourself, Phipps," she said, chatting as she mixed. "Our paths parted after that trial. I, so to speak, took the high road and you took the low road. Let us pick up the threads. What happened after you graduated from Sing Sing?"

"I secured a position as a butler once more. Thank you, madam," said Phipps, taking the glass.

"No difficulty about getting signed up?"

"Oh, no, madam. I had a number of excellent references from employers in England, and I came to California, affecting to be a newly arrived immigrant. Ladies and gentlemen in California rarely read the New York papers, I have found. And, after all, three years had passed since my unpleasant experience. I suffered no inconvenience whatsoever."

"And how about the old lifework?"

"Madam?"

"Did you continue to pass the potatoes with one hand and blow safes with the other?"

"Oh, no, madam."

"Just buttled?"

"Precisely, madam."

"So it's about four years since you did a job?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then no wonder you've lost your nerve," said Jane.

THE butler started. A dull flush spread itself over his face, deepening the color already implanted there by the Jane Shannon Specials.

"Madam?" he said.

Jane was friendly, but frank. "Oh, you can't fool us, Phipps. That was a good story of yours about your morality clause, but we see through it." She turned to Joe. "Right?"

"Right," said Joe.

"It's perfectly plain that after your long layoff you realized that you were no longer the man you had been. You had lost your grip, and you knew it." She turned to Kay. "Right?"

"Right," said Kay.

"Listen," said Phipps.

He spoke harshly and in a manner quite lacking in his customary smooth deference. His voice had taken on a novel roughness. His head, as he had said, had never been strong, and there had been that in the beverage assembled by his hostess which might have roughened the voice of a seasoned toper. It was as though the butler in him had fallen from him like a garment, revealing the natural man beneath. That his vanity had been deeply wounded was plainly to be seen.

"Oh, don't think we're blaming you," said Jane. "Some people might say you were yellow—"

"*Yellow?*"

"—but that's all nonsense. You aren't yellow—you're just prudent. You know when a thing is beyond your powers and you decline to take it on. We respect you for it. We applaud your good sense. Right?"

"Right," said Joe.

Phipps scowled darkly. His eyes were hard and hostile. "You think I'm scared to bust that pete upstairs?"

"It seems the reasonable explanation. And I don't wonder. It's a tough job."

"Tough? A lousy little home pete? Listen. I've busted banks."

"You mean piggy banks?"

"No, I don't mean piggy banks. I'll show you," said Phipps, and started for the door. "I'll show you," he repeated, his hand on the handle.

"But where are your tools?" asked Smedley.

"He doesn't need tools," said Jane. "He does it all with his fingertips, like Jimmy Valentine. He is a most gifted artist—or, rather, was."

"*Was?*" cried Phipps. He wrenched the door open. "Come on. Let's go."

"I'll come with you," said Smedley, entranced.

"So will I," said Joe. "And in case you feel faint—"

He took up the tray and added himself to the procession. Jane closed the door behind them and came back to Kay, who was regarding her with the light of admiration and respect in her eyes. It was a light that often came into the eyes of those privileged to observe the Old Master when at her best.

"So that's that," said Jane. "Amazing what you can do with tact. And now that we are alone, my girl, sit down and listen to me, because I've a bone to pick with you. What's all this I hear about you and Joe?"

(To be continued next week)

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They Never Told Me This About Betsy Ross

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

by one of Ben Franklin's sons. After the ceremony the newlyweds went home to Philadelphia—to separate homes, that is. Betsy returned to her family, John to his. They were going to make this a secret marriage. That, however, was only what they *thought*.

Within six months the gossips' tongues were wagging, and it was impossible to keep the secret any longer. As soon as he heard about the elopement Betsy's father showed her the door, saying no daughter of his could marry an Episcopalian and expect his blessing. The Friends' Meeting then put her on trial for conduct unbecoming a Quakeress. Betsy didn't care enough to show up; the Quakers expelled her, *in absentia*.

So far as we know now, Betsy and John found this no cause for tears. They quit their apprentices' jobs and took a house on Philadelphia's Mulberry Street (now it's called Arch), where they opened their own upholstery business. And if the Quakers didn't want her, the Episcopalians did. As communicants of Old Christ Church, Betsy and John met Washington, Franklin and the other colonial leaders. They knew her as a friend and sympathizer who would do anything—even in Tory-ridden Philadelphia—to help the Revolution. Her husband was in the same groove, and when trouble neared he signed as a guard for one of the colonists' ammunition dumps. That dump made Betsy a widow, for when it accidentally exploded, Ross was killed.

The General Orders a Flag

Forced to make a living on her own, Betsy kept the upholstery shop going, and it was only a matter of time before Washington, knowing she'd given a husband to the Revolution, asked her to make a flag for the new government.

On June 15, 1777, Betsy married a sea captain named Joseph Ashburn. Ashburn was the beau she'd jilted to marry Ross. He'd gone to sea and become the captain of a "privateer"—an armed merchantman licensed to harass and if possible capture British ships.

Returning from a voyage, he found Betsy a widow and paid court to her once more. This time she accepted.

When he went back to sea again he arranged for her to get an allowance, but even so she kept her shop going. Strangely enough, the fame she won by making flags never boosted her business; neither did she try to exploit her feat commercially. She simply went her quiet way, making flags for the government and for merchantmen. That winter she showed her courage by joining other patriotic Philadelphians in sneaking through the British lines around Valley Forge to bring food "and other cheer" to Washington's starving and homesick troops. Always, she had the looks, the humor and the spirit to inspire men.

Husband in British Prison

Her captain-husband was home enough to father her first two children, both girls. But one of his voyages ended in tragedy: the British captured him and put him in a prison near Plymouth, England. Taken ill in his cell, he realized he was dying. He took out his watch, his diary and his ship's log, gave them to his cellmate—a Marine lieutenant named John Claypoole—and pleaded, "Give these to my wife Betsy in Philadelphia—if you ever get there." Then he died.

Later freed in an exchange of prisoners, Claypoole went back to Philadelphia to look up Betsy. He found her a woman of thirty, beautiful, curvaceous, still romantic. He stayed around to woo—and to wed.

Betsy and Claypoole had a rich and productive life. A career woman to the end, she took him in as a partner and the firm continued making flags. Together, they joined a drive to establish a "Free Quakers" movement in Philadelphia, for such as Betsy, who felt she'd been treated unjustly by her sect. They had five children—all daughters. Claypoole died early in the nineteenth century, but Betsy lived on to eighty-four, time enough to see her seven daughters spurn her career role in favor of being homebodies. But Betsy never lost her spirit and her fire; when she died in 1836 her family still called her: "Betsy—a wonderful old woman." THE END

"Sometimes they're a little silly but I've complied with them all. Jumped in a lake, held my breath, flew a kite, soaked my head—"

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Roman Candles and Double-Headers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

That night Natale sat at the supper table and didn't eat, just out of spite and anger. Of course, being Friday, it was nothing special that Mama served: plain *minestra*, a sort of spinach soup.

"Eat," Mama said to Natale.

"I ain't hungry."

"Eat," Papa said.

"I won't eat, not till you give me a quarter!"

Papa didn't say anything.

"I'll starve myself and die!"

My two sisters, Concetta and Amelia, snickered behind their spoons. Being girls, the Fourth of July wasn't much of a holiday for them, because they paid no more attention to firecrackers than they did to baseball. They might just as well have been greenhorns, like my grandfather, Nonno.

"You'll see," Natale warned my sisters, "I'm gonna get runned over by a trolley car!"

I laughed.

"Go ahead and laugh," he said to me. "You'll see. I'm gonna jump on the third rail!"

Mama laughed.

"I'm gonna get drownded!"

Nonno laughed.

"I'm gonna kill myself!"

"Eat first," Papa said, and everybody had to laugh.

WHEN I woke up the next morning, Natale was already out of bed. I went to the bedroom window and looked out. It was one of those ideal Fourth of July double-header kind of days, the sun yellow and warm and the sky all blue and washed-looking. But it wasn't *really* a double-header. The Robins were playing the Giants a morning game and an afternoon game, which to me was no more of a double-header than two single games, because you had to buy two tickets to see both games. As far as I was concerned, it was a gyp. For my money, if I had fifty cents for a bleacher seat, I would just as soon go the next day, Sunday, when they were playing a legitimate double-header, where you'd get to see two games for the price of one.

"Joey, gettupa!" It was Mama calling me.

I dressed and went into the kitchen. Only my two sisters and Nonno were there sitting around the table and watching Mama film the bottom of the frying pan for the scrambled eggs.

"Where's Natale?" I asked Mama.

"He's drink his milk and go out," said Mama.

Papa's longshoremen hooks weren't hanging on the nails in the door. "Where's Papa?"

"He's no come home yet," Mama said, beating the eggs in a deep *minestra* plate. "He's must work today, *grazieme Dio!*"

Thank God, is right! Maybe now I might at least get a dime to go to the show tomorrow.

After breakfast I went down to see if Petey Curcio or Dominick Bianchi were around and the first kid I met was Tony Lupo, Natale's side-kick, bouncing a rubber-band ball against the porch.

"Hi, Joey," he said, holding the ball.

"Hi," I said, looking up and down the street. Nobody was around. That's a thing about holidays—they're the most lonesome days of all. Everybody is down to the beach, or a picnic, or to the ball game, and there is nobody around but the old men, the greenhorns, sitting in their wire-backed chairs in front of the café and smoking their holiday cigars. If they left it up to me, I'd rip all the holidays right out of the calendar, summer vacations and all. Tony Lupo began to walk alongside of me.

"Where did Nat go?"

"How would I know where he went?" At the corner there was nobody around either, only Mr. Simonelli, who was walking back to his ice wagon with a wet burlap bag on his shoulder.

"Did he go in the back yard?"

"Yeah, yeah," I said, just to get rid of the little squirt. "He went in the back yard."

I set out for the Wallabout Market, where some days Petey Curcio got a half day's work loading up the vegetable and fruit trucks. With a little luck, maybe I could still get to the double-header tomorrow.

On account of the holiday the market was almost deserted. Most of the buildings were closed for the day and they all looked like country churches with their pointy pitched roofs. I turned into Farmer's Square and that's when I spotted Petey.

He was loading up a truck, walking up a tilted plank with a basket of grapes under each arm. Then he disappeared into the back of the truck to stack them up. I walked up to him as he stepped down the sagging plank.

"Hi, Petey," I said, shoving my hands in my pockets.

"Hi, Joey," he said, rushing past me. "I'm busy now. I got no time to talk."

I walked to the store with him, not saying anything. Petey went in and a man in a new-looking felt hat and white apron, like butchers wear, came out smoking a cigar and went up the plank, carrying four baskets, two hooked through each arm. This was the boss. Sometimes these bosses will take you on if they know you and you look old enough, like Petey, to have working papers. For only three or four hours' work, you could make an easy fifty cents. Petey was coming out of the store, this time carrying the grape baskets by their handles.

"Petey," I said, walking with him, "do you think the man could use me for a couple of hours? I look fifteen—"

Without giving me a chance to finish, Petey walked quickly past me up the plank, bossylike. "Don't bother me. Can't you see I'm working?"

The boss came down the plank. "Out of the way, kid," he said to me through his cigar. Kid, huh! Big shot!

The next time Petey came down he didn't even look at me, businesslike. What did he care? He had his half buck cinched for the ball game tomorrow. Okay, Petey, if that's the way you want it.

I started back home. Maybe Dominick was around.

DOMINICK wasn't around. Nobody was around and so I went back upstairs. "Whatch you do home?" Mama asked, the first thing.

"Can't I come home when I want?" I was beginning to get that lost mopey feeling, wandering around the kitchen with my hands in my pockets, nudging chairs with my legs, and walking a few times around the table. Looking out of the back-yard window I could see old man Mingucci flying his pigeons on the opposite roof, sitting on an upended milk box with a long bamboo pole between his knees and watching his birds circling and swooping over his head.

"Did you see Natale?" Mama asked.

"No," I said, watching the pigeons scrabble back onto the roof and walk back dumbly to their coop while old man Mingucci held the wire door open for them.

"If you want to eat," Mama said, "there's *capocollo* and *provolone* in the icebox."

I cut two slices off the wheel of bread and stuffed the meat and cheese between them. Eating the sandwich, I went back to the window to look at the pigeons. But there was no action.

"Why you no sit down and eat?" Mama asked.

"What's the difference?" I said, walking around with the sandwich.

"Joey, sit down."

I sat down on the window sill.

"Sit down the table."

I sat down at the table.

"What'sa matter f' you?" Mama said with her fingers.

"Nothing," I said, getting up. "I'm going out."

I got as far as the door, but Mama came over and pushed it shut. "Eat the sangweech in the house."

I ate the sandwich in the house.

ON THE floor of the front room, with a pair of dice from an old parcheesi set and an old score card I picked up outside of Ebbets Field a few weeks before, I played a game of dice-baseball, where if you throw a deuce, it's a homer; a three, a triple; and so on. I got as far as the ninth inning, the Robins leading the Giants by one run and Dazzy Vance facing Freddy Lindstrom with none out and the bases loaded, when Mama came in. She was worried. She was scratching the back of her hand and it had that raw and scaly look.

"Joey," she said, "Natale's no come home yet."

"So what?" I said, shaking the dice.

"Is past three o'clock."

"He'll be home."

"Joey, go look him."

"Mama, he'll be home—"

"Joey, go look!"

"Aw—"

Mama lifted me off the floor. "Maybe something's happen."

"Nothing happened. You're always saying something happened."

"Go look."

"Okay, okay. Don't push."

Downstairs Tony Lupo was back, bouncing his rubber-band ball against the porch.

"Tony, did you see Nat around?"

"No, I ain't seen him all day. Maybe he's to the show."

"He didn't have any money."

"Maybe he's in the schoolyard or down by the docks watching them swim."

"If you see him," I said, walking away, "tell him my mother wants him."

When I got to the docks there were a few kids from Irishtown diving naked off the stringpiece at the end of the pier. They were tough kids, the kind of kids who carry a pack of cigarettes around with them and who gang up on you and throw you into the water, clothes and all, just for a laugh. I didn't walk all the way up, but I could see Natale wasn't there.

Turning around, I walked alongside the dock practicing my overhand stroke, walking-swimming. Up ahead some longshoremen were unloading a coffee boat and the strong coffee smell came right through the bags, a smell as sharp as the chocolate factory when the wind is high. Getting closer, I spotted Papa coming down the gangway with a limp coffee bag on each shoulder. After he dumped his bags on a wooden skid, I walked up to him.

"Hi, Papa."

Papa looked at me and then looked over his shoulder, nervously. "Whatch you do here?"

"Nothing. I was just walking around looking for Natale."

Papa looked at me as if I was crazy and then the back of his hand came up across his chest. "Screm, *cretino*, before the boss he's see you!"

"Mama told me to—"

"Screm, screm!" And the back of his hand came up higher.

I walked away in the direction of the schoolyard, looking back at Papa as he climbed the gangway. What a father! Always with the back of his hand and a strap! That's all he knows, the back of his hand and a strap. Did he ever take us anyplace, except once in a while to the café to watch him play *Brische* or *Tre Sette*, those silly card games that nobody but an Italian could understand anyway? Did he ever take us—me, Concetta, Amelia, or Natale—to those

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big downtown shows like the Albee and the Orpheum where they had those vaudeville acts with jugglers, magicians and acrobats? Did he ever take us to Luna Park or Steeplechase with those crazy rides and loop-de-loops? He never even took us to Coney Island to go swimming, that's the kind of father he was. Coney Island! None of us even owned a bathing suit!

In the schoolyard there were a few kids who had climbed over the barbed-wire fence, playing softball. The schoolyard was closed during the summer, but Schwartzy, the cop on the beat, never bothered you unless you started fighting or broke the classroom windows. A few of them were broken. I looked through the wire mesh, but Natale wasn't there. He was probably home by now.

NOBODY was home when I got there, not even Nonno, and I went back into the front room to finish the dice-baseball game where I had left off earlier. I picked the dice off the floor, but I didn't roll them. I held them in my hands. . . .

Now I was in the grandstand, not in those fifty-cent left-field bleachers, sitting in the shade and eating a hot dog, drinking a bottle of soda and writing on a brand-new score card with an up-to-date roster of both teams on it, studying the stride and stance of each player, the Robins looking snappy in their white uniforms and the Giants looking dingy in their traveling grays; I was sitting behind third base and looking straight into the Brooklyn dugout, watching Zach Wheat get up to pick out a bat, walk over to the batter's box and tap the dirt out of his cleats to face Scott.

That's who it was—Jack Scott. Strike one! Zach smiles and lets the first one go past, the way he always does. Strike two! Now Zach is mad and Scott, his back to the plate, is smiling over at Jackson, at shortstop, rubbing the ball between his hands, his glove hanging over his right wrist. Now Zach is digging in at the plate, Scott is leaning in to get his signal from Gowdy, the infield is tensed over, the outfield is deep and pulled to the left, and . . .

"Joey!"

It was Mama back again. I threw the dice across the floor, disgusted. Not only couldn't you see the Robins play, you couldn't even pretend!

"Joey, you find Natale?"

"No."

"O *Dio!*" Mama cried, praying her hands off. "Where you looked?"

"I looked all over. Down the docks, the schoolyard, around the block—I couldn't see him."

"Did you look Tony Lupo's house?"

"I asked Tony. He didn't see him."

"Did you go to Vito's house—to Angelo's house?"

"Mama, he'll be home. It's early yet."

"Joey, go see."

"Aw, Mama—"

"Joey, go see!"

I went downstairs again. I don't know why Mama gets so excited about Natale. It was only four o'clock and a kid of five was liable to be doing anything at that time. He might be down in the cellar with Vito or Angelo, playing some kind of kid game like cops and robbers around the wine barrels; or maybe playing hide-and-seek in the coalbins; or maybe even catching spiders in the ceiling webs and burning them. Kids at that age do an awful lot of crazy things.

There was nothing down in the cellar—only the sooty smell of coal dust, damp earth and decaying wine mash, all mixed together. Natale was probably at Vito's or Angelo's house.

I went to Angelo's house.

"Did you see Natale, Mrs. Grimaldi?"

No.

I went to Vito's house.

"Has Natale been around, Mrs. Barone?"

No.

Now what?

Across the street from Mrs. Barone's house was the poolroom and even though Shorty Russo, the owner, would never let you in, you could always get the late scores there. I walked over and stood up on tiptoe, looking over the green curtain of paint that ran halfway up the window. Kid Adams, whose real name was Charley Adamo and who once fought semiwindups at the Village Grove, was racking the balls in a neat triangle at the far end of the table while Shorty Russo stood by, chalking up his cue stick with a couple of careless rubs. According to the overhead counters, Shorty Russo had the game in the bag. Another frame or two. I'd wait.

TEN or fifteen minutes later the door opened and Kid Adams came out, sniffing through his nose as if it were blocked up. "Hi, Kid Adams," I said.

"Hi, kid," he said, walking past me without looking at me.

"How's Brooklyn doing?"

"They win the first, 10-2."

"How about the second?"

"Winning 5-3, the eighth, Vance against Scott." And he went sniffing away down the street, moving his shoulders around in a circle and short-punching the air in front of him with his fists half clinched, as though they were stiffened with tape. So the Robins won the double-header, so called. That's all I wanted to know.

When I got home the whole family was standing around in the middle of the kitchen, talking excitedly to Papa.

Mama was saying, "He's go out this morning and he's no come home yet!"

Nonno was saying, "Ah, *peccato*—he'sa

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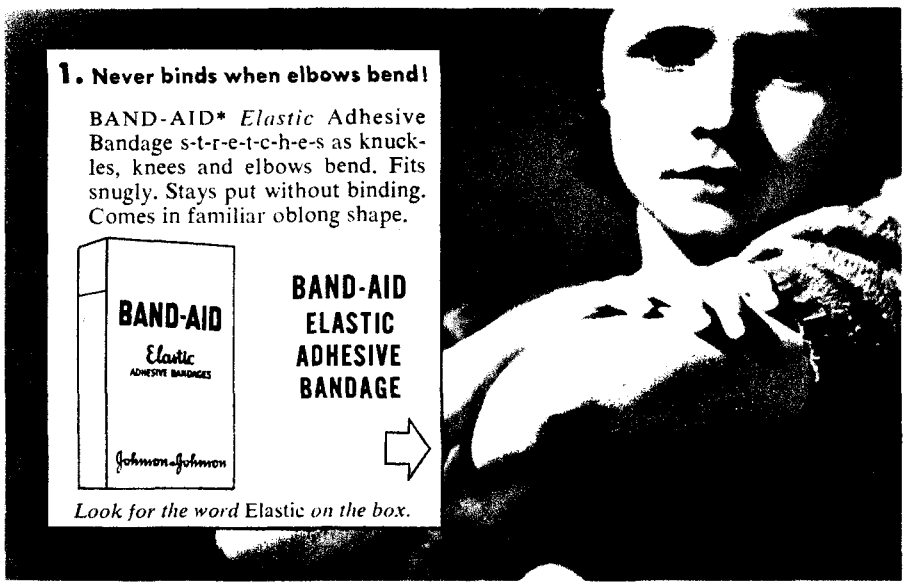

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lost," and Amelia was saying, "Maybe he got run over—"

Then Papa said, "Shutupa, shutupa!" and turned away from all of them. That's when he saw me.

"Where'sa Natale?"

"How would I know?"

"Whatcha you mean, how you know! He'sa you brother, no?"

"I don't know where he went."

"O *Dio!*" Mama cried.

"Povera America!" Nonno cried, shaking his head, as if nobody ever got lost in Italy.

"He's dead!" Amelia cried. "I know it! I know it!"

"He's dead, he's dead!" Concetta screamed, and both of my sisters ran to Mama, hugging her around and burying their faces in her apron. "He's dead, he's dead!" they kept screaming.

"Shutupa!" Papa yelled at them, his jaws hardening up. "When I get him he'll be dead! I'll kill him!"

"Patsy, shutupa you!" Mama yelled at Papa, signing herself at the same time. "If you give him the firecrack'—"

"Firecrack'!" Papa shrieked. "I'll give him a firecrack' when I'm get him! I'll give him a firecrack' right in his pants!"

"Patsy, Patsy—"

"Let's eat," Papa said. "He's come home when is get dark."

NOBODY ate, except Papa. Mama knelt at the front-room window with her elbows on the low sill, looking up and down the street and asking the neighbors as they passed underneath if they had seen Natale; Nonno sat at the table, sipping a glass of wine and shaking his head gloomily; me and my sisters sat around poking into the food and watching it get darker and darker. Something had happened to Natale, all right. . . .

Now it was good and dark. Papa put his wineglass down. "Come on, Joey. We go and look."

Papa walked ahead of me with furious strides up and down one street and then another, making a series of S's all through the Wallabout Basin. Up one street and down another, up and down. The streets were almost deserted now except for a few drunken sailors and longshoremen that we passed; and a lamplighter who rode ahead of us on his bicycle, his glow-tipped pole riding over the handle bars like a lance. Papa looked to the left and right of him as he walked, cursing Natale under his breath all the time.

"Papa," I said, "maybe we ought to see in the station house. Maybe the cops picked him up."

We tried the station house.

Nothing.

We tried the railroad yard.

Nothing.

We tried the dumps.

Nothing.

Then we walked clear down to the docks and to the end of the piers, where Papa began searching the water around the scummy piles. Behind us a few scows and freighters sloshed quietly up against the wharf but the water was dull and flat, like the back of a mirror. Papa made the whole U around the pier, staring hard into the water as he went. The moon was bright so it was easy for Papa to see if— I shuddered. I didn't want to think about it.

"Papa, let's go back," I said. "Maybe Natale's home now."

"Shutupa and come on!" Papa yelled, starting off for the next pier.

"Papa, please," I begged, following him. "I *know* Natale's home—"

But Papa didn't answer me. He walked on ahead along the edge of the dock and I walked behind him, scared. *Natale had to be home, he just had to be home.* Please let him be home, God! Please, please—

Then just as Papa reached the head of the pier, far off in the sky I saw a Roman candle explode in tiny waterfalls of light.

"Papa, Papa!" I screamed, running in front of him. "I know where Natale is!"

"You know!" Papa grabbed me by the shirt with one hand and chopped the other

"Really, I don't know where my mind is. I forgot my . . ."

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

hand at the level of my neck, threatening me through his teeth. "Joey, no fool me! I'm warn you, no fool me!"

"I ain't fooling you, Papa."

"No fool me, Joey," Papa threatened again.

"Honest to God, I ain't fooling," I swore, raising up my right hand. "He's on Ryerson Street on the other side of Myrtle Avenue."

"Ry'son Street? What he's do there?" Papa wanted to know.

"That's where they shoot the fireworks, Papa," I said. "Me and Petey Curcio used to go there."

Papa was breathing hard and studying me, looking at me for a long time straight in the eyes. "Come on," he said at last, "we take the trolley car." At Ryerson we got off the cross-town trolley and walked south toward Myrtle, Papa going ahead of me again with murder in every step he took. Watching him roll up his sleeves, I began to wish we would find Natale so that Papa could take some of that stubbornness out of him. A real good shellacking would serve him right.

But I knew we wouldn't find Natale. It was impossible—one chance in a thousand. How could a five-year-old kid, who could just about find his way to school, have come this far? He couldn't have walked, because he would have lost his way for sure; and he couldn't have hitched on the trolley, the way me and Petey Curcio did, without tripping up the wooden cowcatcher in the back or falling off the trolley altogether.

"Papa," I said, catching up to him, "I don't think Natale is here."

I don't know whether Papa heard me or not, but he didn't answer me and walked on under the Myrtle Avenue el into the next block, where you could see the dim glow of sparklers, like a bunch of little stars on the ground.

Papa walked right on, his clodhopper shoes making big nail sounds on the pavement, his arms swinging free and strong along his sides, and his head lifted to the noises and lights of the fireworks.

Fireworks! These American kids had them all! We passed some kids lighting off peewee firecrackers that began to chatter away like a toy machine gun; we passed some others who were scraping Red Devils along the sidewalk and then grinding them under their shoes, spinning around on them while they crackled and sparkled; farther on someone lit off a pin wheel that began circling deliriously in the sky, trailing behind it a comet-tail of light; right in front of us a skyrocket swooshed off the ground and a minute later dropped rainbows over the houses; all around us there were loud reporting salutes, some of them blowing tin cans up higher than the trees; torpedoes, the size of marbles, were exploding against the rich brownstone stoops; miniature volcanoes were erupting in the middle of the street; blank guns were going off, little cannons, Roman candles—and everything else!

But Papa didn't seem to see or hear any of it. He was walking faster now, unbuckling his belt and pulling it through the loops of his pants. Then suddenly he stopped.

I stopped a few feet behind him, but I couldn't see anything special. About ten yards in front of Papa a little American kid, about Natale's age, was on his hands and knees, getting ready to light off a bunch of peewees; and his father, the Ebbets Field grandstand type, was sitting on the bottom step of a brownstone stoop, watching him. But Papa wasn't looking at them; he was looking across the street.

It was Natale.

MY KID brother was just sitting there on the curb, his legs doubled up to his chin, and staring intently across at the little American kid. Natale was under a street lamp and you could see that his pants were ripped down front and his arms were scraped with streaks of dirt and blood, as if —as if he had hitched on the trolley and had fallen off! Boy, he was in for it good now.

Tat-tat-tat-tat-tat— The little American kid had just put a burning punk to the fuse of his peewees.

"There's Natale," I said, pointing across the street.

Papa knew it. But he just stood there, his belt half out of the loops. He wasn't looking at Natale any more. He was looking at the American kid and his father.

"Papa, there's—"

"Shutupa."

"But, Papa—"

"Shutupa!" Papa yelled; and fishing something out of his pocket angrily, he grabbed my hand and closed my fist over it. "Here, you and Natale buy whatch you want."

I opened my hand and looked. It was a dollar, *a whole dollar!*

Oh, you bleachers! Oh, you Robins! Oh, you father!

I looked up to say something to Papa. But he was already walking down the street, pulling the strap back through the loops of his pants and buckling up his belt. THE END

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Reluctant Yankee

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Jensen got to know a little doll named Zoe Ann Olsen, a child diver who rehearsed regularly at the club.

Zoe's parents were enthusiastic about all sports. Jack took to stopping by their house maybe once a month to talk of punts and bunts and line drives. About the same time, Zoe took to growing up. More and more as time went on, Jack's conversation was directed toward the daughter of the house. Less and less did it concern punts and bunts and line drives.

They were married last October. Having won 14 national championships and a second place in the three-meter springboard diving in the Olympics, Zoe announced her retirement because, she said, "One celebrity in the family is enough." Incidentally, Olsen and Jensen are planning a new production this year.

Last spring, at the end of his junior year in college, Jensen put his chubby fist into the paw of Brick Laws, of the Oakland club, and suffered himself to be led away from the pure joys of amateurism. En route, he stopped by the bank and made a substantial deposit.

He got into 125 games with Oakland, batted .261, collected nine home runs and batted in 77 runs. When he was on the road, away from the well-wishers in his home town, he hit more than .300. He was crude but fast, possessed of a strong arm, and when he got the fat part of his bat against a pitch the ball traveled from town to town.

Ballplayers Cost More Now

Barring trades with other major-league clubs, the Yankees get virtually all their new material from their own farms. When they bought Jensen and the Oakland infielder, Billy Martin, it probably was their biggest minor-league shopping expedition since 1936 when they took a chance on a lame San Francisco outfielder named Joe DiMaggio. Matter of fact, the money involved in this case was supposed to be four times the $25,000 paid for DiMaggio.

Nevertheless, when Jensen reported for training in St. Petersburg, Florida, last March, hardly anyone mistook his arrival for a hydrogen bomb explosion. Chances are that Jensen, joining the world champions after less than a season in professional baseball, was nervous and overawed and trying too hard. Certainly it didn't take him long to discover his own deficiencies. One evening halfway through the training season he sat on the veranda of the Yankees' hotel, appraising himself out loud.

He had come back from the park after going hitless in an exhibition with the Boston Braves, and had changed into bright slacks and a sport shirt florid enough to shriek, "California!" across the whole state of Florida. He is a thickset, muscular blond, intelligent, articulate and full of candor. More candid than tactful, it turned out, for the first remark he made brought a protesting yowl from his Oakland manager, Charlie Dressen, when it reached Charlie's ears later.

"Nobody in high school or college or the Coast League," Jensen said, "ever told me anything.

"I was hitting all wrong," Jensen said. "I was overstriding and leaning into the ball so I couldn't get my shoulders out of the way of an inside pitch. If the ball was outside I could hit it out of sight. But the Coast League pitchers got wise soon and threw it in on my fists.

"When I joined the Yankees, Bill Dickey told me what I was doing wrong. I've been trying to learn to hit all over again. I've shortened my stride from two feet to eight inches and I'm learning to swing from a new stance. Just lately I've begun to feel a little more comfortable."

With everybody wondering about Jensen, the Yankees' general manager, George Weiss, has been wont to say, "We don't have to keep him on the bench. Not as long as we draw 2,500,000 customers." He meant the Yankees, doing the business they do, could afford to let Jensen go and lose their investment in him.

Of course they can. Never a year goes by that some clubs don't make large, unwise expenditures for rookies who turn out to be worthless. But the Yankees paid high for Jensen because they considered him a fine prospect. Reluctant as they would be to waste the lovely money, they'd hate much more to quit too early on a potential star.

"For that reason," a guy told Jensen, "you can relax. The Yankees will wait a good, long time before they give up on you."

"Gosh," the kid said, "I hope they won't have to wait too long."

He said again, "I always wanted to be a Yankee. I can't remember having any particular hero when I was a kid, but I'm pretty sure I can remember DiMaggio when he was playing with San Francisco. Think about it; when he came up in 1936 I wasn't quite nine years old. And now, here I am in the same outfield with him. It feels kind of funny. And it's quite a thrill." THE END

Is It the 'Bonus Rule' or the 'Boner Rule'?

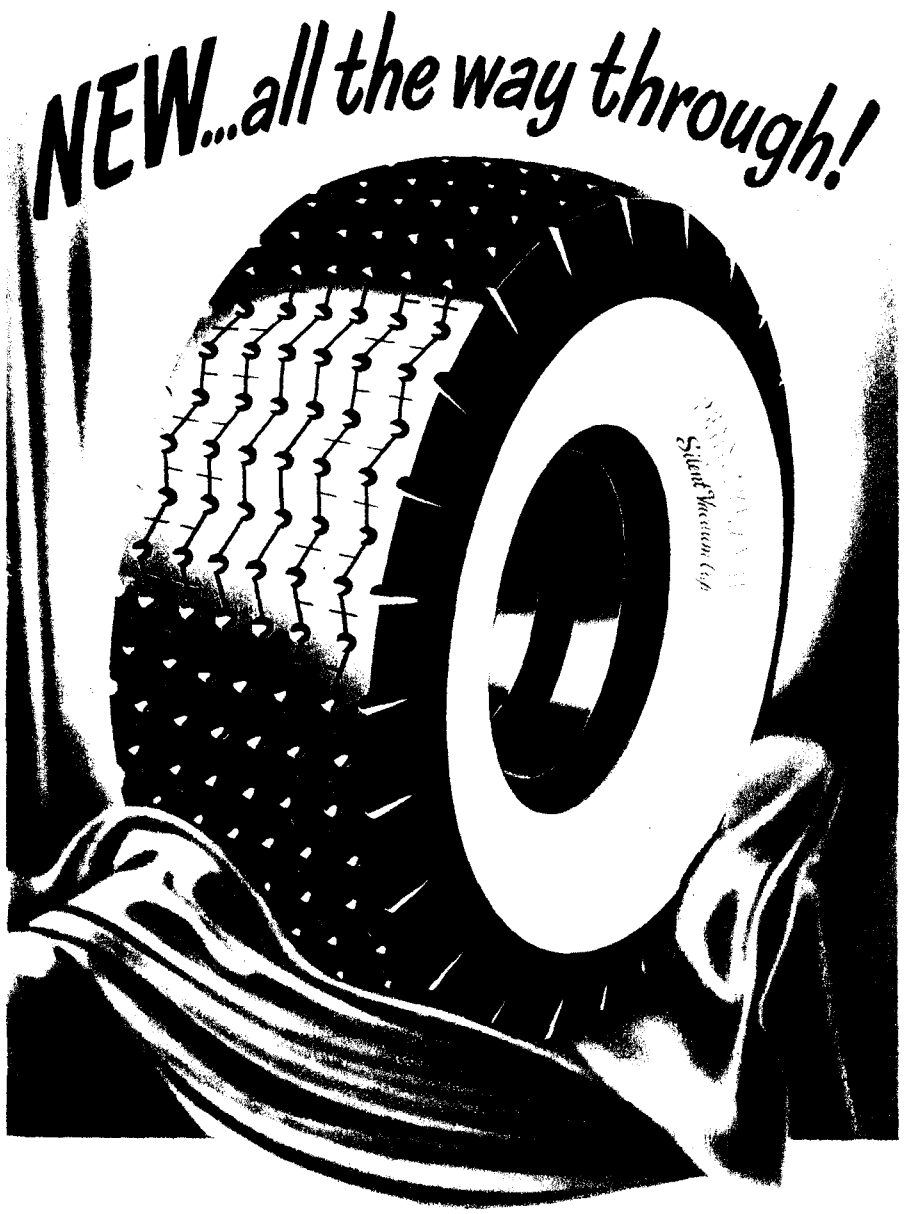
Baseball's so-called "bonus rule" is a contrary piece of fright legislation which the big-league club owners evolved to protect themselves from one another. But it protects no one, including the bonus player himself. Actually, it retards the player's normal progress and development, harasses the owners and encourages chicanery and deceit.

A player signed to a big-league contract for a bonus of more than $6,000 is a "bonus player." Some outstanding bonus players have been Dick Wakefield, who got $52,000 to sign with Detroit; Johnny Antonelli, who got $75,000 from the Boston Braves, and Paul Pettit, who cost Pittsburgh $100,000. Under the bonus rule these players are in special jeopardy of being claimed on waivers or of being drafted from the minor leagues by other teams if the club that signed them tries to farm them out for further development. Consequently, a bonus player who should be playing regularly in the minors, worries and deteriorates on a major-league bench, where he doesn't belong. It doesn't make sense. Just how absurd and harmful this rule is, Red Smith makes clear in his story about Jackie Jensen of the Yankees.

Red, incidentally, has just published his first book, Out of the Red (Knopf, $3.00). It is a collection of 112 pieces from his famous column, Views of Sport, which he inaugurated in the New York Herald Tribune in September, 1945. The consensus of those who have read the book is that it is merely wonderful, like Red himself.

Red, who is an associate editor of Collier's in addition to his columning, is out of Green Bay, Wisconsin, where he is recorded in the vital statistics as Walter Wellesley, a nickname he long ago discarded except for check signing and income tax purposes. He was graduated from Notre Dame in 1927, worked on the Milwaukee Sentinel, the St. Louis Star and the Philadelphia Record before raising a rumpus, in his characteristically quiet way, in New York.

Robert E. Sherwood, the prize-winning author and playwright, says: "Red Smith is the worthy inheritor of the great traditions of such giants as Ring Lardner, Bill McGeehan and Heywood Broun." He took the words right out of our mouth. —The Editor



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'The Gate' to Bright Hope

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

bring a lump to the observer's throat in admiration for heroic efforts exerted under circumstances of the greatest difficulty. I think I have never seen greater courage or more lighthearted gaiety.

The miners are those who have survived underground accidents—coal and slate and rock falls in the tunnels and chambers where men dig out solid fuel. The human spine was not designed to withstand the tremendous pressures of falling minerals in mines. Broken backs are occupational hazards all too familiar in the mining regions. Some of the money collected by the United Mine Workers for their welfare fund is used to send crippled coal diggers to the Kabat-Kaiser Institute at Vallejo for rehabilitation.

They seemed to be a cheerful lot. When a man sees others whose misfortunes appear even worse to him than his own there is little incentive to complaint or grumbling or self-pity. A broken spine is practically the price of admittance to the little miners' colony at Vallejo. If you want to see human nature at its most resilient, come out to the gymnasium or to the treatment rooms, or to the exercise yard, "the Gate," as it is called at the hospital. Meet Benny Phillips, for example. Much has happened to him, but his smile is still infectious and his hope for a life of independence is unbroken.

Benny is thirty-four years old. For 10 years, since 1940, he has had a broken back. He comes from Boulder, Colorado, the home of the state university. Benny was a good baseball player. In fact, he was a professional on the Dodge City, Kansas, team. He had gone back to the coal mines for a short spell of work in 1940. Already he had enlisted in the Navy.

At the end of his shift on the last day, just before he was due to report to the Navy, an 18-car coal train got loose in the mine and ran wild. Benny, a quick athletic young fellow, thought to stop it. Instead, he got caught between a car and the mine wall. When the wreckage was cleared he had a mangled left arm, and a broken back. The surgeons had to cut off his arm. He lay in bed many years, undefeated, until he was sent to Vallejo by the miners' welfare fund.

Rebuilding a Broken Man

Benny presented a problem, all right. He has only an inch or so of left arm, not enough to hold a crutch. His spinal column was almost completely severed when his back was broken. Consequently, he has no apparent control of his legs and no feeling below his waistline. Still, a man of all his spirit had to be given a chance. They fixed him up with long aluminum braces for his legs. Then they made a mechanical arm. There was so little left to which to attach this arm, or prosthesis, that a heavy leather harness about twice the size of the armor plates football players wear had to be invented for him. Then, by medical treatment and physiotherapy, they had to call to duty whatever nerves were left to control his withering muscles.

They are succeeding too. I saw Benny take his first steps out of doors on his crutches. Other patients, in their wheel chairs or at the apparatus on which they were working, were watching. Benny was helped to his feet. With his one good arm and his prosthesis he balanced on his crutches.

"Now, swing, Benny," said Dr. Kabat.

Benny looked up, a little anxiety showing in his clear blue eyes, "Okay, Doc, I'll try." He did, and succeeded. He took another swing that was a long step, and another, and another.

"Want to walk up the ramp, Benny?" asked the doctor. But Benny had had enough for this first day. He would try the ramp the next time.

Benny will try and try again until he has gone as far as he is able. He wants to be on his own. When the doctors and the therapists have done all they can for him at Vallejo, he expects to go back to Boulder and open a little bookstore near the campus of the University of Colorado. He thinks he can work up enough trade to support himself. He has friends. Some of them suggest that he run for political office. He says he would rather have his own store.

In the group of patients watching Benny was a dark-eyed boy from Kentucky, a handsome young chap who must have a rare brand of moral fortitude. Six years ago, when he was eighteen years old, he went into the coal mines. Within two months he was caught under falling coal and rock. His spine was broken too. He was put to bed and there he stayed for years. To relieve the pain of his injuries, he was given morphine until he had become an addict.

As he lay there he realized what was happening to him. He resolved on his own to stop. He did. Without medical urging and without the aid that might have been his, he broke his addiction and when he got to Vallejo he was free of the habit. He too plans a life of independence and self-reliance. He is taking a course in public accounting by correspondence from the University of California and has been getting honor grades on his current work. When you look him in the eyes you know you are seeing a man.

Human endurance is miraculous, you realize, when you see Boke Riegert standing in the group. Forty years ago, then a boy of eighteen, Boke, who is proud of being one quarter Chippewa Indian, broke his neck sliding home in a baseball game. Day after day, week after week for four decades, he lay in bed or sat in a wheel chair, alive and yet dead so far as most of the controls and functions of normal living are concerned.

When Boke was examined it was found that his spinal cord was not completely severed. A little was left on which to build. I saw Boke walk without the aid of crutches, and I saw him open and shut his hands; I saw him smile in triumph.

Young-Looking for His Age

The doctor asked him how old he was. Boke laughed and said: "I'm fifty-eight, Doc, but don't tell the nurses; they think I'm a young fellow." With his black hair and the pin-stripe little mustache ever so affectionately tended, Boke does look younger than his years. He plans to go back to Duluth and to a job that involves writing.

Another older man was standing around and looking on concernedly when Benny Phillips, the man with a broken spine and only one arm, took his first step out of doors. He was Burdette Gary, a coal miner of Pittsburg, Kansas. In 1917, Gary was caught in a mine cave-in. When the rescuers dug him out, his back was broken. For more than 30 years he was bedridden. One disease after another hit him, but he endured. Today he walks, is able to care for himself, and he too is looking forward to an independent life back in his old home town.

It's amazing what people who have suffered some fearful injury or frightening disease are still able to accomplish. There is Bob Singleton, a Negro miner from West Virginia. Bob was stricken with multiple

COLLIER'S

"I'm going steady with Roger on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday. I could go steady with you on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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COLLIER'S **"And for a small additional charge, we send it complete with the first penny"** FRANK BEAVEN

sclerosis eight years ago. He was badly hit. His legs were paralyzed and his hands became so stiff that he could not feed himself. Today he has regained the capacity to walk and to use his hands. He is working as an apprentice radio repairman every afternoon in Benicia, near Vallejo.

I met others who were serving apprenticeships as shoe repairmen, and one who is now working half days regularly as a watch repairer. Wayne Sparks of Centerville, Iowa, was hurt in a mine accident in 1938. When he got to the Vallejo hospital on March 14, 1949, he had a bedsore that had persisted for eleven years.

Restored to Useful Living

These men with broken backs are peculiarly subject to these infections. The medical men cleaned up his sores and the physiotherapists worked on restoring his control over the nerves and muscles still left him. Now he is working as a watch repairer and expects to be employed when he gets back to Iowa.

When you see how California and the other states and the federal government cooperate to help these men at Vallejo, and elsewhere, get jobs, you have a very pleasant feeling of public service at that level. Don Williams, a California vocational counselor, is assigned by the state to work with the patients in the hospital. He finds out what the men want to do and what the doctors think they can learn to do successfully. Then he communicates with the patient's home state and asks if there is any work for a radio repairman or a watch repairer or an electrical worker or a shoemaker or any of the other jobs that a man or woman can do from a chair.

If there are jobs to be had in trades that attract these hurt people, the vocational counselor tries to find a way of providing instruction and training. California is reimbursed for the cost of instruction by the patient's home state and by the federal government. By this civilized and intelligent system, they get the kind of training they want and can use.

I met Harold Wilson, a large young fellow from Oak Hill, West Virginia, who had finished two years of an engineering course when he broke his back in a mine accident. His mother was working as a teacher and his father was dead. He had taken a job as a miner to get the funds to complete his college course. Then came the fall of coal that crushed his back. He gets about in a wheel chair and now he is studying calculus in a correspondence course given by Ohio University. He is doing B work, which is not bad on any man's report card.

These lads in wheel chairs get very mobile in their vehicles. They do square dances in their chairs and even play basketball. The wheel-chair dancers from Vallejo gave a show at San Francisco's Civic Auditorium to raise money for the March of Dimes collection. They filled the large auditorium. A patient-miner from Wyoming with a loud and friendly voice called the square dances. Those who heard him liked him so well that he was invited to put on his act at the Navy's Mare Island Station.

Most of the men and women you meet thrill you with their hope and courage. Not all can be brought back to usefulness. But the doctors are willing to try to solve some very baffling problems. There is the miner from Kentucky who has rheumatoid arthritis. The disease had advanced so far that most of his joints were made rigid by the calcium deposits. His jaws were locked and he had to be fed through a tube. His hip joints were rigid masses of bony deposits. The surgeons made new joints for his jaws and his hips. He talks and he has a merry line with the nurses, who appreciate his dry wit. Smoking cigars is one of his pleasures and, impossible as it seems, he is learning to walk on crutches.

I have seen many hospitals and many other institutions where numbers of people have been assembled. I never saw a group that seemed better-natured, gayer, less under strain, despite the diseases and injuries of almost indescribable severity.

Many Cases from Mine Areas

The Kabat-Kaiser Institute takes all it can hope to help. When the United Mine Workers got their welfare fund, the victims of the past 40 years of mine accidents began to be sent there from all of the mining areas. The hospital also takes within the limits of its capacity all other patients for whom its resources in skilled personnel seem especially adapted.

The Vallejo hospital has 250 beds and accommodations for the treatment of that many patients. Dr. Kabat has a training school for physiotherapists at Vallejo. The rehabilitation hospitals at Oakland, Santa Monica and Washington, D. C., are smaller but are capable of expansion as the personnel available for rehabilitation treatments becomes larger. At Vallejo now there are 38 therapists in addition to the staff of doctors, nurses and other technicians required for modern hospital care.

Patients come from everywhere. Doctors may—and do—send their private patients. The United Mine Workers send the largest group. I saw patients from various Western states as well as many from the East. The treatment provided is expensive, even though the hospital is a nonprofit institution. The money necessary to set it up was supplied by the Permanente Foundation, a nonprofit charitable trust established by Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Kaiser, but the Kabat-Kaiser Institute is designed to be—and I am told it is—economically self-sustaining.

How a Crisis Was Handled

Revenues come from those who accept responsibility for the patients. Last autumn, when the United Mine Workers Welfare and Retirement Fund ceased to operate because of the controversy in the coal fields, the institute kept the miners and the foundation paid their bills. About half of the 162 patients in the hospital when I visited it had been sent by private physicians, and half by the miners.

Why do patients go there rather than somewhere else? Why did the Rotary Club in a far-off Australian city raise the money to send a nurse to Vallejo when she fell victim to multiple sclerosis?

The answer may be that this particular rehabilitation hospital specializes in taking the hard cases. It works on the paralytics, the victims of poliomyelitis, of multiple sclerosis, of brain hemorrhages, of accidents that injure the spinal column. Dr. Kabat and his associates are doctors and nurses, physiotherapists and gymnasium instructors. They are doing in Vallejo and, on a smaller scale, at Oakland and Santa Monica, California, and Washington, D. C., rehabilitation work with somewhat the same objective that has inspired Dr. Howard Rusk's campaign at New York University-Bellevue Medical Center in New York.

I asked Dr. Kabat what differentiated his methods from those used in other places of rehabilitation. He said the treatment at Vallejo was marked by the intensity of muscle re-education. One of Dr. Kabat's points is that when disease or accident destroys some nerve tissue, it does not necessarily destroy all that might be available for recovery. So he and his associates have trained large numbers of physiotherapists who work through long sessions with patients trying to elicit responses from nerves not ordinarily used to activate the muscles that need awakening. Dr. Kabat points out that, without miracles or magic, four out of five of the cases accepted have been greatly improved by the treatment made available to them.

The courage and cheer so obvious in this remarkable institute are sustained not only by the spirit of Dr. Kabat and his associated doctors and nurses and therapists but by the records of rehabilitated patients. Among the miners alone there are 35 who learned to do without pain-killing narcotics as hope for more normal living was restored. Many have been enabled to fulfill their ambition to get off the public relief rolls. And that is a very real and widespread ambition.

Pershing Smith, a West Virginia graduate of Vallejo, who in spite of a broken back, manages a lunch counter from his wheel chair and makes $50 a week, is a source of great inspiration to his fellow patients. Sam Lawson, a former miner who now manages a productive Tennessee farm from a chair, is another they remember. So is James McCoy, now a justice of the peace in West Virginia. These three, and many others, have found new ambition and new possibilities of usefulness in the Vallejo hospital.

Such heartening examples bring new hope. Patients who had abandoned themselves to bedridden, useless lives now know that they may win back some of the strength and vitality taken from them by disease and accident. THE END

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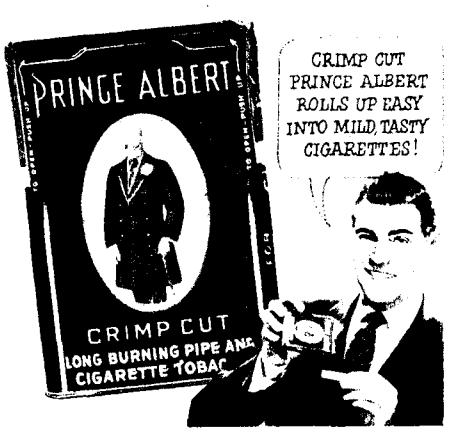
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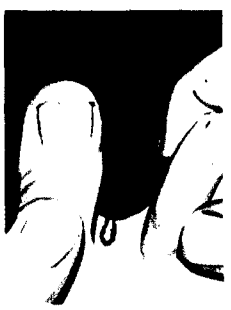

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John L. Lewis Won't Let Me Work

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

was frightened; I can take care of myself with one guy in front of me. I was a pretty good halfback in high school. I was good enough as a baseball pitcher to have the Detroit Tigers look me over. I'll take a chance with one guy facing me. I can box and I was pretty good at rough-and-tumble stuff too. But this was something different.

Those two guys turned me loose outside the hall. I beat it. I ran up the hill. I ran all the way home. They hadn't adjourned the meeting yet. I didn't want a mob piling into me. Yeah, I ran.

Found Guilty and Suspended

Then I learned that the meeting had voted 151 to 0 to suspend me for six months. I was declared guilty of saying what I believe, of something that must be obvious to all who have read the papers, to all who have worked in the UMW. I say it again: John Lewis is a dictator holding the fate of more than 400,000 miners in his old, cold hands.

Defend myself? The only defense I had was my right under the American Constitution to say what I think, what I know to be true about John L. Lewis. Did anyone produce evidence that he is not a dictator? I'll say they didn't. And why should they? I had been found guilty before I was called to trial. Trial? Nuts. All they wanted me to do was confess that I had taken the name of John L. Lewis in vain and say that I was eager to suffer the penalty.

Talk about your trials behind the Iron Curtain!

Oh, sure. I can appeal my case all the way up to international headquarters, right into the august presence of Lewis. And I'd have as much chance as a Russian nobody appealing a decision of Joe Stalin. He'd be shot before he got to the Kremlin. I'd be dead by starvation before I got to Lewis' office.

Nevertheless, I launched an appeal. So that it couldn't be said that I didn't want to work, I went to the mine and asked to be put to work. I was told that if I entered the pits, every other miner would quit work. Tom Evans verified this. Yes, the men had decided not to work with Dickmon. He could have the mine all to himself. The mine operators said they'd be glad to put me to work but that I could see how it was. Individual miners called me up warning me not to show up.

Letters came pouring in. From clergymen, college professors, doctors, students, women, members of a dozen unions—all sorts of people. Mail arrived at headquarters, my home, the newspapers. More than 80 per cent were for me, against Lewis. Some contained dollar bills, and I kept them because I sure needed them. The women writers were almost all sympathetic, some of them even violent. Almost always, letters written by coal miners omitted the name of the writer. I understand that. Several lawyers—a couple here in Pennsylvania and others from Washington, New York and Chicago—offered to give me free legal help.

One of these, Mr. P. K. Jones of New Kensington, Pennsylvania, came personally, saying that all he wanted was to see that I got a decent break.

Naturally I was interested in what the miners themselves had to say. Just to give you a sample, here's one paragraph from a letter signed by five coal miners in West Virginia: "We are for Joseph Dickmon 100 per cent and we think that 75 per cent of the miners agree with him if they weren't afraid to express themselves."

The wife of a miner wrote: "I have written to John Lewis inviting him to spend two weeks as the guest of my family. It isn't because I like him but I tell him that he will be treated with every courtesy. He will then know how we mining people live. It will do him good too because it will take off that pot belly of his and he will go back to Washington in better health and conscience than he is now . . . I haven't heard from him."

Here on my table at home are several hundred more letters. Over at union headquarters you'll find a bale of them. Of course, there are some calling me a yellow dog, a rat, a company stooge, a liar, a traitor, a scab, a fink.

"Your references are eminently satisfactory, Miss Wilcox. And now just one more thing—do you have anything resembling a passport photograph that I can show to my wife?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

I was a little puzzled, however, by a letter from a miner who called me a company stoolie (stool pigeon) but enclosed a dollar, saying: "I guess you got to eat like everybody else."

Anyway I wrote my appeal, directed by Mr. Jones, the New Kensington lawyer. We sent it to J. P. Busarello, president of District 5 of which Local 73 is a unit:

"I, Joseph Dickmon, member of Local 73 United Mine Workers of America, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, hereby appeal from my six-months suspension for alleged violation of Section 3 of Article 18 of the union constitution, and I allege as the grounds for this appeal that I have made no false statements against any officer of the union."

Thirty-seven days later, on February 14th, I got a note from Busarello:

"Dear Sir and Brother: This is to advise you that I have received your appeal on the case involving your suspension. You will be advised of the time and place of the hearing at the earliest possible date that we can arrange to have the same. This is for your information."

There wasn't much more to the appeal hearing, although Busarello admitted to the gathering that letters had come to the union taking my side, and Tom Evans chipped in, "My God, you should have seen the letters I received from all over the country." Busarello told me that I'd made a great mistake, that Lewis did send financial reports to the district and local officers every six months. Would I apologize now? I told him that if it were true that such financial reports were received I was sorry I had not known it and regretted that I had been in error on that. But about Lewis being a dictator—no. I refused to retract that.

Before I got home that day the word had been broadcast that I had apologized, that I had retracted my charge that Lewis is a dictator. My wife met me at the door, frowning, accusing.

"Joe Dickmon, did you apologize to John Lewis?" she demanded, not moving out of the door.

"I did not," I replied. "I never will."

"Come in," she said, smiling. "Come in, Joe. I love you."

I am asked in letters about my fellow veterans, whether they have come to my support. From individuals, yes. I haven't asked veterans' organizations what they think of my stand. I don't know. I don't want anybody to think I'm asking them to help me financially, busted as I am. I want a job. I want to work. But I don't want any handout. None of the veterans' organizations has made a move. Here in the coal fields they naturally wouldn't—most of the members are miners or very closely associated with the mines.

Applying for Compensation

But since I was suspended, things have been rugged. My wife is working as a cashier in a supermarket. My mother has a little shop where she sells candy, soda, a few staple groceries and things like that. But I can't live on them. Things got so tough that I applied to the State Bureau of Employment and Unemployment Compensation.

That was kind of a laugh too. I was turned down. The reason given me, in writing, by a Mr. Gemeinhart at the Pittsburgh office of the bureau, was: "Leaving suitable work voluntarily, without good cause."

I tried to explain to Mr. Gemeinhart. Sure, the job I had is still there in Montour No. 10 Mine of the Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company. But the union won't let me work at it. And the company says they have no objection to me going back to it except that if I do, all the other 600 men in my local will quit—with the blessing of the UMW.

I have a Notice of Decision form from Mr. Gemeinhart with the following notation at the end: "The bureau makes the following *findings of fact:* Failed to report to work following resumption of mining operations on March 6, 1950. Work was available. Claimant had a job to which he could have returned."

If you can make anything out of that kind of reasoning, please let me know.

Strangers ask me to join such and such an organization, and some of the outfits sound pretty phony. Leagues of protest against this and that. Defenders of something or other. Workers' guilds. Associations. Fraternities. United blah-blah. Maybe they're Commie outfits. I don't know. Anyway I turn them down. I'm fighting my own fight.

I'm fighting a dictator now. I'll fight a dictator any time. THE END

Next Week

David E. Lilienthal Tells

HOW TO PUT THE ATOM TO WORK

Childhood's Crippled Minds

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The Best Judge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and he stepped past her, climbed onto the dock, and walked away.

Mibs found a clean rag and wiped her hands again. Jerry didn't look back. She waited till he had rounded the boathouse, then climbed to the dock and started home. The day had suddenly become very hot, and she wrinkled her nose the way her mother did at the smell of the Fishing Dock.

Mibs had been at the lake every summer she could remember, and nearly every winter. She learned to swim there, caught her first bass there, broke her arm there sailskating. She went to her first dance there, with Putnam Gardner.

Mibs's father, Judge Thatcher Martin, called it "old Lake Matrimony. More marriages," he said with his slow smile, "have been maneuvered and contracted within sight of the clubhouse than anywhere else in Oak County. And," he added out of his judicial wisdom, "I suspect that more shaky marriages have been patched up there."

The lake was ten miles from town, close enough so that Oakton's families moved out there as soon as school closed, and the men drove to and from work. Children grew up, as Mibs had, thinking summer and the lake were synonymous.

The Martins' house, a sprawled brown-shingle bungalow, was set in a grove of pines on the ridge halfway between the Fishing Dock and the Point. For years, Mibs's mother had complained about it and agitated for something more impressive. It was the one thing on which the judge held out against her. "Lois," he would say, "I like this place just as it is. Do whatever you like with the house in town, but leave old Shingle-Sides alone."

WHEN Mibs returned from the Fishing Dock, the judge was at home. She saw his old Chevvy under the pines, where he always parked to leave room in the garage for her convertible and her mother's coupé. She ran up the steps and found him on the screened porch, replacing a broken guide on a casting rod. "Back early," she greeted him. "Why didn't you stop at the dock and pick me up?"

"Thought the walk would do you good," he said with a smile. He was stocky, with graying dark hair, a wide, firm mouth and eyes that usually were warm with understanding but could be coldly stubborn. His face was too lined for his early fifties, and his shoulders were slightly stooped.

Mibs stretched out on a wicker chaise longue. "The engine had a broken valve spring."

Judge Martin nodded. "Get it fixed?"

Mibs held up her hands, still smudged. "We certainly did!"

Lois Martin came to the doorway, slender, blond, with a thin-lipped mouth. Her face showed traces of Mibs's prettiness with forty-eight years of petulance behind it.

"Mabel!" she shrilled. "Your hands! And they're such pretty hands."

"It's just grease," Mibs said. "I helped Jerry fix the motor."

"Thatcher," Mrs. Martin said, "I do wish you wouldn't take her fishing with you this afternoon. She should have a nap."

The judge tied off the winding. "She said she wanted to go."

Mibs lay staring at the ceiling, unperturbed.

"Your nails need doing," her mother said. "And your hair should be washed. Before tonight."

Mibs still said nothing.

"You act as though you didn't care," her mother accused. "When I was your age I always wanted to look my best. Didn't I, Thatcher?"

"Umm . . . Yes. Yes, of course." He took a reel out of his tackle box and oiled it.

"When are we going to have lunch?" Mibs asked, sitting up. "I'm starved. Let's eat, Pops, and get going." . . .

The sun was blazing as Mibs and her father drove down the hill past the clubhouse, a great barn of a place with fish-net drapes, porthole windows and a big open deck, the younger crowd's favorite dance spot. The Fishing Dock was a quarter of a mile beyond, with the garage and boatshop alongside, which Jerry Adams ran in the summer for Andy Walsh, Oakton's most prosperous garageman.

They parked the old Chevvy and lugged tackle and minnow pail to the boat. Mibs started the motor and the judge took the controls. He eased out from the dock and headed leisurely for the reedy shallows at the lower end.

MIBS sat watching the far shore line, two miles away. Looking at her, in dungarees and one of his old blue shirts, the judge thought she should still wear pigtails and complain about ninth-grade Latin. Then he saw her eyes, so blue under the long peak of her blue cap. They were sober, thoughtful, grown-up eyes. Mibs should be grown up. She was through college. But was she grown up inside, where it mattered? Or was she the pampered, indecisive, immature child her mother wanted to keep her?

Mibs sighed and turned to straddle the seat. "Pops," she asked, "who should I marry? Who's *your* candidate?"

She said it so matter-of-factly that he couldn't answer for a moment. Then he said, "Must I make a nomination?"

"I don't think you ought to let it go by default. Or don't you care?"

"A judge," he said with a smile, "shouldn't meddle in politics—or love. Is there an urgent reason for immediate marriage?"

Mibs grinned. "No scandalous reason," she said. "But the heat's on. Or hadn't you noticed? Mother has high hopes for the party tonight. Besides, I may be in love."

They were within a hundred yards of where he wanted to fish. He shut off the motor. "Is love in fashion again?" he asked. "I'm a little out of touch."

"I'm serious, Pops. Don't laugh at me." She went to the bow and dropped the anchor overboard.

"I'm not laughing, Mibs," he said as she came back and sat down facing him. "How can I tell you what to do? I'm just your father. You're only half mine. And a female, to boot."

She made a face at him. "Have you and Mother been happy?" she asked.

The judge considered for a moment, wondering how deep he dared go. "Call it contented," he finally said. "I've come to be pretty well contented, Mibs. I've had my worries about you, but you've grown up pretty well, in spite of everything."

"I have not. I'm a mess!"

He smiled. "A spoiled brat, yes. You're a selfish baby, at times, and given to tantrums. But you might be worse."

"You think a lot of me, don't you?"

"Mibs," the judge said, "I still have hopes. I want you to be happy."

Mibs picked up a casting rod and searched through the tackle box for a bass plug. The judge decided to follow through.

"You asked if your mother and I were happy," he said. "No, Mibs, we haven't been happy. I think you know that, or you wouldn't have asked. Your mother was spoiled, too, and I made her quite unhappy."

Mibs had sat down and was toying with the plug.

"Your mother," he went on, "should never have married me. I like people for what they are. *Who* they are is more important to her. She thinks *things* are important. Beyond necessities and certain comforts, things don't mean a thing to me. I'm not saying who is right, Mibs. But the result has not been too happy. And she brought you up to be—well, she called you the Princess. Do you remember?"

Mibs nodded.

"She thought of herself as the Princess,

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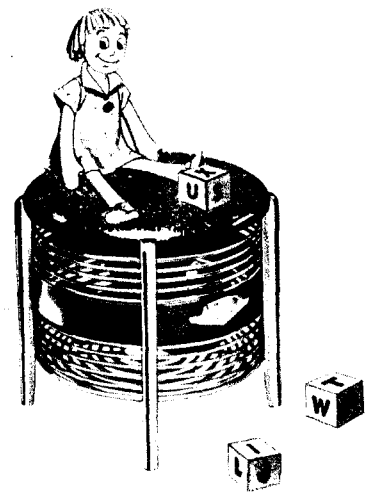

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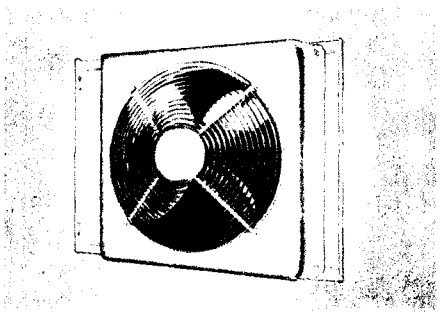

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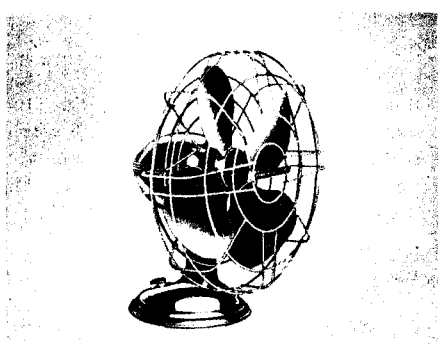

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even after we were married. And I guess I didn't turn out to be the Prince. It was a little painful."

Mibs smiled, a wry smile. "The way I hear it, royalty never has much fun."

"I don't know, Mibs. All I know is that when she announced that she was going to make you selfish, bring you up to be selfish so you would have all the things she thought she never had, I couldn't believe it. But that's what she tried to do. And all I could do was stand by and hope that in little ways, over the years, I would somehow counteract it. Give you some of the values that seemed important to me. And all the time I kept wondering if I was wrong. You were a girl. You were your mother's daughter. As I said, you were only half mine. But I wondered, many a time, which genes would dominate in you."

"And I grew up a spoiled brat."

"I still have hopes, Mibs," he said with a slow smile. "I'm still wondering, though, which side of your heredity will win out. You know, Mibble, I want you to find happiness, one way or another."

"How do I find happiness?" Mibs asked.

"I can only give you my side of it. I'd say you have to find the man you love enough to be unselfish. The man you can respect and believe in. One you can work with, and dream with, and starve with if need be—Now quit fooling with that red plug and put a spinner on your line. The bass will lie deep on a hot day like this."

The bass were asleep on the bottom apparently. Mibs and the judge tried spinners and bacon rind, they tried minnows, and they tried plugs. After fifteen minutes of it Mibs turned to her father and said, "That makes two of you who said practically the same thing. But you're both men, and I know he is biased."

The judge made another cast. "Who is he?"

Mibs didn't answer. She said, "And maybe you're both wrong."

"Could be," the judge said, reeling in. "Let's move, down to Deep Cove. Hold my rod and we'll troll along the way."

He handed the rod to her and started the motor. Mibs listened to the motor and said, "It sounds sweet. He's good."

"Who?" the judge asked. "Oh, Jerry. Yes, Jerry's good. I hear he's been offered a job in Detroit."

"He didn't say anything about it to me."

The judge glanced at her. Then, on impulse, he turned his back, leaned over the motor, picked up a screw driver and tightened a screw on the throttle. He swung the boat around and started across the lake.

"Too fast," Mibs said. "Throttle down, if you want to troll."

"It won't throttle down."

"It did this morning."

"Better reel in. I'm going back and have him take a look at it." The judge made a wide turn and headed for the Fishing Dock.

HE FOUND Jerry in his own boat, moored at the dock. It was like the judge's boat but longer and heavier. The judge pulled alongside. Jerry straightened up, glanced at Mibs and greeted the judge.

"Busy?" the judge asked.

"Just house cleaning," Jerry said. "How does she run now?"

"She won't throttle down," the judge said. "Climb in and take a ride."

Jerry got in and the judge swung back into the lake before he could look at the motor. A quarter of a mile offshore the judge released the throttle. Jerry took one look and said, "Who reset that idler? Mibs?"

"I didn't touch it," Mibs said coolly from her seat in the bow. Jerry took a screw driver from his pocket and loosened the screw the judge had tightened. The engine idled down perfectly.

The judge nodded solemnly and said, "Much better." He took the wheel and headed on across the lake. "Going over to Deep Cove. You said you weren't busy."

Jerry glanced at Mibs and sat down near the judge. "I hear you're going to Detroit," the judge said.

"Who told you that?"

"Andy Walsh. He said you were offered a good job out there."

"A job," Jerry said. "Teaching at the technical school where I went when I got out of the Navy. I'd rather be my own boss."

"There's prestige in it, isn't there?" the judge asked.

"I'll make my own prestige," Jerry said, "if it ever seems that important."

They were entering the cove. Mibs let out a spinner and the judge throttled down to trolling speed. "Take it, Jerry," he said, and Jerry took the controls.

The judge was putting a bigger spinner on his line when Mibs got the strike. She set the hook and the bass broke water—it was at least a three-pounder—then started a straightaway run. Jerry swung the boat and followed, easing the strain on Mibs's line. The bass hesitated and Mibs reeled furiously. Then he came back, and the line slackened dangerously. Jerry put the boat about and maneuvered adroitly until Mibs had taken in twenty yards of line. Another run, another check. Jerry was outmaneuvering the fish, and Mibs was playing it beautifully. The judge marveled at their teamwork.

The fight went on for almost twenty minutes. Then the bass began to tire. Mibs slowly reeled him in. Jerry grabbed for a landing net. Suddenly the fish made a rush toward the boat. Jerry reached for the throttle too late. It might still have been saved, but Mibs had her rod too high, tried to check the fish at the wrong moment. The line zinged, then popped loose. The bass was gone.

For a moment, Mibs couldn't believe she had lost her catch. She kept reeling in the line. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Damn! Why didn't you—" Then she stopped, looked at Jerry and said quietly, "I'm sorry, Jerry. I lost him. It wasn't your fault."

"Partly my fault," Jerry said. "I got excited, too." He was on his feet beside her. "Gosh, I'm sorry, kid. You should have had him. You deserved him."

The judge had never seen Mibs take a disappointment this way. When she lost a bass nowhere near that big last summer she had a tantrum that lasted an hour. Now she fought back the tears and said, "I almost had him, didn't I? And—and you, the way you handled the boat was marvelous! Oh, Jerry, we almost had him!"

They fished for almost an hour, then decided that Mibs had had the day's luck. Jerry caught two medium-size bass and the judge caught one. They leisured back across the lake to the dock. Jerry left them there and went back to his shop. Mibs and her father drove up the hill to Shingle-Sides.

As they were taking the tackle out of the car Mibs looked at her hands and said, "Nails, hair, war paint." She looked at her father and asked, "Pops, are you sure you haven't a candidate for the Mabel Martin Free-for-All?"

"Candidates?" The judge smiled. "Why, I'm backing your candidate, Mibs."

SATURDAY was the big night at the clubhouse. It featured steak dinners and dancing. Nearly everybody went, the men to eat and relax, the women to assess the progress of the summer's romances, the romancers themselves to dance.

The Martins drove down in Mibs's blue convertible, the car she had wanted and her mother said she must have for her last two years at college. The Gardners hadn't arrived, so they went to their reserved table and waited. Lois Martin had insisted that Mibs wear her long white organdy, the strapless one, with a billowing stole of light blue silk. Contrasted with her mother's brown linen and chartreuse jacket, Mibs looked radiantly young, as Mrs. Martin had planned. The judge wore white flannels and a gray seersucker jacket that hung on his hunched shoulders like a sack.

Mrs. Martin looked around the room and whispered to him, "You look disreputable."

"I am," he said. "But I'm comfortable. . . . There they are."

The Gardners had come in. Sam Gardner was a six-footer, paunchy and red-faced. The judge liked Sam, who ran the biggest insurance agency in town, was up to his ears in politics and was a national committeeman. Sam was wearing a wrinkled gray business suit. He waved at them and piloted Mrs. Gardner across the room. Mrs. Gardner was a tall, thin woman who wore heirloom jewelry and a bold print dress that looked peculiarly old-fashioned. Mrs. Gardner had been a Putnam; her father was once governor of the state.

The women greeted each other warmly, and young Putnam Gardner, in gray flannels and a checked sport jacket, shook hands with the judge. The judge noticed for the first time that Putnam had inherited his mother's thin nose and long, stubborn upper lip.

A waiter came, and the judge asked, "Steaks all around?" Nobody demurred. The waiter went away and the judge said, "Putnam, I hear your dad's putting you to work."

Putt scowled, then grinned. "Finally caught up with me. He's got a desk all ready to chain me to right after Labor Day."

Sam Gardner chuckled. "I don't expect much work out of him till after he gets married and settled down. Then, by gosh, I'll retire and have some fun, and Putt can have the whole shebang."

"Sam!" his wife exclaimed. "I've told you that Putnam wouldn't be contented in business. After all, he has Putnam blood. I expect him to be senator, at the very least."

Sam asked the judge about an insurance case that was coming up, and Lois Martin told Trudy Gardner that she had heard, very confidentially, that Jane Cross and the Howard boy, the older one, were going to announce their engagement next week. Putt leaned over to Mibs and said under his breath, "How's about going down to Mike's Place as soon as we can break away?"

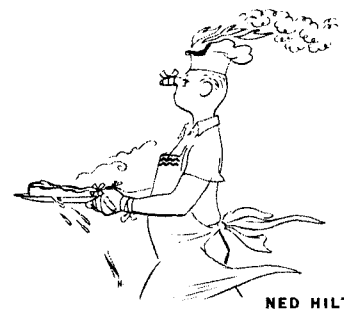
Mibs shook her head. "Not Mike's," she whispered. "Let's dance."

The waiter brought sizzling steaks and French fries, and they ate. The pianist arrived and began playing light classics in dance rhythms. Half a dozen of the younger couples went out on the deck. Putt and Mibs joined them while their parents talked and waited for coffee and dessert.

A moon almost at the full had risen and made the whole lake shimmer. The heat of the day had moderated and there was a faint breeze. The music was pleasantly muted out here, and Putt was a good dancer. He said, "How about it, kid? Shall we tell 'em?"

She caught her breath. "Tell them what?"

GRILLED TO A BURN



NED HILTON

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Our summer mealtime tedium;
I charcoal-broil our thick steaks rare—
My face and fingers medium.

—FRANK R. CANNING

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Putt held her away from him and frowned at her. "What the clans are gathered to hear, stupid. You know damn' well. Tell them we're going to be married."

"Are we?"

"Why the horsing around about it?"

"Maybe," Mibs said, "I'm not going to marry you."

"All right," he said angrily, "be coy about it!" He turned and walked away a few steps, then came back and took her arm.

Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Martin looked up expectantly as they re-entered the dining room, waited a second, then smiled and watched them sit down. The judge watched Mibs with only a flicker of his eyes to indicate that he saw anything in her face. He sugared his coffee and hoped that firm set of her lips meant what he thought it did.

MIBS drank her coffee and pushed the dessert away. A few minutes later Putt asked, "How about another dance?" Mibs nodded.

Putt was silent until that dance ended. Then he said, "Let's drive."

"Where?"

"Anywhere," he said testily. "Around the lake."

"All right."

They got in the Gardner car and as they drove. Putt's anger wore off. "Look, kid," he said, "you're going to marry me. It makes sense. Why not tell them tonight?"

"Because I'm not sure, Putnam."

They were up near the Point. Putt swung the car into the long driveway to the Gardner house, passed the house and drew up at the private landing where the Gardner launch and his own speedboat were moored. He got out. "Come on," he said and began to haul the speedboat ashore.

"Where are we going?" Mibs asked.

"For a ride in the moonlight." He steadied the boat and helped her in. She seated herself in the light craft and he started the powerful motor. They crouched together on cushions in the cockpit and Putt headed for the open lake.

He was driving slowly. Mibs watched the play of moonlight on the curling V that spilled away from the bow. The spray was like silver mist. She could hear the faint music from the clubhouse and see its gleam of lights. Then far off to the left she saw the light of somebody's boat crossing the lake, a pin point of light like a star slowly moving, swaying faintly.

"It's lovely," she whispered.

Putt hugged her with his free arm. "That's why I brought you out here, kid," he said. He kissed her. "Now let's go over there and tell the old folks everything's all set."

Mibs hesitated. Words came back to her . . . the man you can love enough to be unselfish . . . work with, dream with, starve with. . . . She slowly shook her head.

Putt drew his arm from around her and began opening the throttle. The motor started a slow roar. Spray lifted in front of them.

"Putt!" she cried.

Putt laughed. He opened the throttle still farther. The motor's roar became a bellow. Spray flew over their heads.

Mibs clutched at his arm. "Please!"

He slowed down. "Made up your mind yet?" He played with the throttle threateningly.

"No!" she cried.

He jerked the throttle wide open. The boat took off like a bird, the motor screaming. She heard Putt's voice shouting in her ear, "Say yes!"

Then she saw the boat. She saw the long, dark shape of its hull first, then the light at the bow, an ordinary oil lantern. It was dead ahead, not two hundred yards away.

She screamed. Putt held the speedboat on its course another hundred yards, then cut the motor, put the rudder over hard. The speedboat heeled, seemed to skid the last thirty yards, and slammed sidelong into the heavy fishing boat. Mibs was flung out of the cockpit. Then the speedboat bounced away and she was in the water, clinging to the fishing boat. Somebody caught her under the arms and lifted her aboard.

"Are you hurt?" It was Jerry's voice.

She gasped for breath. "Just knocked—the wind—out of me."

She huddled there, thankful to be breathing.

"Who are you, anyway?" Putt bellowed from the speedboat, now twenty feet away. "What's the idea, crashing me like that?"

Jerry was bending over her, and the moonlight showed the worry in his face. "Sure you're not hurt? That was an awful wallop."

"I'm all right," she said. He reached for a denim jacket and put it around her shoulders.

"Mibs!" Putt bellowed. "Hey, Mibs, where are you?"

"Answer him," Jerry ordered.

"I'm here," she said. "In Jerry's boat."

"Well, for Pete's sake! *Jerry's* boat!"

Jerry pulled over closer to the speedboat. "Are you hurt?" he asked.

"No. I'm not hurt," Putt growled. "But I'm drowned out. What a wallop you gave me! I thought you were going to rip her to pieces, but I guess she didn't even open a seam."

"Didn't you see me?"

"Hell, I had the right of way . . . Mibs! Come on back here. Help me bail this thing out. Jerry, you'll have to give me a tow."

Jerry turned to Mibs. "The man said for you to get back in his boat."

"I'm not going back."

"Mibs!" Putt shouted.

"Jerry," she said, "I'm staying with you."

"How about the man with the loud voice?" Jerry asked.

"Give the man a paddle," Mibs said, "and tell him I've made up my mind."

Jerry picked up an oar and a bailing can and tossed them at Putt. He went to the controls and opened the throttle, and the heavy engine began to purr. Jerry's old fishing boat slowly drew away from the drowned-out speedboat.

LOIS MARTIN and Trudie Gardner had been watching the doorway for the past three quarters of an hour, each one masking her eagerness with talk. Sam Gardner was on his third highball. The judge still nursed his first highball, but he had smoked and chewed his second cigar down to a mangled butt. He too watched the doorway.

The judge was the first to see them. His eyes popped with astonishment; then he began to smile. When the women saw them, the judge took a drink to hide his laughter and almost choked.

Mibs looked as though she had been dunked and set to dry in a damp coalbin. She was barefoot. Her dress was bedraggled. She wore a man's denim jacket over her shoulders, and her blue stole floated like a mist around her face, a face that was almost ecstatic. Jerry was in splashed khakis and a skivvy shirt. His face was dead-pan, but his eyes met the judge's with laughter from his very soul, laughter and happy triumph.

A wave of silence smothered the dining room as they walked over to the Martin table. Then somebody in the far corner laughed, and a rush of amused murmurs filled the room.

"Mabel!" Mrs. Martin gasped.

"Where's Putnam?" Mrs. Gardner exclaimed.

"I fell in," Mibs said. Then she caught her father's eye and her chin came up and she smiled. "We just stopped past," she said, looking around at all four of them, then centering on her mother, "to tell you that Jerry and I are going to be married."

"Mabel!" Mrs. Martin cried.

"Where," Mrs. Gardner demanded, "is my son?"

"Putt-Putt," Jerry said, "had a little accident with his boat. He's been delayed. He's all right. He'll be here. Come on, Mibs. You've got to get into some dry clothes."

"Yes, Jerry," she said. But before they left she turned to her father. "Pops," she said, "I guess the genes are all right after all!"

THE END

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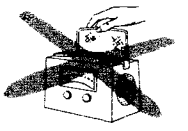
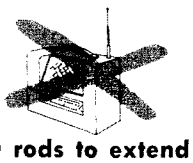


NO loops to raise



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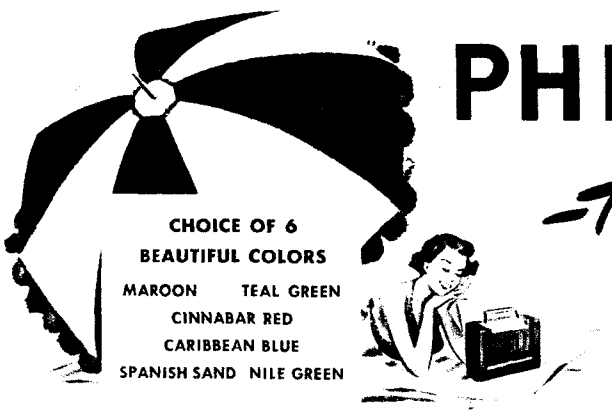

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TOO LATE to repair faulty brakes!

TOO LATE to replace worn tires!

TOO LATE to adjust the steering mechanism!

TOO LATE to correct the lights!

TOO LATE to fix the windshield wiper!

Yes . . . the second before it happens is *too late!*

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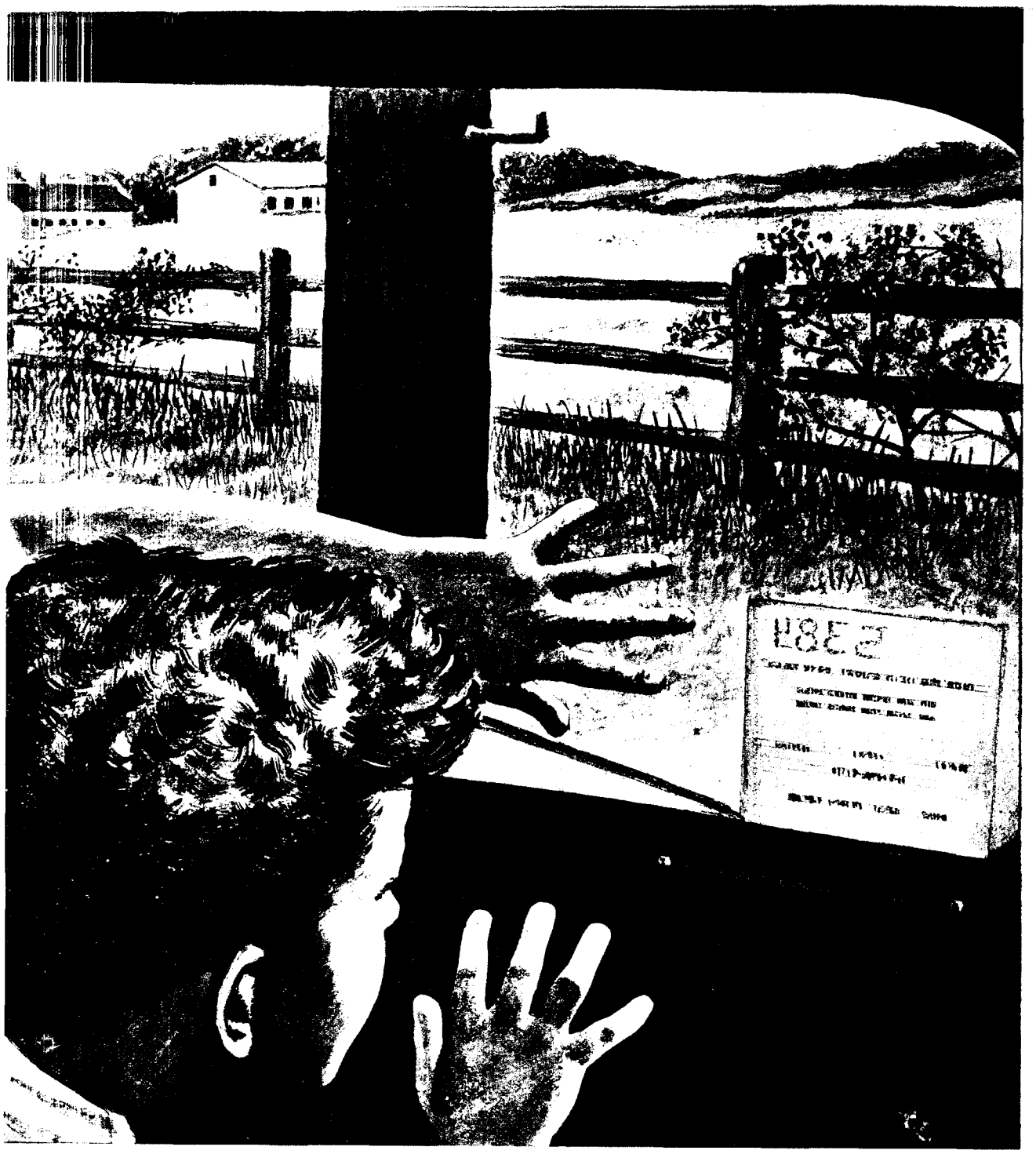

IT HAPPENS *is too late!*

Summertime—Vacation time! Cars are driven longer and faster . . . engines run hotter . . . highways are more crowded. Before you leave on your vacation, take your car to your serviceman for its SUMMER SAFETY CHECK-UP.

Be sure your car is safe! Remember, accidents don't *always* happen to others . . . it could be you!

P.S. Preventive Service for Motor Car Owners

Sponsored by Collier's For Pleasant, Safe Driving

Be Safe Before You Go . . .

Summer Safety Check-up

More than 73% of all American families are on the move during July and August—going to or returning from vacation spots. There are more automobile accidents during these two months than at any other time of the year!

Don't gamble on accidents . . . on roadside breakdowns . . . on trouble, inconvenience, delays. Don't spoil your vacation with car trouble. See your serviceman for a SUMMER SAFETY CHECK-UP before you go away.

Leading automotive engineers—automobile associations — safety experts join COLLIER'S in recommending this 5-way safety check-up to detect and correct mechanical weaknesses in your car!

PULL WHEELS AND INSPECT BRAKE LININGS

Brake fluid lines should also be checked—worn parts should be replaced and fluid added where necessary.

CHECK STEERING AND WHEEL ALIGNMENT

Unbalanced wheels, faulty shock absorbers, broken spring leaves should be replaced or repaired.

CHECK VISIBILITY . . . LIGHTS, GLASS, WINDSHIELD WIPERS

Headlights, tail lights, windshield wipers should be checked and corrected if necessary.

LUBRICATION AND IGNITION

Clean, fresh oil and thorough lubrication is vital. Have the ignition system and battery checked—don't stall on the road.

HAVE TIRES INSPECTED

Don't take chances with worn tires —the last 1000 miles of rubber isn't worth the risk.

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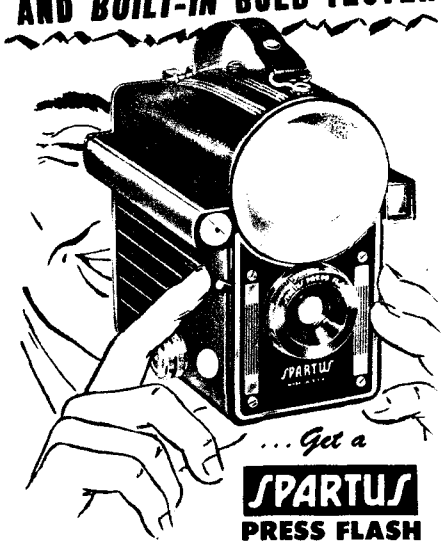

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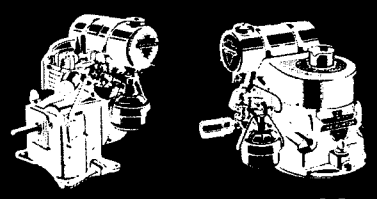


CLINTON MACHINE CO.
CLINTON, MICHIGAN

CLINTON ENGINES

Grand Shoes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

porcelain, no running water. In one corner was Jacob's stand, for people who weren't getting barbered, and at the back of the long room was a cabinet of cubbyholes and in each one a shiny shaving mug decorated with gold and flowers and a name on it in gold. There was Stackhouse, Davenport, Mullen, McLeod, Hampton, Manning, all of them common in South Carolina, beside some you might find anywhere. There was also a Peguee. . . .

At first, when you meet a lot of people, you don't see any of them clearly. They are a sort of blur. Then they begin to stand out, one by one. Jacob was just a shoeshine Negro, and I had seen plenty, but pretty soon I began to see him as somebody; and it wasn't long until I began to judge people by the way he treated them. It wasn't what he said, because he never said anything unless he had to, except announcing shoes and his "Spit?"—he always asked that—and once in a while he would say "grand shoes" and, when you looked at them, they were. But you could tell what he thought by the way he shined somebody's shoes. If he didn't like the man, it was just as if the man wasn't there, only his shoes.

He didn't like Chet Slemp, and Chet knew it and tried to make Jacob like him by giving him an extra-big tip, and sometimes by the opposite, by giving him a bare nickel and treating him like trash. But it didn't make any difference either way. With Jacob it wasn't what you did that counted. Chet Slemp had come from nothing to where he was county attorney and expected to go on up; he had married a Hampton, and he lived in style. But he was noisy and pushing, and he was the only one I saw not treating Jacob with respect. He would say, before Jacob could ask him, "Spit on 'em, Jake"—when everybody else called him Jacob—"Spit on 'em, Jake. Nothin' like nigger spit to make shoes shine." Jacob never answered him, but when he had finished polishing Chet's shoes he would run his fingers over them the way you feel velvet, and pat them and say "grand shoes."

WITH Randall Peguee it was the other way round. Jacob never called his shoes grand, but you could see he thought the man who wore them was. Randall Peguee lived in a big ramshackle house on the edge of town, built by his family for a summer home. "They was quality," Mrs. McDowell said, "Charleston quality, if you know what that means—'in fertilizer,' they used to say. Land sakes, you'd think fertilizer would keep people out of high society, and it would, anywhere except in Charleston. Only reason Randall Peguee lives here is, he lost the family business in the depression and had to take a job selling the fertilizer he used to mix. It keeps him moving, gone about half the time."

The summer boarders had all gone by the time I went to live at Mrs. McDowell's, and I was the only one she had to talk to—or at. While Sadie, the cook, was busy filling me with good food, Mrs. McDowell was busier filling me with gossip. Most of the time she just ran on and paid no attention to Sadie when she came in, but every now and then she would be in the midst of some specially juicy scandal and she'd stop suddenly and sit there and fizz like a leaky hot-water faucet until Sadie had gone.

My doctor had warned me to take it easy and I did. I usually had breakfast in bed and stayed there until dinnertime, half past twelve. It was Sadie's job to bring me my breakfast, but one morning Mrs. McDowell showed up with it and hadn't more than opened the door before she said, "Well, he's done it." She often did that, popped out with what she was thinking at the time without telling me what had gone before. Then we had to backtrack.

"Who's done what?" I asked.

"Randall Peguee," she said, "just when everybody thought he never would."

"Never would what?" I asked.

"Get married, of course, and now he's gone and married somebody nobody's ever heard of. Somebody from Birmingham, of all places." . . .

At the barbershop nobody knew anything. She was from Birmingham, that was all anybody knew. Chet Slemp, brassier than the rest, asked Jacob what she looked like, because Jacob did odd jobs for Randall Peguee and tended furnace for him; but all he got out of Jacob was, "Ain't seen her," and the tone of his voice said plain as day that he was lying.

About ten days later, on Saturday, we found out maybe not who she was but certainly what she was. It must have been about half past five and Jacob was away tending to one of his jobs. The door opened suddenly and a young woman came in and, the chair being empty at the time, blamed if she didn't climb up into it and say to old Beeman, "You can give me a haircut, can't you?"

"I could, ma'am, I could," he said, and the way he said it she might have known it was the last thing on earth he wanted to do. Nobody looked at anybody else. Never, old Beeman explained afterward—one of the few times I ever heard him say anything—never had a woman set foot in his shop, and as for cutting a woman's hair . . .

She said, letting her eye travel around the room, "I always went to a barber in Birmingham," and we knew who she was, and we didn't need a second look to know what she was. If Randall Peguee had deliberately gone floozy hunting, he couldn't have done better.

When finally she had uncrossed her legs and flipped down from the chair and was gone, Judge Bascombe said, "Well, gentlemen, you have just witnessed the end of an era. With the barbershop subject to invasion, there is no place where a man can be safe." But he meant more than that.

The barbershop wasn't the same after that visit of Flobelle Peguee—that was her name, Flobelle. Occasionally, there'd be the old feeling, but most of the time it was gone. We'd sit there without anybody saying anything, only Jacob calling out when somebody came in.

About three weeks or a month after the first time, Flobelle came again, around five o'clock on a Saturday when the place was full of men. This time she had to wait because there was already somebody in the chair. But she didn't waste her time; she gave every man in the place the once-over, and some more than once. When she got in the chair at last—old Beeman didn't say "next," he just motioned to her—she crossed her legs and said, "My husband says he didn't know ladies ever went to barbershops, but I told him, I said, 'Well, you know it now,'" and she giggled and looked us over again.

SHE was to make one more visit to the barbershop before she was stopped for good and all. Meanwhile the talk about her was mostly just talk, with enough malice in it to make it interesting. Then something happened. There was less talk, but there was more feeling. I came into the barbershop one day and there were half a dozen men there, and as soon as I got inside the door they stopped talking. I had gotten to feel pretty much at home in the town, but their stopping showed that I was still an outsider. It was sort of like walking into a family gathering unexpected. It didn't last long, the silence, but it made me feel there was something up; that there was danger somewhere—not here yet, but on its way.

Next day at dinner Mrs. McDowell said, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?" I asked.

"About that woman," she said. "Don't sit there and tell me that you didn't know that she—" and she stopped suddenly because Sadie had come in with a plate of biscuits. Sadie took her good time getting out of the room, while Mrs. McDowell sat and fizzed. As soon as the door swung to on Sadie, Mrs. McDowell let go. "She's been going out with a drummer, at night."

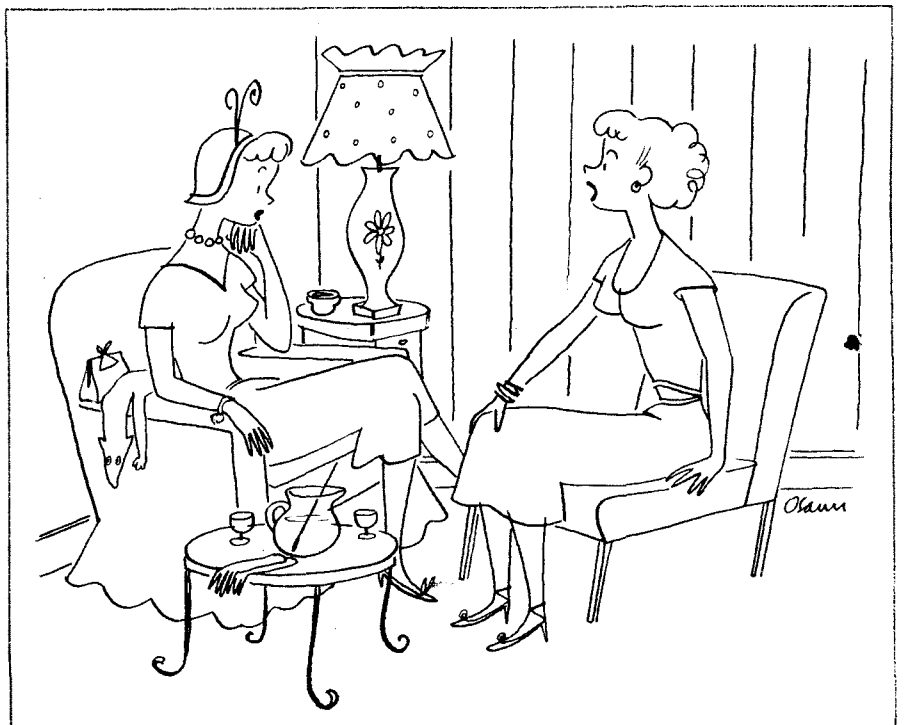
I laughed. "I understand that's the best time to go out with a drummer," I said.

"It's nothing to laugh about, young man," she sniffed at me across the table. "It means trouble, mark my words."

"Not to me," I said, "and I'd like another cup of coffee." When Sadie brought it she dawdled around some more and I was pretty sure she had been listening at the swing door; so, just out of cussedness, when she was gone I leaned toward Mrs. McDowell and said in a whisper, "I'll let her husband worry about that."

She looked sort of startled and then caught on and whispered back, "He ain't here. On the road."

"Well," I said, "I'll still leave it to him. I reckon he'll hear about it soon enough."



"We decided to be perfectly frank with each other in all things—and that was the end of the romance!"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

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"You don't know this town, young man. He'll be the last one to hear about it."

As it turned out, he was, but nobody could have guessed how it would happen. In the meantime the feeling in the town grew, the feeling of danger—that's the only way I can put it. The reason was that Flobelle didn't stop at one drummer, or even two, and at last not at drummers either.

In the beginning it was vague, with no names named—they never were, in the barbershop—a sort of teetering between being scared and being at the same time sort of hopeful that something bad was going to happen. Mrs. McDowell's lips got thinner and thinner, and she moved in jerks, just as if she was being worked by strings you couldn't see. Then, all of a sudden, there was a change. I saw it first in Sadie. Before this she had nearly always looked like she was listening when she came in the dining room; but one day, when I sat down to dinner, she was entirely different; she looked mighty pleased with herself and wasn't even trying to overhear what Mrs. McDowell was saying in an excited voice at the telephone out in the hall, and she didn't stay in the room and wait for Mrs. McDowell to hang up.

I soon found out why. Mrs. McDowell at last hung up and came back. "Well," she said, "now there'll be trouble."

"I thought we had enough already," I said.

"Shucks," she said, plopping herself down and settling her elbows on the table, "that was nothing." She waited for me to say something, but I just looked at her.

"Arabella Stackhouse was crying all day yesterday," she said, and sat back in her chair.

I said, "How do you know? And even if you do, how do you know what she was crying about? Who told you?"

"Sadie," she exploded.

"Ah," I said, "Sadie knows?"

"The niggers know everything," she said sourly.

It was true. The Negroes knew more about the whites than the whites knew about themselves, and sometimes it seemed like they even knew what the whites were thinking. You'd have expected the whites to be careful what they said in front of their servants, but most of the time seemed like they clean forgot and acted as if they weren't there at all. You'd have thought Jacob was a piece of furniture the way the men talked right in front of him, and a good part of the time Mrs. McDowell was the same way. Then, every once in a while, she'd be mum when Sadie was in the room. It wasn't until the Flobelle business started that I found out why.

THEY were playing a sort of game—a swapping game. When Mrs. McDowell couldn't find out what she wanted to know over the telephone or over the back fence, she had to get it out of Sadie, if she was ever going to get to know. They never said to each other, "You tell me and I'll tell you," but that was the way it worked. Sadie never gave out much at a time. She doled it out, one day a bit, another day another bit. Bob Stackhouse's car was muddy, been on a side road—that was one bit, not very big, only everybody knew he was powerful careful about the way his car looked. Then came another bit: Bob didn't show up for breakfast one morning and the excuse he'd thought up by dinnertime sounded phony. Then came the pay-off. Bob's wife Arabella had shouted at him something about "that woman," and Arabella had cried all day; that was yesterday.

Mrs. McDowell said, "It's downright mortifying, that's what it is."

"What?" I asked.

"Why," she said, "to have to practically beg your cook to tell you what you've got every right to know, and not get the whole story even then."

Mrs. McDowell was like a child playing with fire. At the barbershop there was no child's play; they knew it was the real thing. You could feel it in the air. "There's bound to be trouble," I heard a hundred times, and everybody knew what the words meant. It was only a matter of time until Randall Peguee would catch some man with his wife, and there would be shooting.

I had heard such talk in a general way as long as I could remember. Every Southerner had heard it, talk about "a man's honor," but now the words sounded crazy, and sometimes I felt the hair rise on the back of my neck when I heard them talking just like they would about a turkey shoot or a coon hunt. You'd have thought they had no feeling.

But they did. They were scared plumb through, and they showed it every now and then. They would be talking away, and then there would be a dead silence when somebody came in. Nobody would say a word, and I knew then that the man who had just come in was mixed up in the business; and when I looked at him and realized that sometime soon he might be shot dead or, if he was quick on the trigger, Randall Peguee would be the one, I'd get scared too, just as if it was me.

IN TIME, what with Mrs. McDowell's list of suspects and the silences in the barbershop, I got a pretty good idea who the men were who were running around with Flobelle; that is, the ones that people knew about. I was sure I knew at least two of them, because when they came in I had the feeling that the men in the shop were not only scared, but were mad. Nobody would talk to them and pretty soon the shop would be empty. One was the lawyer, Bob Stackhouse, the other Al Dinwiddie, the bank teller, who was always boasting about being a Virginia Dinwiddie.

The town was like a person, sort of. It would get awfully excited about something and then it would let its mind kind of wander, and all of a sudden it would get excited all over again about the same thing. It was during one of the peaceful times that somebody remembered that Jacob worked around Randall Peguee's yard and tended furnace for him, and if anybody knew anything for sure it would be him. But nobody wanted to be the one to ask him; everybody kept egging everybody else on, when Jacob was away at one of his other jobs.

Then one day Hank Gowers, who was drunk half the time, said, "Hey, Jacob, ever see anybody hanging around, you know where I mean?" Jacob was sitting on his stool over in the corner, looking down at the floor the way he always did. He didn't look up and he didn't say anything and Hank said, "Aw come on, Jacob, spill it." Jacob sat still for a long time, then he looked up at Hank, for a fraction of a second. I didn't know until then that a man could be called a fool so quick, and without a word being said. But I knew, and everybody else along with me, that nobody would get anything out of Jacob.

Then one day, in the middle of the morning, while I was propped up in bed reading, Mrs. McDowell came running upstairs so fast that by the time she got in the room she was clean out of breath; just stood there bursting with news and not able to get it out. I said, "Well, what's she done now?"

She said, "Got herself shot," and had to catch hold of the doorjamb to get some more breath. When she got it she told me that Randall Peguee had telephoned the sheriff that he'd come home at ten o'clock in the morning and found his wife dead in the front hall, shot through the head.

My first feeling was a sort of relief, as if a pesky cat had been found dead in the alley. I leaned back on my pillow and said, "Well, thank goodness. Who did the shooting?"

"Why, Randall Peguee, of course," she said, and you'd have thought she was talking to a balky child.

"Do they know that?" I asked. "Did anybody see him?"

"Not as I know of," she said, "but who else could it have been?"

I laughed and said, "For all you know, I've been sneaking out every night meeting her, and last night we had a quarrel, and I up and shot her. Or it may have been a woman. Every woman in town—all the la-

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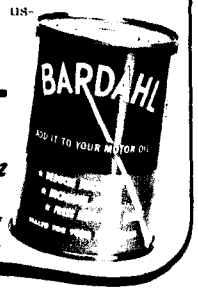

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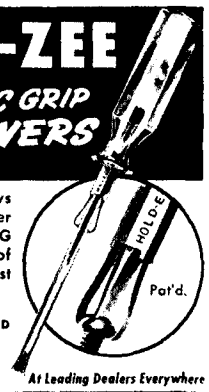

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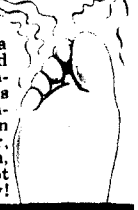

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dies, at least, according to what you've been saying—ought to be glad she's been shot. By the way, where were you last night?"

Her mouth dropped open again, but before she could push a word out, I said, "You see, you can't hang a man on the evidence you've got so far. Or can you?"

She didn't listen to what I was saying. She looked over my head and said, "If a woman ain't safe in her own home she ain't safe anywhere. Hanging's too good for a man would shoot his own wife."

I said, "Too bad you can't be on the jury";—women weren't allowed on juries in South Carolina fifteen years ago—"we wouldn't have to wait long for a verdict." We didn't, as it turned out, but it wasn't thanks to Mrs. McDowell or anybody like her. She was still planted in the middle of the room and looked like she never would go, so I said, "If you'll go and let me get dressed, I'll go downtown and see if I can get some evidence, some real evidence." . . .

There wasn't much. Flobelle had been shot sometime between four and six o'clock the day before, according to the coroner's physician, Doc Sutherland. The bullet, fired from a forty-five, had entered the right temple and gone through the brain and landed in the far corner of the hall. There was no sign of a weapon.

But that didn't cut down on the talk. In fact, it added to it, especially when the sheriff reported what Randall Peguee had said when he was questioned. He said he had left his house about five o'clock and gone to Lake Toxaway, where his family had built a cabin for fishing and hunting trips, and he had spent the night there and come back next morning and found his wife dead. But when the sheriff asked him how come he had gone to a lonely cabin in the middle of the winter and spent the night there by himself, all he would say was, "It had nothing to do with my wife's death." That wasn't any way to talk to people who hadn't made up their minds what to think, and it didn't help any, the other thing he said. The sheriff asked him if he had quarreled with his wife the day he went to Toxaway, and Randall Peguee said, "I've told you all I know about my wife's death."

AND so it wasn't any surprise when, a couple of days later, Mrs. McDowell came upstairs to tell me he had been arrested, charged with murder. What did surprise me, and everybody else too, was what she told me next: that he had picked Bob Stackhouse to defend him. I remembered then what Mrs. McDowell had said, that Randall Peguee would be the last person in town to hear about his wife's carrying on with men. Apparently he hadn't heard even yet, about Bob Stackhouse anyway. I was thinking it was sort of funny, until Mrs. McDowell said, "Why, Bob Stackhouse thinks he's guilty. I went over there the first day to see Arabella about something, and Arabella told me so herself."

I took that with a grain of salt, but I couldn't help thinking it might be so. I had heard lawyers argue that it didn't make any difference what they thought about whether the man they were defending was guilty or innocent, but I didn't believe it. Seemed to me it was bound to make a difference. The town was still trying to make up its mind what to think, chewing over what evidence there was from daylight till dark. At first, being a city boy, I didn't see what difference it made, until one day I realized that in a way the trial had already begun. With so little evidence, opinion was bound to count, and it wouldn't be possible to get a jury that was not prejudiced.

Chet Slemp knew it, all right. Since he was county attorney, it was his job to do the prosecuting, and his future in politics depended on getting a verdict. At least, that was how I accounted for the worried look on his face. He looked positively scared at first and wouldn't talk about the case, except to say, "I ain't afraid of Bob Stackhouse." That seemed a funny way to put it, and he didn't look any happier when some of the barbershop lawyers pointed out that he had mighty little evidence.

Most of the talk took place right in front of Jacob, but he went on with his spit and polish, not paying any attention, as far as you could tell. Every now and then somebody would look at him and you could see they wanted to ask him a question, but everybody remembered what had happened to Hank Gowers, so nobody ever did.

Then once again the town acted just like a person. It seemed to get tired and need a rest, and people quit talking about the case much. It was to come to trial in about a month and they sort of sat back and waited. But Chet Slemp began to look more cheerful, and when somebody asked him about the case, he would say, "In the bag." But I wasn't sure he wasn't bluffing, though his face did look grim and determined.

Then something happened that started the talk again. Somebody—nobody knew who—had heard that Jacob knew something, something definite. That was all they knew—"Jacob knows something"—but it was enough. It spread like a brush fire in no time, and that day, when Jacob was out of the barbershop, somebody asked Chet Slemp was he going to call Jacob as a witness, but all he would say was, "Niggers don't make good witnesses." But people weren't satisfied. You'd have thought it didn't make much difference what happened to Randall Peguee, just so they found out what it was that Jacob knew.

Then, three or four days later, fire broke out again and this time there was no stopping it. The story was that Jacob had heard Randall Peguee and his wife "having some words" after dinner on the day she got shot, and this time there wasn't any doubt about where the story had come from.

It had been heard in every kitchen in town at the same time, as if the Negroes had decided the night before to give the whites another jolt.

It worked. Chet Slemp had to do something now, and it had to be Chet Slemp, because it was taken for granted that Bob Stackhouse wouldn't want to call Jacob as his witness, to testify that Randall Peguee and his wife had been quarreling that last day. Chet Slemp kept on saying, "Niggers don't make good witnesses," and he pretended he didn't need any more evidence. But he had to give in, and next day he came to the barbershop looking pretty hangdog and called Jacob and took him to his office in the courthouse. In about half an hour he came back, without Jacob, and now he was looking mighty relieved.

I DON'T know much about the law, but all during the trial I couldn't help remembering what Mrs. McDowell had said about Judge Bascombe: "They say he don't know much law, but he does know what's right." He acted the way a wise but worried old grandfather would, trying to get to the bottom of some family trouble.

I got there early, so as to get a front seat, and it was a good thing I did. Everybody was there, and a lot of people from out in the country. To see them climbing out of their wagons and trucks you'd have thought they had come to a picnic, with their laughing and shouting and carrying their dinner baskets. But inside the courtroom it was different. Judge Bascombe saw to that. He said, when he took his seat, "At the first sign of disorder, I shall order the courtroom cleared. A man's life is at stake."

From that time on nobody made a sound, except when they just couldn't help it. While the jury was being picked, they sat still as mice, until both sides, Chet Slemp and Bob Stackhouse, let Al Dinwiddie on without any objections. Nobody said anything out loud; there was only a sort of feeling of uneasiness in the room. I had it myself.

After Chet Slemp had established the fact that Flobelle had been killed, and had gotten the sheriff to tell what Randall Peguee had said when he was arrested, he called his first surprise witness, a total stranger from Birmingham, who said he had known Flobelle Peguee before she was married. I was sitting where I could see Randall Peguee. His face looked sort of drawn, naturally, but he was calm and he wasn't afraid and he didn't seem to be paying much attention while the witness was telling who he was: the owner of a restaurant in which Flobelle had worked. But when he began to tell what he knew about what she was, a no-good from way back, Randall Peguee looked at first as if somebody had hit him, and then he got mad and Bob Stackhouse had to grab his arm to keep him in his chair.

The next witness, a boardinghouse keeper

BUTCH

"If you're going to be stubborn about talking, Butch, we'll just let the sundae melt slowly away"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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from Birmingham who must have kept some boardinghouse, from the looks of her, told how she had had to throw Flobelle Peguee out of her house because she brought so many men to her room.

It was plain by now what Chet Slemp's line was going to be. He was going to show cause, and plenty of it, for Randall Peguee's shooting his wife, and he brought it nearer home with his next two witnesses, men who ran shady joints on the edge of town, with cabins for their customers. They both testified that drummers had brought Flobelle to their places more than once.

Everybody was wondering how far Chet Slemp meant to go, whether he would now call witnesses from the town, and there was more than one scared face I could see. But Chet Slemp was no fool. He wasn't going to antagonize people by bringing it too close to home, not when he didn't need to; and he didn't, by this time. It was plain as day, even to a stranger, what Flobelle had been.

Chet Slemp sort of fooled around a bit now, and his expression didn't change when Bob Stackhouse waived cross-examination of the witnesses from Birmingham and the roadhouses, except that he looked a little more sure of himself when he called the next witness, a man who kept a filling station near Lake Toxaway. The first question he asked was, "How long did it take you to drive here this morning?" The man said about an hour and a half, and, to another question, that in the middle of winter he could make it in not more than two hours.

Then Chet Slemp said, "So, if you left here at five o'clock on a winter day you'd expect to be home by seven," and the man said yes. People remembered that Randall Peguee had said he had left home about five, and when the man was asked if he had seen the defendant on the night of January 17th and answered, "Yes, about nine o'clock," it didn't take any figuring to see that Randall would have to account for two hours' time.

But Chet Slemp didn't let it rest there. He said, "If you left here at five and didn't get home until nine, that would leave you two full hours to do anything you wanted to, wouldn't it? You could turn back and spend part of the time here in town, couldn't you?" and he didn't wait for an answer. He asked another question: "How did the defendant look—did he look like he usually did?"

The witness said, "He looked mighty upset. He never said a word, except 'Fill her up,' and he didn't even look like he recognized me, and me knowing him, man and boy, for nigh on thirty years."

He was the last witness in the morning.

AFTER people came back from dinner and the court was called to order, Chet Slemp stood up and waited until he knew everybody was looking at him, and then he said, "Jacob Hammond." That was the first time I had ever heard Jacob's last name.

Jacob acted the way he always did, not looking up unless he had to, and he didn't look up until after he was sworn in and the judge said to him, "You understand, don't you, Jacob, that Mr. Slemp is going to ask you some questions, and perhaps Mr. Stackhouse too, and you are to answer truthfully?" He said it the way you'd talk to a child, and added, "The truth, Jacob."

Jacob looked up at him and said, "Yassir, Jedge Bascombe sir, the truth," and looked down at the floor again. Then Chet Slemp asked him where he worked, and when Jacob said at the barbershop, Chet Slemp asked where else and Jacob named several people, among them Judge Bascombe, and wound up with, "And Mr. Randall Peguee, I worked for him too."

Chet Slemp asked, "Where were you after dinner on the seventeenth of January?"

"Cuttin' grass for Mr. Randall."

"Did you do anything else, besides cut grass?"

You'd have thought the questions were coming from the patch of floor in front of the witness box, the way Jacob kept his eyes fixed there. "Yassir, Mr. Slemp sir, I beat some rugs." And what did he do after that? He took the rugs into the dining room to lay them. And what time was that? Jacob was silent for a minute, then he said, "Lemme see. I was workin' in the yard about two hours, I reckon, and it must have took me a hour or little more to beat them rugs, one for the dining room and, I forgit to tell you, one for the parlor. Round four o'clock, when I taken the first rug in."

Chet Slemp said, "Now, Jacob, will you tell the jury what you heard when you took the rugs in?"

Jacob looked up, not at Chet Slemp but at Judge Bascombe, and said, "The jury?" and you'd have thought he'd never heard the word before.

Judge Bascombe said, "This is the jury, Jacob, these gentlemen here. Tell them what you heard when you took the rugs in."

"Yassir, Jedge Bascombe sir, thank you, but I ain't take 'em in bofe at the same time. They was too heavy."

CHET SLEMP said, "Well, tell us, Jacob, what you heard when you took the first rug in."

"Yassir," Jacob said, and he was looking down at the floor again, "the fust rug, that was for the dinin' room, and while I was layin' it I heard Miss Flobelle and Mr. Randall in the parlor."

"Did you hear what they were saying?" Chet Slemp said it just like it had been rehearsed.

"No sir, not that time. Miss Flobelle was doin' most of the talkin', or hollerin', but I ain't hear what she was sayin'."

"What about the next time, when you brought the second rug in? Did you lay that, the second rug?"

"No sir," Jacob said, "I ain't lay that second rug, I ain't never lay that rug. I goes out and gits it and brings it back, meanin' to lay it in the parlor, but when I takes it in the hall Miss Flobelle was shoutin' mad, and when I hear what she was sayin', I put that rug in the corner, and lef' by the back do'. I reckon it's still there, the rug."

"What was she saying?" Chet Slemp dropped his voice when he asked the question, enough to give you the creeps.

"She say, 'When you gits back, I ain' go' be here. You ain' never go' see me no mo'.' "

Chet Slemp waited to ask the next question, seemed like an age. "And that was the last time you saw her alive?"

"Yassir," Jacob said, "that was the last time I seen her alive."

Chet Slemp said, "That's all, Your Honor—prosecution rests."

While the man and woman from Birmingham had been testifying, and the men who kept the roadhouses, everybody could see, including Chet Slemp, that it was all news to Randall Peguee. It didn't seem possible, but that was the way it was, and once again I remembered what Mrs. McDowell had said about him being the last one to hear. After that, after they were through and Jacob was testifying, Randall Peguee sat like a dead man and didn't pay any attention to what was going on, not even when Chet Slemp said, "Prosecution rests."

Bob Stackhouse had been as surprised as the rest of us at the sudden way Chet Slemp had ended his case, and he was sort of slow making a move. For a minute it looked like he was going to cross-examine Jacob, but he didn't; he waived examination, "for the time being," he said.

Judge Bascombe said to Jacob, "You can step down now, Jacob."

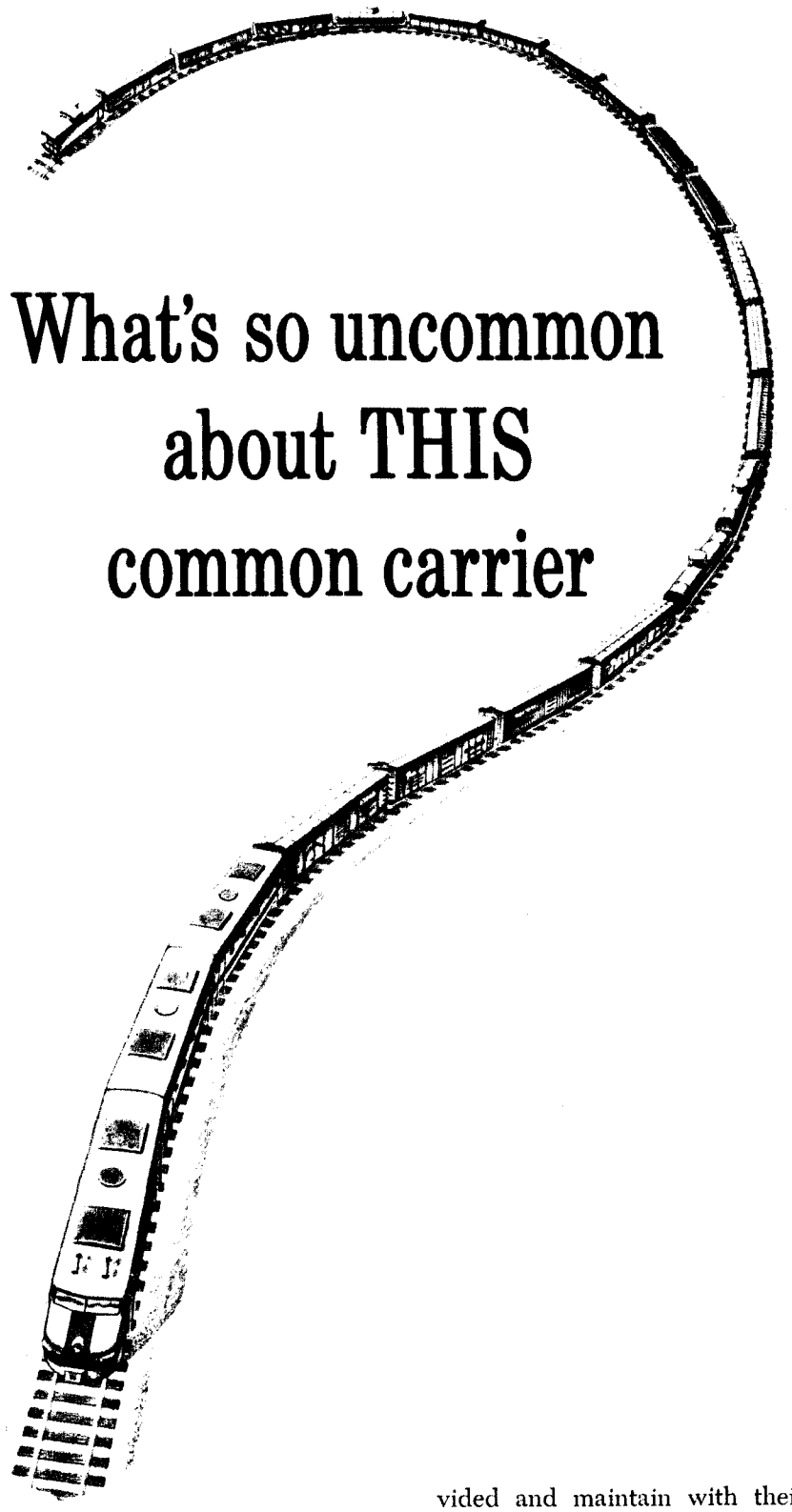
"You mean, I's to go home?"

Jacob looked up at him, and for a split second I had the feeling I had seen that look on his face before, or on somebody's face.

"No, Jacob," the judge said, "I mean you can take a seat over there and wait," and he motioned to a chair at the side of the room.

Bob Stackhouse said, "The defendant," and had to touch Randall Peguee on the shoulder to get his attention, and even when he got him up in the witness chair he could hardly make him talk. He said, "Will you tell the jury everything you did, from the time you got home that day until the next day, when you came home and found your wife dead?" but time and again he had to ask him questions to keep him going.

The story was straight enough. He had



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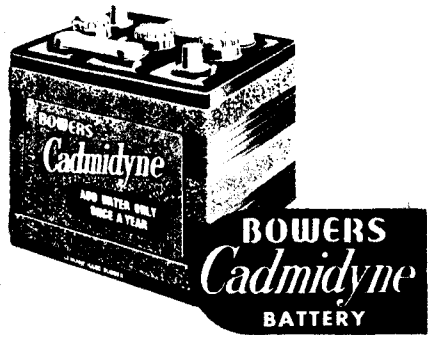

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come home, two days earlier than he had planned, in time for dinner, and found his wife upset about something, but for a long time she wouldn't tell him what the trouble was. Had they quarreled? No, he wouldn't say they had quarreled; they had disagreed. Would he tell the jury what they had disagreed about? For a second it looked like he was going to refuse, but when the question was repeated, he said he found his wife was unhappy and wanted to leave him. Had he suspected that before? No, it was a complete surprise to him. What had he said, when she told him? He had said they ought to think it over and not do anything in haste. What had she said to that? She had gotten awfully excited.

And then Bob Stackhouse asked, "Was that what the previous witness Jacob Hammond heard?"

"Yes," he answered, and now he seemed to be coming alive again, "that was what she said, but I thought that if I left her alone for a while, she would change her mind. But in any case I wanted her to be free to do what she wanted, and so I told her I would go away for the night and I hoped she would still be there when I got back."

"Did you then, or at any time, suspect your wife of being unfaithful to you?" Bob Stackhouse leaned toward him, sort of pleading, when he asked the question. Randall Peguee's face got red, and when he spoke his voice was full of fire.

"No," he said, "not then or at any time, and I don't believe it now," and with that he turned and glared at Chet Slemp.

Chet Slemp was in a tight spot, and you could tell that he knew it. If Randall Peguee hadn't known about what sort of woman his wife was, there had to be some other reason for him to shoot her. But Chet Slemp pretty soon showed that he was smarter than anybody thought. At least, that was the way it looked to me at the time. He got up very quiet and began his cross-examination just like a conversation.

He said—he didn't ask—he said, "You didn't know, when you married your wife, that she had a bad reputation."

"No," Randall Peguee said, and he was full of fight now. "And I don't know it now."

Chet Slemp ignored his tone and the last part of what he had said, and said again, not asking, "And all during your marriage you never suspected her of being unfaithful."

"No," was the answer, "and I don't now."

"So that wasn't the reason you shot her." The tone was still so quiet that nobody was prepared for what he said. You could feel them sit up real sudden, even Judge Bascombe.

Randall Peguee blazed. He shouted, "I didn't kill my wife!"

CHET SLEMP said, still calm, "You thought she was in love with you, you thought she married you because she was in love with you, but as a matter of fact she despised you." He stopped and looked hard at Randall Peguee, who had turned white as a sheet. The shot had gone home. He tried to speak, but before he could get started, Chet Slemp said, "More than one man has shot a woman for that."

Randall Peguee found his voice now, and shouted, "I tell you I didn't shoot my wife!"

"No," Chet Slemp said, "no, not for that alone. It took more than that, more even than her telling you she was going to leave you, because there was still another reason for her wanting to leave you. The other reason was another man, wasn't it?" Randall Peguee didn't say anything, just stared at him, and Chet Slemp said, "There was another man, wasn't there?"

Randall said, and his voice was thin and weak, "Yes, but—"

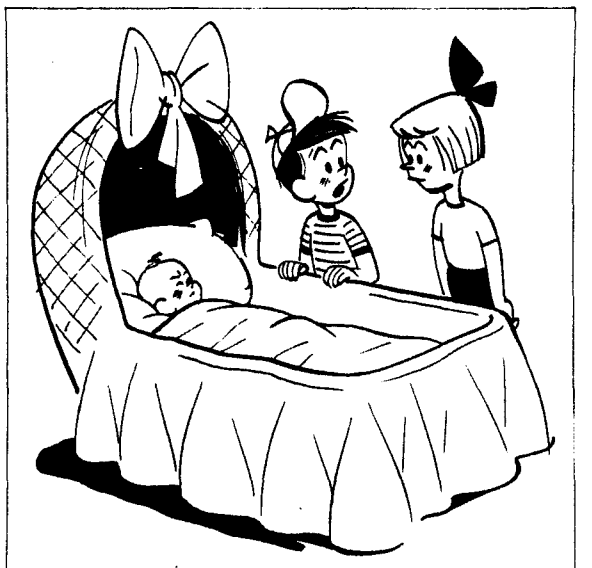
Chet Slemp broke in, just like he was finishing the sentence for him, "But you didn't shoot her, not then."

"Not then or any time." Randall Peguee's voice was firmer now, but what came next set him back.

Chet Slemp said, between sneering and laughing, "She wouldn't even tell you who he was," and then he raised his voice and asked, "What did you do in the four hours between the time you left here and the time you got to the filling station at Lake Toxaway? You didn't need more than two hours to get there. What did you do with the other two hours?"

Randall Peguee said, "I stopped at the side of the road, trying to decide what to do, whether to go on to Toxaway or to come back and try to straighten things out."

Chet Slemp stopped him with a laugh and said, "But of course you could have come back. You could have parked your car in the alley and come in by the back door, without a soul seeing you, or hearing you, or hearing a shot. There was plenty of time, plenty"; and, turning to the jury, he said, "I'll leave it to the jury what the decision was, and how you 'straightened things out,' " and he put all the poison he could into the words. Then he said to Bob Stackhouse, "Your witness."



"I wonder if it'll turn out to be a boy or a girl?"

COLLIER'S G. W. CRENSHAW

Bob Stackhouse didn't say anything for what seemed like an age. Then he said, "Witness dismissed," and after another age, the courtroom still as death, he said, "Call the witness Jacob Hammond." It was a desperate move, but he had to do something, anything, to carry on the fight, even though it was plain as day that he thought he was licked. That was one thing, but there was another—for me, at least. I remembered what Mrs. McDowell had said about his believing Randall Peguee was guilty.

Jacob hadn't heard his name called, or pretended not to have, and Judge Bascombe had to say, "Take the stand again, please, Jacob," and when Jacob looked like he didn't understand, the judge said, pointing, "This chair."

Jacob said, "Yassir, Jedge Bascombe sir," but he took his time. Seemed like he would never get to that chair, and he didn't look up, not once, until he had settled himself. Then, raising his head a little, he let his eyes travel in a circle, from the jury on his left—the man farthest away from him there was Al Dinwiddie, on the front row of the jury—to the lawyers on his right, and Randall Peguee. The funny thing about it was that he didn't raise his sight above the level of their knees, and, when he got to Randall Peguee, he looked down at the floor again.

Bob Stackhouse asked, and you could see it was the first thing he could think of, "You said, Jacob, didn't you, that when you put the rug in the corner, that was the last time you saw Miss Flobelle alive?"

"Yassir, Mr. Bob sir, that's what I said. That was the last time I seen Miss Flobelle alive." He stopped, but there was something in the tone of his voice that showed he was going to say something more. But he took his time, the way a good actor will, making his audience wait by the way he holds on to the silence. Then he said, "But that weren't the last time I *hyeered* her alive."

The whole courtroom gasped. Judge Bascombe rapped hard with his gavel, but still a murmur came from the crowd and he rapped again, and said, "Yes, Jacob, go on."

Jacob said, "Thank you, Jedge Bascombe sir," looking up at him and nodding; and then, looking down at the floor, he repeated, "That weren't the last time I *hyeered* her alive," and once again made the word jump out.

BOB STACKHOUSE was as surprised as the rest of us, but he managed to say, "Tell the jury—will you, Jacob?—what the last time was you heard Miss Flobelle."

"Yassir, Mr. Bob sir, I tell 'em." Jacob turned his head toward the jury. "It were this way, gen'lemen. After I done lef' the rug in the corner, I went over to Jedge Bascombe's house—Jedge Bascombe here—to cut the jedge's grass, and that took me about a hour, I reckon. I could 'a' done it quicker, 'cept the lawn mower was so dull. 'Member that, Jedge Bascombe sir? After I done finish doin' the best I could, I put the lawn mower back in the shed. Then I puts my coat on—it were sort of cold that day—an' I goes back to Mr. Randall's house, 'cause I 'membered I hadn't put no coal in the furnace like I always does—put coal on, I means. Well, soon as I put the fust shovel in, Miss Flobelle called down to me, down the stairs to the basement—they runs down like this"—and he made an angle with his hand—"that's how come I ain' see her—she called down to me and says, 'I don' need no wood upstairs today, Jacob.' You see, gen'lemen, I always fetched wood for the fireplace in the parlor." He stopped speaking, like he was waiting for somebody to ask him a question.

Bob Stackhouse said, "Yes, Jacob, what did you do next?"

Jacob said, "Course I ain' carry no wood up, after Miss Flobelle say she ain' want none. I put some more coal in the furnace, and then, while I was sweepin' up, I hear somebody comin' 'long down the back walk, the one that runs from the alley to the back do'. It awful steep, that walk, downhill, like this"—and he cocked his arm at an angle—"so steep you can't see, from that little window in the basement, more'n about this much of it"—and once again he measured a distance of about a yard with his arms—"maybe a little mo', maybe less, but jes' about that much, that's all you kin see. So, from where I was standin' in the basement, lookin' through that little window, all I could see was his shoes."

Now I would have taken an oath he was an actor, from the way he let the last word—"shoes"—fall light as a feather, knowing it would land like a brick. Even Judge Bascombe jumped and for about a minute it seemed he didn't hear the buzz in the courtroom, but when he did he rapped louder than ever, and looked at Bob Stackhouse.

There was only one thing that Bob Stackhouse could ask. The only question was how he would ask it; and how soon, because he was like a scared boy on a diving board, waiting until he got to the end to decide what to do. But he did finally manage to get it out: "Were they the defendant's shoes?"

Jacob didn't answer. Instead he looked up at the judge and asked, "The defendant? Who he mean, Jedge?"

Judge Bascombe said, "The defendant, Jacob, is Mr. Randall. Were they Mr. Randall's shoes?"

"No sir," Jacob said, "no sir, they weren't Mr. Randall's shoes."

At that you could hear a sigh of relief go through the whole courtroom. Then, a second later, everybody perked up again when Judge Bascombe called the sheriff to him and whispered, and the sheriff signaled to a

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couple of deputies and went toward the back of the room. Then the judge said, "Well, Mr. Stackhouse?"

Bob Stackhouse said to Jacob, "What did you do after that? Did you see anything, or hear anything?"

Jacob said, "No sir, I lef' there, quick as I could."

Bob Stackhouse said, "No further questions, Your Honor, and I rest my case."

Then the judge said, "Mr. Slemp?" and Chet Slemp said, "No questions."

Judge Bascombe said, "While the attorneys sum up their cases to the jury, and while I make my charge to the jury, you will all remain in this room. I have just told the sheriff to let no one leave this room until I say so—no one."

It was about half past five, and long past the time when the country people should have been on their way home. But nobody said anything; there was a sort of muttering in the courtroom, but they knew the judge meant business. And then, after that, you had the feeling that they were glad they couldn't go, because they knew that something was bound to happen, or there was a good chance anyway. Jacob hadn't told all he knew—not yet; and what Jacob knew was more important than what happened to Randall Peguee.

And this time it really was. Randall Peguee was already as good as acquitted. The question now was: Who else had been there that night? Maybe somebody would get Jacob to stand up right there in court and tell whose shoes he had seen. Anyway, not many would have left if they had had the chance, until the trial was over. Not that it wasn't all over already. The verdict, in the room and in the jury box, was already reached, and what happened until it was announced was just something you had to sit and wait through.

I don't remember myself much of what was said by Bob Stackhouse, except that it was short, or by Chet Slemp, but I do remember the look on Chet Slemp's face. He was fighting and running away at the same time, that's the way he looked; and even when he had a point, you could see he knew nobody would believe him; and when he tried to tackle Jacob's testimony—"nigger evidence" he called it, "nigger evidence"—he sounded like a crazy man. Every time, and he came back to it three or four times—"nigger evidence." Seemed like he didn't know how, or when, to stop. Finally, Judge Bascombe charged the jury, and the bailiff led them out through a door at the back of the room, and we settled down to wait.

WE DIDN'T have to wait long—ten minutes at most—until the jury filed back in and the foreman gave the verdict we knew he would give.

Nobody said anything—nobody, that is, except Judge Bascombe. He thanked the jury and said he thought they had reached a just verdict, and then he looked down at Randall Peguee and smiled, a sort of tired smile. But Randall Peguee didn't smile back. He was waiting, like all the rest of us, for what would come next.

The smile left Judge Bascombe's face as soon as he turned away from looking at Randall Peguee, and he called the sheriff to the left of the bench. Then, when the sheriff had come and taken his stand, the judge said: "Jacob, will you come here, please?" and motioned to his right.

Jacob got up and came to the judge's side, and the judge said, "Jacob, you said the shoes you saw were not Mr. Randall's."

Jacob said, "No sir, Jedge Bascombe sir, they wasn't Mr. Randall's," and when he had spoken he lowered his eyes and seemed to be looking at a spot on the floor in front of him, the space between the jury box, where the jury were now sitting again, and the lawyers.

Judge Bascombe said, "Did you know, Jacob, whose shoes they were?"

"Yassir," Jacob said, "I knowed." He didn't look up this time, but kept his eyes fixed.

"Would you know them if you saw them again, Jacob?"

"Yassir," Jacob said, "I see 'em now," and still he didn't move, not his head, but you could see his eyes swing in a half circle, the way they had done once before.

The judge said, "You do? Who's wearing them, Jacob?"

Jacob lifted his head suddenly, and said, "Mr. Slemp."

What happened then happened so fast you couldn't see it. Chet Slemp jumped up on the run, reached for his gun, and was halfway to Jacob, shouting "You dirty lyin' nigger!" before the sheriff, along with two or three others, grabbed him and took the gun away from him.

IT WAS the gun that convicted him, in the end. The sheriff sent it away, it and the bullet, to some sort of expert and got a report that the bullet had been fired from that gun; and when Chet Slemp's lawyer, a smart one from Atlanta, saw the report, he knew the jig was up. At least, folks figured that was the reason Chet Slemp confessed, and was given a life term.

What had happened was that, all unbeknownst to anyone—was Mrs. McDowell mad about that!—Chet Slemp had been carrying on with Flobelle Peguee for a couple of months and thinking he was like all the other men she'd been with. But he wasn't. He was what she had been looking for all the time, and she went plumb crazy. When he saw what it was leading to he tried to break it up, but the harder he tried the crazier she got, until finally he was half crazy himself. All he could think to do was to keep her quiet until he could figure some way out.

But there wasn't any way out, or only one, and that meant to him throwing away everything he wanted and had worked so hard to get, everything he had dreamed about when he was a barefoot cotton picker. He wouldn't do it, that was all, but in the meantime he had to humor her, and that was why he had come while it was still daylight. She had told him the night before that if he didn't show up by six o'clock, she was going straight to his wife.

Chet Slemp hadn't planned to kill her. He stuck to that story. It was just that he was so scared what Flobelle would do that he was pretty near crazy, and when she told him what she had said to her husband and threatened, if he didn't take her away right then and there, that she would spill the whole story, he pulled the gun out of his pocket and swore he would shoot her if she did. When he did that, she made a grab for it and the gun went off. Nobody believed that part of the story, but I think most people did believe he hadn't planned to kill her.

That was pretty clear, what Chet Slemp had done, and why. But what about Jacob? In the first place, why did he get himself mixed up in the case? Was it because he didn't like Chet Slemp and did like Randall Peguee? Or was Mrs. McDowell right? When she heard Jacob's last name was Hammond, she said, "Why, of course. Randall Peguee's mother was a Hammond, and haven't I told you the Hammonds, black and white, always stick together?" Maybe that was it. But maybe it was just that Jacob wasn't going to see an innocent man punished, not if he could help it.

One thing I remember as clear as if it had happened a minute ago: When Jacob testified the first time, on what they call direct examination, he showed plain as day, when he got through, that he didn't want that to be the end. When the judge told him he could step down, Jacob said, "You mean I's to go home?" and a look came over his face, a look I knew I had seen before, that said there was more to come. It was Sadie's look, the same look she put on when she had Mrs. McDowell where she had to ask another question. No doubt about that, and not about some other things. But there's plenty about a lot, and to this day I can't be sure, not downright sure, whether Jacob was dumb like most people thought he was. Sometimes I agree, but then, as I said, I remember the last time he shined my shoes, when his "Spit?" was almost a laugh, and I could have sworn he winked. THE END

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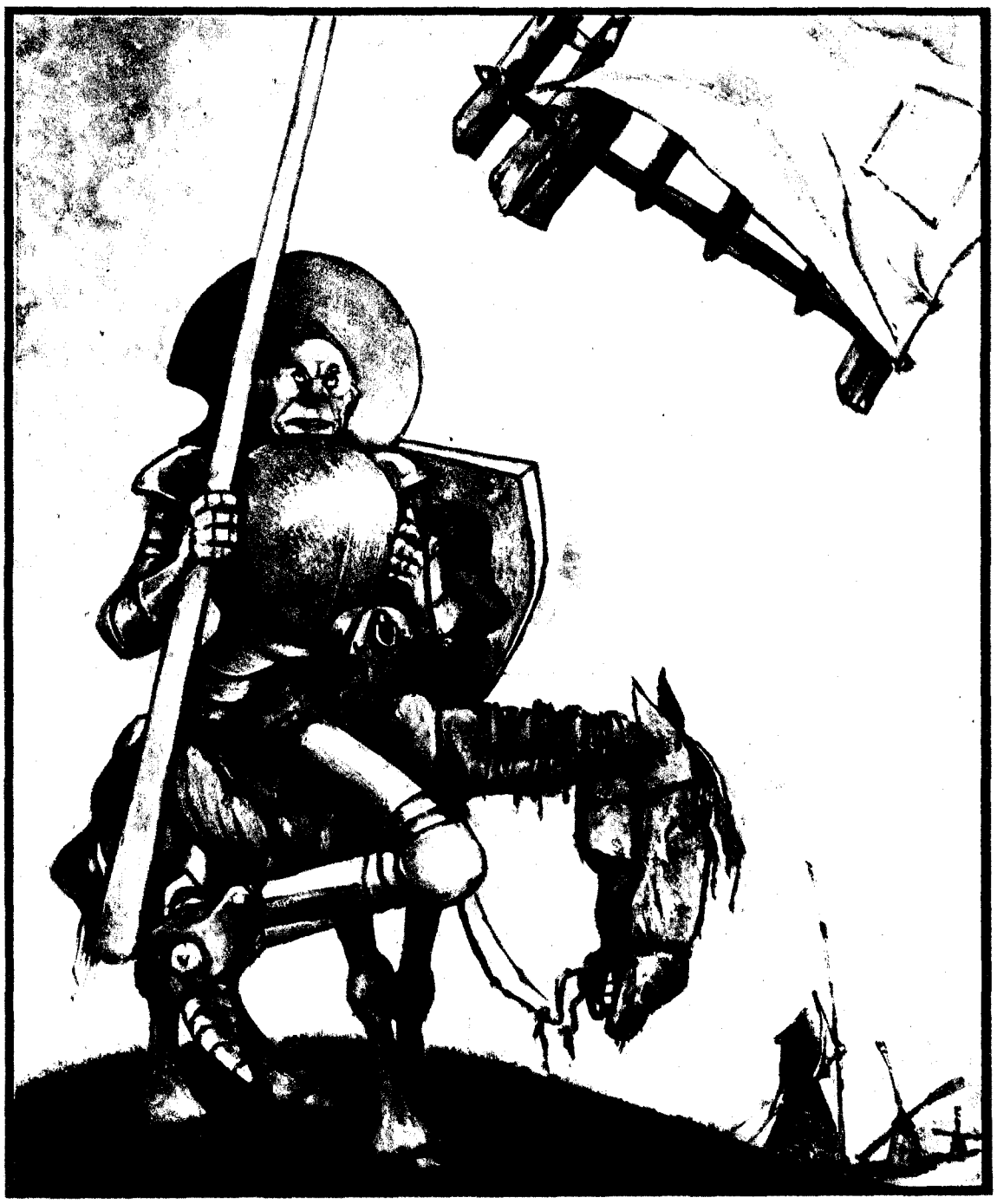

SAM BERMAN

Mr. Celler's Peevish Crusade

REPRESENTATIVE EMANUEL CELLER of New York, self-appointed expert on economics and self-anointed savior of "the American way," has busied himself for the better part of a year with an investigation of monopoly. (Actually, his chief concern now is with "oligopoly," a fiercely monopolistic monster with three or four heads.) In the course of his probe he has summoned a number of business leaders before his House Judiciary subcommittee. One of them was Benjamin F. Fairless, president of U.S. Steel.

A few days before Mr. Fairless was scheduled to appear he made a speech in Baltimore. He told his audience that he had observed that "Congressional investigations of businessmen follow a standardized pattern that has not been in vogue in America since the old days of the Western frontier, when the established procedure was to shoot first and ask questions afterward."

Mr. Celler happened to be on a radio program called Capitol Cloak Room that same evening. A correspondent on the program told the congressman, somewhat inaccurately, that Mr. Fairless had accused *him* of "shooting first and asking questions afterward." Mr. Celler said he wasn't much concerned with what Mr. Fairless said about him: "He will soon appear before our committee and *I think he'll sing a little different tune after we get through with him.*"

If anyone thinks Mr. Fairless' quoted statement was extravagant or unjust, we commend to him the words of Mr. Celler which we have italicized. They indicate to us that the Representative from Brooklyn was ready and eager to shoot first, having already found the witness guilty before the witness had a chance to open his mouth. They also indicate to us the lack of impartiality which has characterized his investigation.

Under different circumstances his vindictiveness, prejudgment and petty personal feuding might be no worse than an annoyance to the objects of Mr. Celler's oddly unjudicial behavior. But the congressman is intent on tampering with and altering the whole philosophy and structure of the national economy. He is looking for ways to "amend" the present antitrust laws so they may be "kept up with current realities."

The "current realities" are these: There are several industrial fields where three or four large companies do a majority of the business. Mr. Celler says they are monopoly partners who set prices and prevent newcomers from entering these fields. His generalities aren't very accurate, but that doesn't seem to bother him. The accused are guilty as charged—and in advance.

It seemingly hasn't occurred to Mr. Celler and some of the other "experts" on his committee that a company might grow big through efficiency and achieve success through honesty. They apparently don't believe that size and efficiency could be valuable to this country and might, in fact, have something to do with its strength and industrial pre-eminence. Bigness is evil, say the "experts," and must be destroyed.

None of the testimony that the subcommittee has heard has made Mr. Celler "sing a little different tune." He seems to feel perfectly competent to outplan and outmastermind all the best brains of American business. But we earnestly hope that Congress, in considering his legislative proposals, will also consider some of this guest testimony. We would commend, among other things, the statement by Mr. Fairless before the subcommittee. Here are a few excerpts:

"United States Steel is large because it has had to be, in order to do the big jobs that a big nation has demanded of it in war and peace.

"United States Steel is successful because its customers have made it successful—because it has served their needs to their satisfaction and has continued accordingly to enjoy their favor.

"United States Steel is profitable because any enterprise must be profitable, over the years, in order to survive . . . [to] provide work and security for our employees, protect our investors, and do our part in producing the steel upon which 150 million Americans depend . . . Be it large or small, a company that fails benefits no one.

"United States Steel is efficient because only by being efficient can it remain large and profitable and successful in the face of the active competition it must meet in the steel industry.

"Nearly 40 per cent of all the money that we took in from all of our customers last year went to 54,000 suppliers from whom we had to purchase goods and services; and at least 50,000 of these suppliers were small businesses.

"It was only a few years ago—in the war years—that the government gloried in the size of its industrial giants and honored them for doing successfully the giant tasks . . . that our national security demanded. It called upon United States Steel to outproduce, singlehanded, all the Axis nations put together. We did so.

"But when the war was over . . . the government no longer acclaimed us. It denounced us because we could not produce instantly all the steel that was needed to meet the pent-up demands of a world that had been starving for civilian goods for four long years. It urged us to expand our plants and facilities. And we did so.

"Today, this too is forgotten, but the government continues to attack us. It now appears that we are *too* big, and . . . have been all the time."

Such thoughts as these certainly ought to be weighed carefully against an untried, inconclusive, inconsistent, politically flavored scheme to reduce America's industrial organization to a collection of little businesses for the doubtful benefit of the little businessman. And if Congress is to look into the sinfulness and danger of bigness, how about investigating the possible peril of grandiose plans for economic reform in the hands of little congressmen?

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